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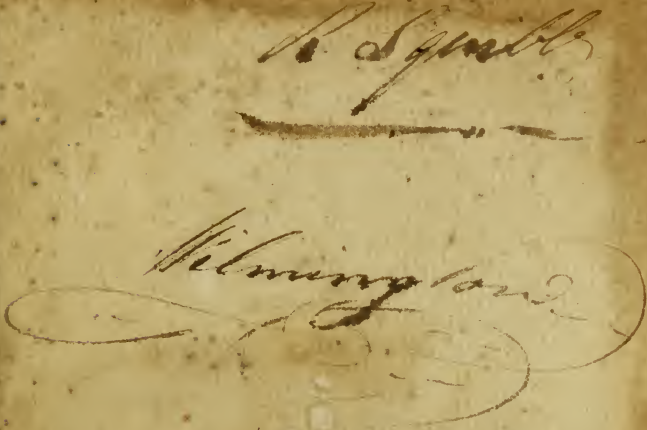

THE

NEGRO

EQUALLED BY FEW

EUROPEANS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

MORAL AND ENTERTAINING;

BY PHILLIS WHEATLEY,

Negro Servant to MR. JOHN WHEATLEY, of BOSTON, in NEW-ENGLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY AND FOR WILLIAM W. WOODWARD,
No°. 17, CHESNUT STREET.

1801.

THE

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TWO hundred years ſince ſuch an idea would have excited the indignation of Europe. In vain would it have been to have talked of the virtues of Negroes. Then, truth was charged with impoſture, and deemed an inſult to man. Our unfortunate anceſtors oppreſſed, in their homes, by the deſpotiſm of the Portugueſe, had, alas! no witneſſes of their tears, but the ſtormy heavens of their country. What could they expect from the tribunal of reaſon? She was too often ſilent while paſſion ſpoke. It was to ſatisfy the avidity of deſire that ſtrangers landed on our coaſts. The ſimple wiſh of inſtructing us, had never led them from their own fertile clime. The thirſt for gold conſumed them. We had too little to give them; and ſoon they hoped to draw from our bodily ſtrength, a more precious merchandiſe.

At that period the minds of men were agitated with the fury of making diſcoveries. Navigation was riſing out of her infancy. European veſſels crouded the coaſts of Africa; penetrated into the boſom of Aſia; and gave a new world to the ſwords of Cortez and Pizarro.

It may be queſtioned, at this day, if the conqueſt of the two Americas was more fatal to the natives than to the people of Africa. Entire races of men deſtroyed! Mexicans, Peruvians, the fierce Carribees, and the peaceful inhabitants of Hiſpaniola: all ſwept from the face of the earth! Such are the titles by which the Americans claim the palm of wretchedneſs. But we! we, ſnatched from our homes, to put on chains from which death alone will releaſe us! We, deſtined from the birth to the ſhame of ſlavery, becauſe at two thouſand leagues from us ſome bloody conquerors have annihilated their new ſubjects! We, torn from our fathers, our brethren, our wives, our children, to cultivate that land in which the ſcattered carcaſes of the ancient poſſeſſors cry out for a vengeance, which we cannot undertake either for them or ourſelves! Are we not more to be pitied than thoſe? They are dead: alas! We live! We drag, over they tombs, chains more cruel than death; our blood is daily ſhed on their inſenſible aſhes; and we endure at once the remembrance of their ills, the pangs of our own, and the anguiſh which, as human beings, we feel for the crimes of our perſecutors!

And theſe are men! whole nations of men! who would rather have us for ſlaves than friends. To what end, then, are they taught by philoſophy, by the arts, the ſciences? Do they pretend thoſe ſoften the manners, and elevate the ſoul? We will ſhew them our chains, and ſay to them, what more could barbarians do? To what purpoſe is the ſublime religion they profeſs? Does it inſtruct them to love even their enemies? Ah! we are their brethren! When they landed on our ſhores, they often found hoſpitality, ſometimes defiance; but in receiving, or rejecting them, we equally purſued the impulſe of nature. We have not their intelligence: when we opened our hearts to them, they ſhould have cheriſhed us; when our hearts repelled them, it was their duty to have gained us.

Pardon, virtuous *Ferdinand*, pardon the ſentiments which are extorted from me by the remembrance of miſeries to which I have ſeen my countrymen devoted. I have forgotten my own. Long ſince has your friendſhip effaced them all. But this friendſhip impels me to preſerve your eſteem; you would bluſh for me, if the virtues of an European had ſtrucken from my memory the ills which white people have heaped upon the heads of negroes.

Yet I will not confound the preſent age with the times in which ſovereigns, their miniſters, their people, heard with indifference, the recital of our torments, and ſmil-

ed on the unfeeling planter, who prefented himſelf gliſtening with the gold he had acquired by our blood. European hearts are ſaid to be ſoftened. Humanity is heard; they ſpeak of lightening our chains; perhaps of breaking them. And what riſk you, Europeans? Prove our friendſhip. Believe me, you ſhall be richer for it. Attachment gives double force to the arm. Had I not been attracted by this ray of hope, I had left my adventurers in oblivion. But Europeans ſhall now hear me. Europeans ſhall learn from me, what are the men whom they have devoted to diſdain.

I was born in 17**, on the borders of the Senegal. My father was a brother of the ſovereign of our nation. I ſhall call my uncle *Siratik*, (1.) * a name which, in the language of the country, ſignifies king. A minute account of my education muſt not be expected. It is well known to what narrow limits our education is confined. We are taught few duties, for our ſyſtem of morality does not extend to nice diſtinctions; compelled to little ſtudy, becauſe our inſtruction compriſes only general objects. In bodily exerciſes, in drawing the bow, running, ſwimming, wreſtling, and hunting, in ſuch occupations paſs away the uniform days of the negro youths. Heaven has not been willing that the arts and ſciences ſhould viſit us. We learn what is uſeful, nothing more; our views are directed only to the wants of

* ☞ See the notes at the end of each volume.

nature. The most robust and most active negro becomes the richest: He who combats the enemies of his country with the greatest success, the noblest. But neither this nobility nor these riches descend to posterity. A negro who, like myself, could look back to twenty ancestors successively on the throne, remains notwithstanding in the ordinary class of citizens. The state is the sole heir of individuals. Children, on the death of their father, are obliged to find, in their industry or valor, the source of a new fortune, which, in its turn, becomes the public treasure.

If our education were more finished, we should equal, perhaps surpass, Europeans. We do not yield to them in address; and address announces a degree of intelligence which, with culture, would embrace the greatest objects. To dispute the qualities of the heart with us would be too injurious; education does not create, it merely gives a polish to those.

With us there is no knowledge of that fatal *I*—whose partial feeling renders men insensible with grace, obdurate with politeness, implacable with urbanity. We have not the art of making offers without giving; but we give without any offer. We do not condole without affording succour; but we succour without condolement. The imposing words of *honour*, *fidelity*, *delicacy*, *attachment*, are unknown to us; but we are faithful to our word, we love our wives, we serve

our friends, we treat ſtrangers as we would they ſhould treat us. The unremitting practice of thoſe actions has rendered the names which might be ſubſtituted for them unneceſſary. In fine, we do not poſſeſs ſuperb palaces, in which we might ſhun the eye of miſery ; we inhabit huts only, which are alike open to the poor and the rich, the ſtranger and the friend ; and beneath whoſe roof wearineſs never enters, becauſe luxury is not to be found there.

I have not to complain of Nature. She endowed me with a robuſt form, a diſtinguiſhed height. To that ſhe added the beauty of my nation : a jet black, a full forehead, piercing eyes, a large mouth, and fine teeth. Such was the veil. What did it conceal ? A profound ſenſibility, patience which approached to obſtinacy, a courage of mind bordering on fierceneſs, a diſdain for obſtacles, a goodneſs of heart, which ſed alternately on the benefits it conferred and received. Such was my character : if it announced virtues, it ſuppoſed faults ; nor was I deſtitute of them. My ſenſibility often wandered from my prudence ; my courage was blind ; my credulity extreme ; and the impetuoſity of my mind cauſed me ſometimes to forget that all men have need of indulgence.

Itanoko was the name I received at my birth. Love watched over my cradle ; and my eyes no ſooner diſtinguiſhed objects, than I felt the charms of *Amelia*.

It will ſeem aſtoniſhing, that the object of my paſſion bore an European name. *Amelia*, however, was an African; but her father was a native of France. The unfortunate *Dumont* (that was her father's name) had been ſhipwrecked at the mouth of the river Gambia. He alone ſurvived the loſs of the veſſel, which he commanded. An excellent ſwimmer, he owed the preſervation of his life to the ſtrength of his arms and conſtitution. Caſt upon an unknown land, covered with contuſions which he received from the points of rocks, againſt which the waves had daſhed him, worn out with hunger and fatigue, ſtill had he the courage to triumph over deſpair.

His maritime knowledge flattered him with the hopes of gaining the river Senegal, by following the coaſt. After twenty-four hours ceſſation from fatigue, during which he had no other bed than the ſand of the ſhore, and no other refreſhment than ſome ſhell-fiſh, which the waves had depoſited at his feet, he began his journey. Throughout the day he dreaded the ſight of men; in the night he ſhuddered at the ferocity of animals, whoſe howlings filled him with terror. His food was wild fruits, and he trembled while he plucked them.

In this manner he wandered a month, during which he ſeldom yielded to ſleep. At length he found himſelf at the mouth of a river whoſe oppoſite bank was covered with a thick foreſt which extended beyond the

reach of sight, along the shores of the sea. The weakness to which he was reduced, the breadth of the current, the fear of straying in such an immense forest, compelled him to proceed up the river, without attempting to cross it. He did not doubt but it was one of the branches of the Senegal, but saw it was not that in which European vessels are accustomed to anchor. He felt that this new direction, which he was driven to take, must lengthen his journey; and he pursued it with grief. One day, sinking beneath weariness and want of sleep, he threw himself down at a little distance from the city where I was born. Some negroes, conducted to the place by their employment of fishing, perceived him lying without sense or motion. The appearance of a white man astonished them, but they approached him; he still breathed, and they hastened to carry him to the city. On his recovering, he was terrified to find himself in the midst of a vast quantity of people, whom curiosity had assembled; but the kind caresses of his hosts, their tender cares, their officious friendship, insensibly dissipated his fears. At first, the necessity of his regaining his strength detained him amongst us; but soon the charms of our innocent life gently won him to our society. The remembrance of his country weakened gradually; an attachment which he felt for one of our women, effaced it forever. *Siratik* received him with goodness. To express his gratitude, he learned our language; he recounted his misfortunes, and we loved him the better for them. The so-

vereign and his ſubjects contended for the happineſs of rendering his fate agreeable. He married the female whom he loved ; the nation conſtructed a dwelling for him, gave him lands, taught him to cultivate them ; and the birth of *Amelia* rendered indiſſoluble the new ties which attached him to Africa.

Dumont had the amiable manners of his country without its frivolity, its inconſtancy ; and in him the charms of underſtanding gave a grace to the qualities of the heart. A brother whom he had left in Europe was the only object of his regrets. They had loſt in their infancy their father and their mother. The benedictions of theſe parents had been their only heritage. A relation undertook the charge of their education ; they would have repaid his cares, but death ſnatched him from them, when they more than ever ſtood in need of a director.

Dumont choſe the ſea. His good conduct procured him the poſt of captain in the merchant-ſervice, which he filled with honour, when the ſea ſwallowed up his veſſel, his companions, all that he poſſeſſed. Content with his lot, informed by the philoſophy which teaches that man is dear to God, by the virtues he exerciſes, not by the climate he inhabits, he thought it his duty to accept with gratitude the new country which Heaven had given him as a recompenſe for the confidence which he placed in his infinite goodneſs.

He was but four-and-twenty when my countrymen received him. I was then in my infancy. He was loved by all; but my father, who by his rank ſerved him more than others, loved him ſtill more. That ſpecies of ſympathy, that analogy of ſentiment, which prepares, forms and draws together the ties of the heart, had ſtrictly united them. I may ſay, then, I was reared in the boſom of *Dumont*; for he loved the father too much not to love the ſon. I knew the French, almoſt as ſoon as my native language. The aſſiduity of *Dumont* had alſo taught that to his wife and my father; and the two families compoſed, in the depth of Africa, a ſociety ſo entire, that we could have lived ſeparated from every human being.

Thus it was that Nature, in placing me near *Amelia*, made me feel the neceſſity of loving her, of pleaſing her, of repaying to her without reſerve the tenderneſs with which her father honoured me. The endearing names of ſiſter and brother were to us the happy preſage of titles more endearing, which we one day looked for. Peaceable ſentiments! delicious moments of infancy! what have become of you! why muſt you be ſucceeded by every ſpecies of ill which the paſſions of men can produce!

Dumont permitted me to remain till the age of twelve, without any other inſtruction than that of children of my own age and country, excepting the French language, in

which I every day improved. But with pleasure he saw a curiosity pervade me which I could not dissemble, and which he promised to himself to use as the means of conducting me insensibly to the important truths for which man is born. If he spoke to my father of the power, the magnificence of France; of the genius, politeness, affability of his countrymen; of the discoveries and sciences of Europe; I listened to him with an attention which could not escape his observation. My father, at one of these times, said to him, I cannot doubt the happiness which is the lot of your country. How many thousand negroes have been taken from our coasts by European vessels! The right of war permits us to dispose of those prisoners we take in battle, and we deliver them up as trifles. Alas! the Europeans are more virtuous than we are. Influenced by humanity, they come to snatch them from our chains. The negroes must be happy with them; for none has ever returned to their families. *Dumont* was silent; his colour became a deep red; but it did not draw our attention. We were yet ignorant that the souls of white men can express itself on their visage.

I could not cease to listen to *Dumont's* lessons. He did not cease to repeat to me what I had already heard a hundred times. I eagerly demanded the reason of every thing which I saw him do contrary to our customs. "Why did he not eat in our manner? Why had he made habits for himself,

his wife, and daughter ?" He anſwered me with goodneſs. He ſhewed me the charms which there are in decency, modeſty and purity of manners.

There was but one of his actions reſpecting which he was ſilent, and that ſilence was intended to excite my curioſity. Every evening and morning I ſaw him proſtrate himſelf, while his wife and child did the ſame. He drew from his pocket an aſſemblage of ſmall leaves, ſtrongly ſewed together. I perceived on them a multitude of black marks regularly arranged, the meaning of which were unknown to me. It was eaſy to ſee that this little book (for ſuch it was) had been damaged by wet. I did not doubt but that he had ſaved it from the ſhipwreck ; for I had never ſeen any thing like it among our countrymen. He fixed his eyes upon it, pronounced a ſet of words with enthuſiaſm. Theſe words were neither of the Negro nor French language ; but their harmony was exceedingly delightful. I alſo threw myſelf on my knees. I ſtrongly joined my little hands together. Like him, I raiſed my eyes to heaven. I was apprehenſive of forgetting the leaſt circumſtance of a ſcene ſo new to me. It ſeemed that all this rendered *Dumont* more dear to me. At one of thoſe times, I threw myſelf into his arms. Inform me, ſaid I, why do you do thus ? He embraced me. Tears of joy ſprang from his eyes. It is not yet time, anſwered he.

I approached my thirteenth year. One day, when I had preſſed him more earneſtly than uſual on the ſubject, without obtaining any ſatisfactory anſwer, his refuſal truly offended me. I ſaw him ſmile at the little marks of my impatience, and that redoubled it. Every thing diſpleaſed me: even *Amelia* could ſcarcely chaſe away my chagrin: I experienced a ſecret inquietude of which I could give no account. So true it is that the worſhip of the divinity becomes neceſſary to man, in the inſtant that the ſlighteſt notion of a ſupreme Being is awakened in the ſoul.

When *Dumont* ſaw the ſun deſcending towards the horizon, he ſaid, Will *Itanoko* walk with me? At firſt I was tempted to refuſe him, but I had not the power. My ſelf-love was wounded, but my heart was not. I feared to grieve *Dumont*. We walked. Inſenſibly he turned his converſation to his country; and he ſpoke to me of the grandeur, the majeſty, and the ſumptuouſneſs of its temples. This word was new to me. It called forth all my attention. I heard with tranſport the deſcription of a temple. My dear *Dumont*, ſaid I, what pleaſure to liſten to you! A temple muſt be ſuperb. How grand the ſpectacle of her rich ornaments, her precious vaſes, her prieſts clothed in linen! How charming the ſound of that harmonious muſic! But you have never ſpoken to me of this before. Why theſe vaſt edifices? Why this pomp? Why this incenſe?

While I thus interrogated him, we had gained the top of a hill which over-looked the country. The ſeaſon of rains was paſſed. The ſtorms were fled. The heavens were ſerene; and the air bore, on its boſom, the ſweet perfumes which aroſe from the flowers profuſely ſcattered on the plain. Never had nature ſeemed ſo delightful to me. The eye in its rapid courſe wandered around an immenſe horizon. It beheld the majeſtic Senegal haſtening from a ſource unknown to the ſea with its peaceful waves. Vaſt foreſts, diverſified paſtures, numerous huts enriched its banks. The ſun deprived of his fierceneſs was ſinking into another hemiſphere; and the moon was ſlowly riſing over the mountains of Lybia.

Behold this ſpectacle! ſaid *Dumont* to me. Does it ſay nothing to your heart? It raviſhes my ſenſes, cried I. Ah how happy is man to ſee it, to enjoy it, and to feel that he enjoys it. Without doubt, replied *Dumont:* but if he knows not the hand that created theſe ſcenes, he has no more enjoyment of them than animals. Know you the Being who ſuſtains thoſe burning globes, whoſe warmth brings your harveſt to the birth, and whoſe rays diſſipate the obſcurity of your nights? Do you know the Power who caſts forth this river from the entrails of the earth? Who covers its ſides with thoſe exquiſite flowers; with thoſe woods whoſe ſhade repels the heat of day; thoſe animals whoſe milk nouriſhes you; thoſe birds whoſe ſong amuſes your ear? No,

replied I, but he must be good and infinitely powerful. Ah, cried he, this Being so good, so powerful, is your God, is my God, is the God of the universe. For you, for man he created this scene which charms you. He has created yourself to enjoy it: not to be an ingrate. Such benefactions merit your gratitude: should you not love him then? He alone, if you offend him, can deprive you of them: should you not fear him then? He alone has the power to fill you with prosperity: then should you not adore him? And now behold yourself informed of the motive of that action which you see me repeat every day. It is before him that I humiliate myself. At his feet, I prostrate myself to demand, not an increase of blessings which he has lavished on me, but of the virtues which render me worthy of his benefactions. On the rising of the sun, I pay to him my first homage; and when the return of night calls me to sleep, my last sentiments are due to him.—"Privileged mortal! Is it to you alone that God is known? We, though men like yourself, we do not know him."——"You do not, but one day you will. The people of Europe know him, and assemble to adore him; and hence the origin of those temples, of that worship which I have just described."——"And do the Europeans, like you, demand virtues of that Being?"——"It is their duty."——"Then your people are the worthiest on the earth."——"They ought to be so," answered *Dumont*, with a sigh.

Night approached. We returned to our habitation. My heart was full. A new and delicate ſatisfaction had infuſed itſelf into all my feelings. One thing alone ſtill gave me inquietude. I wiſhed to be entirely freed from my doubt. Is your God, ſaid I to him, alſo the God of *Amelia?*——Yes, he anſwered with tranſport; and I hope will be in every moment of her exiſtence. 'Tis done, I cried. The God of *Amelia* ſhall be mine. I ſee that he has the power of beſtowing virtues.

Not one inſtant of the night ſaw me cloſe my eyes. My converſation with *Dumont* had ſhed on all the objects which ſurrounded me an intereſt which till then they wanted. My father, my mother, my young comrade *Otourou*, our hut, even my paraquet, every thing, which till then had ſeemed indifferent enough to me, preſented itſelf in a ſeducing form. God of *Dumont!* ſaid I to myſelf, is it then for the preſervation of my life that thou haſt taught my father to fold me in his arms? Is it it to ſoften my vexations that thou giveſt a tender heart to *Otourou?* Is to guard me againſt the ſtorms that thou buildeſt this hut for me? Is it to amuſe my leiſure that thou doſt render this bird ſo tractable? Without thee I ſhould not have all theſe? It ſeemed to me that an unknown voice anſwered, No, without doubt. I liſtened, but heard no more of it. "O give me then, God of *Dumont*, the virtues which pleaſe thee." I was in bed. A ſudden movement, which I made, threw

down my arrows, which hung near me. These arrows, that till then had so greatly amused me, now caused me an involuntary emotion of horror. I threw them from me with a trembling hand, saying, "It is not the God of *Dumont* who has given me these, for they destroy men, they destroy the animals they strike: I feel that the sight of sufferings is no pleasure to me. But, perhaps, there is a god of evil, of whom *Dumont* has not spoken to me." This idea gave me pain: alas! I was ignorant that the passions of men were the origin of that evil which, in my trouble, I exalted into a divinity.

Scarcely was it day when I flew to *Dumont*. My mind was consumed with doubt. I overwhelmed him with questions. He had commenced too happily with me not to proceed. He found me yet exempt from vices and prejudices; and in a few months the Christian religion was fully known to me.

I attained my eighteenth year. *Dumont* often proposed to conduct me to the sea coast, in order to find some European settlements where I might altogether embrace the religion he had taught me. The journey was not without danger. We must traverse some countries inimical to us. My father, alarmed by these reflections, by his friendship for *Dumont*, by his affection for me, opposed the design. The wife of *Dumont* felt these alarms still more strongly. She knew that her daughter must be of the

party; and the fear of losing, perhaps forever, her husband and her child struck so forcibly on her mind, that she exerted her utmost influence with *Dumont* to deter him from its execution. For me, beside the attachment which I had really conceived for the religion of my friend, I had another interest extremely powerful with my heart to hasten my departure. *Dumont* had declared, that he could not permit me to be the husband of *Amelia* till both of us were baptized; and till our marriage could be consecrated at the foot of the altar. *Dumont* had instructed me, and I had instructed my comrade *Otourou*. What should we fear? did I often say to the father of *Amelia*. We are three. We are brave; you are prudent. What dangers are there that we may not face with the aid of courage and of wisdom? It is easy for us to defend ourselves if we are attacked; it will still be more easy to shun our enemies. The thickness of the woods, the distance of the habitations, every thing favors us. If *Amelia* is overcome with fatigue, *Otourou* and I are strong; we will carry her. *Dumont*, whose feelings accorded with mine, easily yielded to my reasons. He spoke with such energy to my father, to his wife, that they no longer hesitated. They themselves determined to accompany us; and though the next day was not fixed for the day of our departure, it was because our harvest was at hand. Fatal delay! The first signal of all my miseries!

Our harveſt was ready ; it was abundant. Every one laboured inceſſantly during the day ; and at night the general joy was announced by ſhouts, ſongs, and dances ; the uſual relaxation of the fatigues of negroes. I was in a rapturous delirium. I thought of nothing but my future happineſs ; I talked of nothing but our journey. My love for *Amelia* was extreme. I ſaw her, I adored her, I never quitted her for an inſtant: yet, ſuch was the violence of my deſires, that I forgot the felicity in my power; and I reſembled a man, who, long ſeparated from the object of his tenderneſs, counts the minutes which bring near the day in which he ſhall return to her.

Otourou, who had but one ſoul with me, partook of my happineſs ; but in his own manner. I, ever impetuous, I looked only to the ſucceſs of my wiſhes. He, calm and patient, did but ſtudy the means to enſure that ſucceſs. It ſeemed that nature had founded our friendſhip on the difference of our characters: or rather that ſhe had deſigned *Otourou* to be my guardian angel. His father, whom he had never ſeen, was a negro of a neighbouring village. He had diſappeared in a war between our nation and the people of Galam, and had left his wife pregnant. On the return of peace this woman, named *Atiliba*, came to the court of *Siratik*, with the hope of hearing intelligence of her huſband. Her enquiries were vain ; my father joined his to them, but without ſucceſs. He kindly took her to his

own home, where ſhe was delivered of *Otourou;* and grief ſoon after conducted her to the tomb. Her infant found, in my father, that humanity which is often more compaſſionate than nature. *Otourou* and I had but one cradle; and he was my brother before years made him my friend.

I dare declare that we reſembled each other only in courage; and with this difference even there, that I ruſhed on dangers the moment I perceived them, while *Otourou* only oppoſed himſelf to them when they were inevitable. Always cool, always peaceable, he ſmiled at my ſallies, but he did not thwart them. Maſter of his mind, of his paſſions, all his being acted in obedience to his judgment: my judgment was a ſlave to the ardour of my character. Did I wiſh for any thing? Did it not meet his wiſhes? He began to wiſh as I did, and I ſoon finiſhed by having no wiſh but his. The nature of his goodneſs, his generoſity, his friendſhip was not the ſame as mine. With me theſe virtues ſpread without, like a torrent; with him they acted ſilently within. His where concealed, but ſolid; they were mute but active. In ſhort, generally more perfect than I, in forgetting injuries he was inferior to me. And here again appeared the effect of our different temperaments. In me, anger burſt into a ſtorm; and was ſoon ſucceeded by a calm. She took up her dwelling with him. Vengeance never was extinguiſhed in his breaſt, or only when it was loſt in the coldneſs of diſdain.

Otourou, who saw each day my eagerness for our journey, thought of nothing but the means of diminishing its dangers. Without opening his design to any one, he quitted his home, and advanced so far into the country of our enemy, that he discovered, from a high mountain, the sea-coast and some habitations, which by their structure, (new to him) he judged to be European. Alone, and avoiding all eyes, he examined the different paths; remarked those which, more distant from the villages, were consequently less dangerous; and, assured of the accuracy of his observation, became sufficiently instructed to serve as a faithful guide during the darkness of the nights; a time which he regarded as most propitious for our little troop to traverse the country without peril.

During his absence, which lasted eight days, we felt considerable inquietude; and, above all, myself. Much greater would have been our uneasiness, had we known the danger to which he exposed his life, or at least his liberty, by this expedition.

On his return, using equal precaution as in going, he had marched one whole night to cross a forest, which he knew to be frequented during the day by our enemies. He had proceeded so far by sunrise, that he flattered himself he should soon be secure from danger. He knew that the boundaries of this forest were scarcely separated from our territories by a quarter of a league, and already revelled in the pleasure which

the recital of his diſcoveries would give us. Animated with this idea, he preſſed forward; and, in a few minutes, he arrived ſo near the confines of the foreſt, as to diſtinguiſh the ſhort tract of land which he had yet to paſs. Judge of his terror when he perceived the little plain, which ſeparated him from his country, covered with a multitude of negroes, whoſe movements, cries, and arms, ſufficiently marked the hoſtile deſigns which aſſembled them in this place. He remained immoveable; and often has he ſince avowed to me, that never had any other danger ſo cruelly alarmed his mind. Flight was impracticable. On his left was the Senegal, whoſe rapid courſe did not leave a hope that he could ſwim far enough up the ſtream to be out of danger. On his right, the country of theſe ſame negroes extended in the form of a creſcent around our territories; and the point of the creſcent which he muſt gain to avoid the enemies whom he had in front, was preciſely the quarter of their country which was moſt inhabited. When his fear was ſufficiently diſſipated to admit of reflection, he reſolved on the only expedient which ſeemed left him. It was, to plunge into the foreſt, and there to wait the return of night, which might afford him ſome opportunity of eſcaping. A new reflection ſuddenly ſeized him. It ſprang from the love of his country. The poſition of theſe negroes left no doubt that their deſign was againſt us; and that they hoped to ſurpriſe us while the harveſt, having ſcattered our people, ſeemed to promiſe them a

more eaſy booty. He felt how important it was to aſſure himſelf of their deſigns ; and he hoped, if he could gain that knowledge, he might, favored by his ſwiftneſs of foot, reach the court of *Siratik*, and ſpread the alarm time enough for our defence. He returned towards the enemy. He choſe a tree on the extremity of the foreſt, the higheſt and fulleſt of leaves, and ſoon gained the top. There he reſolved to watch the operations of the enemy, and to wait either their departure, or the night, which might enable him to paſs through them undiſcovered.

He ſoon perceived that this plain was the place of general rendezvous ; becauſe, as different bodies of troops marched into it, they piled their arms in a heap, and each of them mingled with the parties already arrived, or threw himſelf on the earth to repoſe. The ſmoke of ſome fires, which he obſerved, confirmed the idea that they would paſs the day at leaſt in that poſition.

All was quiet till ten in the morning, when they ſuddenly roſe up and formed themſelves into various diviſions. Their general arrived. *Otourou* diſtinguiſhed him by his palanquin, and the eſcort which ſurrounded him. He paſſed ſucceſſively before each diviſion, and remained ſome minutes with each. After this ſpecies of review, the army directed its march towards the foreſt. *Otourou* was alarmed ; but quickly regained his coolneſs when he recollected the height

of the tree, and the thickneſs of the foliage that hid him. The heat of the day, which began to be powerfully felt, had been the cauſe of this movement; and the negroes had ſcarcely gained the ſhade of the foreſt when they diſperſed, to paſs away the time according to their various pleaſures. The tree which hid *Otourou* was not neglected. A ſcore of negroes laid themſelves down beneath its branches; and this neighbourhood enabled him to hear every word of their diſcourſe.

He learned that they would yet remain three days in the plain, waiting for *Damel* their king, whom they expected to head their army in perſon, with a deſign of making an irruption into our country. *Otourou* was delighted to hear of this delay, and hoped he ſhould be happy enough to elude the enemies with which he was ſurrounded, and to give us the intelligence time enough to prevent a ſurpriſe.

In the ſituation of *Otourou*, the leaſt circumſtance is alarming, and an accident had inevitably loſt him, but for his preſence of mind. So great had his attention been occupied, that he did not perceive ſome vultures who had eſtabliſhed their airy at a little diſtance above his head. The young ones were already ſtrong, and the parents had departed in ſearch of their prey. It was near mid-day when theſe birds returned, and alighting near their dwelling, divided among their little family the repaſt which they had

provided. Hitherto the ſpectacle rather amuſed *Otourou*; but the ſcene was ſoon changed. One of the young birds, ſpringing with joy from branch to branch, perceived *Otourou*, and inſtantly uttered a ſcream of terror. The ſignal ſpread the alarm among theſe animals. The young ones diſperſed among the leaves, and the parents, reſolved not to abandon them, darted in irregular and violent flights around the tree. It excited the aſtoniſhment of the negroes below; and *Otourou* ſoon ſaw more than a hundred ſurround his retreat, with their eyes raiſed upwards to diſcover the cauſe which alarmed theſe vultures. He felt the danger that threatened him, and his diſmay was extreme when he ſaw ſome negroes already climbing the tree. Suddenly he made an effort to divert their attention, by an unexpected fight. He ſeized one of the little vultures, which had placed itſelf within his reach, and ſtifling it with his hands, precipitated it to the ground. The negroes ran to examine this object; thoſe who had mounted the tree deſcended. The vultures became more furious; and if theſe animals had joined courage to the great ſtrength given them by nature (2) they would have repaid theſe negroes the inquietude which they cauſed to poor *Otourou*.

Mean while the cries of the birds, and noiſe of the negroes, drew the attention of the army on every ſide. They hurried to the place by hundreds, and ſoon by thouſands. Curioſity each inſtant increaſed.

But they no longer talked of climbing the tree ; they ſpoke only of giving it to the flames. Scarcely could the trembling limbs of *Otourou* ſupport him. He could only pronounce, Oh, God of *Dumont !* do not abandon me !

Already more than a hundred hands had heaped dry branches round the trunk. Already had they lighted fire-brands to kindle the flame, when *Otourou* (whoſe cool courage never forſook him but for a moment) availed himſelf of the ſuperſtition of theſe negroes, and cried out with all the force he could give his voice, " depart, profane wretches, and fly my fury. I am the deity *(Fetiche)* of this foreſt (3). I have puniſhed theſe deſpicable birds, becauſe they have inſulted me. I will puniſh you alſo, if you diſturb my repoſe. The thunder-bolt is not ſwifter than the effect which theſe words produced. Affright was pourtrayed on the countenance of this ſilly multitude. Some took to flight, others proſtrated themſelves on the earth, all ſwore the tree had ſpoke to them. The prieſts interfered : till evening they made continual ſacrifices to the pretended divinity.

When the ſun was ſet, the negroes removed to a diſtance from this place, from thence become ſacred ; and the poor *Otourou*, availing himſelf of their religious terror, deſcended from the tree ; croſſed the little plain ; and the following day threw himſelf into our arms.

Extreme was our joy. We overwhelmed him with embraces. We did but releafe him to confound him with queftions. "Where have you been? Why did you go? What have you done? What has happened?" *Otourou* was himfelf in a kind of delirium. He laughed, wept, vaulted into the air, embraced us a moment; then again laughed, wept, and embraced us. My friends, faid he at length, I have been on the point of lofing you; but, thank God, behold me fafe, and I have returned happier than ever. I wifhed to ferve my friends; and Heaven, to recompenfe me for this defign, has procured me the happinefs of faving my country. Our attention redoubled, and we heard with avidity the recital of his adventures. My father begged his indulgence for requefting that he would, notwithftanding his fatigue, accompany him to the court of *Siratik*.

As a reward for his fidelity, *Siratik* decorated *Otourou* with a chain of gold. A council was fummoned to deliberate on the means of repelling the attack. Couriers were difpatched that night into the villages, to order all the negroes capable of fervice to affemble with fpeed on the frontiers, by which it was imagined *Damel* would penetrate into our territory. In the interim, fix thoufand men (who formed nearly the whole guard of *Siratik*) and all the youths of the city received orders to march the next day to oppofe the firft efforts of the enemy. *Siratik*, prevented by infirmi-

ties from heading the army, conferred the command on my father, who prepared to depart with the advanced guard.

My father in the converſations which he had held with *Dumont*, perceived how much the Europeans excelled us in the art of war, and he prevailed on *Dumont* to follow him. With reſpect to force, *Dumont* could not be of much ſervice, having none of thoſe murderous arms which have ſubjected all the univerſe to the Europeans; but he hoped that his natural ſagacity would ſupply what art refuſed him.

In this general commotion, *Otourou* and I did not wiſh to remain inactive. We prepared to follow my father and *Dumont*. Eaſily will be conceived the ſorrowful ſituation of *Amelia* and her mother. The latter ſaw an adored huſband flying to the combat, induced rather by generoſity than duty; and the motive which armed him for the defence of a people whom ſhe had rendered dear to him, redoubled in her the fear of loſing him. The heart of the young *Amelia* was divided between a father and a lover. The preſervation of either of them would be no conſolation to her for the loſs of either; and ſhe muſt ſee them return together, or forever renounce the conſolations of love and of nature.

I will not dwell on the picture of our ſeparation. Behold *Dumont* ſtruggling to diſengage himſelf from the embraces of his

wife and daughter, and to conceal his ſighs. I at the feet of *Amelia*, my voice ſuffocated with ſobs. My forehead bathed with her tender tears. Tears! at once dear and cruel to my heart. *Otourou*, a ſilent ſpectator of this mournful ſcene. Rending ſituation! which could not long be endured. *Dumont*, more reſolute than I, tore himſelf from the arms of his wife. My wife! my child! ſaid he, never forget the God whom I have made known to you. See the wiſhes of a father, of a lover! Again he looks upon them. Throws himſelf into their arms.—Again diſengages himſelf, and eſcapes from their ſight. *Otourou* ſeizes me, (ſtill on my knees,) drags me along with him, and ſoon are we far from places ſo endearing to my tenderneſs. Places! which I muſt never more behold.

Was it ſome voice within that warned me of the evils in which I was about to plunge? Often had I wiſhed for the very day which now was preſent with me. Often had the wounds of our old men enflamed my courage. I had marked the honours with which it loaded their declining days. I had felt a burning deſire to merit ſuch honours. Even the idea of *Amelia* gave a new value to them. My vows, my wiſhes had been bent to this moment. Now all were fled. Honour, glory, courage, none of them flattered me more. I ſeemed to march to the torture. Nothing could enter my mind but the loſs of *Amelia*. I cried aloud, never ſhall I ſee her more. *Otourou* blamed me.

I blamed myself. I own it; the fear of shame alone chained me to the ranks of our warriors.

A march of two days brought us to the frontiers of our country: that is to say, within a league of the plain where *Otourou* met with the enemy. *Dumont* had never served in his own country, and his knowledge of tactics was only such as he had gathered from his reading in his youth. It would have been nothing in Europe; with us it was considerable. Some days were necessary to assemble the army; and in the mean time to check the efforts of the enemy was all that prudence could expect. *Dumont* chose an advantageous situation for our *six thousand* men. He strengthened his right by the Senegal, and his left by a deep and wide fosse, which by a curve he extended along the front of the camp to the river. He placed advanced guards before the fosse, and taught the negroes, ignorant of discipline, that on their vigilance alone could the army venture to take any repose. He visited them frequently during the night, to see that the orders which he gave, in the name of my father, were faithfully executed.

The enemy did not appear, and *Dumont* choosing twenty intelligent and active negroes, ordered them to advance, with precaution, and reconnoitre their position; and, as nearly as possible, their forces.

Mean while our army encreased every

inſtant, and the fourth day it amounted to fifty thouſand men. *Dumont* judging that we might engage on this ground with advantage, encamped the new troops (as they arrived) between the ditch on the left, and a wood which was about a league diſtant: leaving the ſix thouſand men in their former poſition.

The party which were ſent to reconnoitre, joining courage to addreſs, had approached the enemy ſo near as to make ſome of the ſtragglers priſoners. From theſe we learned that they believed us to be without apprehenſion, and expected to find an eaſy prey; that they would have made an irruption into our country ſome days ſince, but had waited for *Damel*, who had but juſt arrived; finally, that their army amounted to forty thouſand men; and that we might ſoon expect to ſee the van advancing towards us.

My father inſtantly aſſembled the council of war, and *Dumont* had hitherto ſerved them too eſſentially not to be invited to it. The greateſt part of the chiefs were of opinion, that they ought to march towards the enemy, and attack them with the advantage ariſing from their ſurpriſe, and ignorance of our ſtrength. *Dumont* almoſt alone combated this advice. Why, ſaid he, place in the hands of chance that which is in our own power? Perhaps the enemy believe us ignorant of their deſign, and ſo have neglected every kind of precaution; but it is

our duty to suppose the contrary. They may have sent spies which we have not perceived: the facility with which these prisoners suffered themselves to be taken, may be a trick to lull us into a perfidious security; foreseeing the march which you propose, they may plant the road with ambuscades. Should we be thus surprised and routed, what remains but to deliver our defenceless wives and children to the unjust fury of enemies, to the implacable insolence of conquerors? Will you confide in me? Remain then in the position which you now occupy. If they will enter our country, they must attack us; and if they attack us, they are vanquished.

The wisdom of this counsel was acknowledged; all resolved to wait for the enemy in our encampment; and my father, whose confidence in *Dumont* was without bounds, besought him to make the necessary dispositions for the battle.

It was agreed that as soon as the enemy should appear on the plain, that part of the army ranged between the fosse and the wood should be drawn out in order of battle, while the six thousand, who were first encamped, should remain concealed in their entrenchments. *Dumont* advised my father to head a body which were posted near the wood, and recommended to him to make a most vigorous defence, to give time for other movements which he had concerted. To a nephew of *Siratik* he gave the com-

mand of a body of troops which were placed near the foſſe, on the left of the ſix thouſand men. He ordered them to ſuſtain the enemy's attack for ſome time; then to feign a flight, and retreat till the purſuers ſhould have paſſed the ſix thouſand. Thoſe he ordered to lie on the earth, and not to riſe till a certain ſignal ſhould be given them. He gave to an intelligent negro the conduct of a detachment of ten thouſand, which he placed in the cavities of the foſſe. He commanded theſe to keep themſelves concealed till the ſix thouſand ſhould be engaged with that part of the enemy who would drive back the troops commanded by the nephew of *Siratik;* then to ſpring from their retreat, and ſpreading themſelves on the plain, fall upon the rear of the enemy engaged with my father. Finally, he reſerved himſelf, with a deſign to fly to every part where his preſence ſhould be neceſſary.

The remainder of the day he employed in repeating the manœuvres to the army, and inſtructing each diviſion in its particular duty, that all might be executed without confuſion. He judged this precaution neceſſary, with negroes accuſtomed to combat in diſorder, and ignorant of thoſe evolutions, which amongſt poliſhed nations decite the fate of engagements.

In the afternoon of the following day, we diſcovered the van of the enemy, and about an hour after the whole army appeared. Aſtoniſhed to ſee us, whom they did not ſuſ-

pect ſo near; they halted; then ſpread themſelves on the plain, ſo as exactly to face the front, which we preſented between the foſſe and the wood; without extending beyond, either to the right or left. Soon we ſaw their fires kindled, and we concluded they would not attack us that day.

Dumont knew the negroes rarely engage during the obſcurity of night; yet his prudence did not permit him to rely on cuſtoms which might be violated. He viſited all the advanced poſts, while the army ſlept in ſecurity.

At the break of day we were all in arms; and we perceived, by the noiſe and movements of the enemy, that they prepared to attack us. *Dumont* ran through the ranks, and beſought the troops to act without precipitation; and promiſed them certain victory, if they executed the orders they had received.

He then took my father, *Otourou*, and I apart. My friends, ſaid he, we are on the point of engaging; we ſhall conquer, do not fear it. God is ever on the ſide of juſtice. Confide in him: be tranquil. This ſacrifice of your lives, which you offer to your country, cannot but pleaſe him. We embraced. A few moments we were ſilent. We wept. *Dumont* reſumed: Let us part, each to his duty. Joy! cried he; tears are not deſigned for a day of victory.

Filial piety had marked my place by the ſide of my father. Friendſhip, that of *Otourou* by my ſide.

Europeans will not find in the detail of this battle any of that dreadful pomp to which they have been accuſtomed in ſuch recitals. No horrid machinery which vomits forth thundering death. No murdering globes which in their ſwift flight ſpread wide carnage and diſmay. No reſplendent arms to illuminate the air; nor martial muſic, whoſe meaſured ſound regulates the ſoldier's ardour. But the terrifying ſhock of fierce multitudes, tumult, confuſion, cries, courage without order and dexterity without aim: theſe are the circumſtances of an engagement among negroes. Arrows, wooden ſabres, and branches torn from the foreſts trees, are the weapons which warlike fury places in their hands. Yet here bravery is diſplayed entire; unmixed with that timid weakneſs, which ſecretly rejoices in the diſtance that the uſe of fire arms has placed between the armies of Europe.

The enemy were in motion. At a certain diſtance they diſcharged their arrows, and inſtantly they ruſhed to the combat with frightful cries. The firſt aſſault was terrible. The ſpot on which we fought, with my father, was ſomewhat raiſed above the reſt. The ſituation gave greater weight to our exertions, ſo that during half an hour we gained conſiderable ground upon our enemies. I began to fear that this would diſ-

concert the men hid in the foſſe, by the circuit they would be obliged to make, to execute the manœuvre with which they were charged. I made the obſervation to my father. He ſaid, I know it, but I have my reaſons; preſs forward. In a ſhort time I was convinced that he had foreſeen events better than myſelf. The nephew of *Siratik*, who was on our right, having retreated according to his orders, the negroes oppoſed to him puſhed the purſuit (as *Dumont* had foreſeen) with ſhouts of victory which reached to us. Knowing the cauſe, they gave us no uneaſineſs, but they increaſed the courage of our opponents to temerity. We found ourſelves obliged to fall back in our turn; and ſo loſe the ground we had gained. By that, I felt that my father had taken the ſureſt means of maintaining the ſituation which *Dumont* had conjured him not to loſe.

My father now commanded me to ſee what paſſed on the right; not daring himſelf to leave his troops, whoſe loſs was already conſiderable, and who betrayed ſymptoms of flight. I mounted on a little hill which we had in our rear. I ſaw that the ſix thouſand men had ruſhed from their retreat upon the purſuers of the nephew of *Siratik*; and that already the ten thouſand approached the rear of thoſe who were engaged with us. I ſprang into the air, and cried victory. Our men heard me. They gave a ſhout of joy; the ten thouſand anſwered them. Diſorder ran through the

enemy's troops. Preſſed on all ſides, they thought of nothing but flight; and the carnage became dreadful.

The ardour of the purſuit had hurried me more than half a league from the place where we fought. I thought myſelf followed by my friends. At length, covered with blood, and waſted with fatigue, I ſtood ſtill. I looked around me, I ſaw neither my father, nor *Otourou*, nor one of my countrymen. Some bodies of the enemy, whom I had paſſed in my courſe, overtook me; ſtill in their flight. My apprehenſive eye, my embarraſſed air diſcovered me. They ſurrounded me, dragged me along with them, and I ſaw myſelf in the chains of thoſe whom my nation, whom even my own arms had conquered.

So rapid was my misfortune, that I had ſcarcely time to view all the horror of it. I knew not all my danger till, arrived at the enemy's camp, I found myſelf the object of indignities, offered by a multitude rendered furious by their defeat. Inſtantly would they have put me to death, had I not been the right of *Damel* as a priſoner of war, and had they not feared a ſevere chaſtiſement for their zeal. During twenty-four hours I was covered with chains, expoſed to a thouſand inſults, ſinking beneath thirſt, hunger, and wearineſs. Abandoned without ſuccour, and without pity, to inhuman guards, will it be believed that theſe frightful ills were the leaſt of my

care? My true torment lay deep in my heart. I recollected the laws of war among us; I knew that an eternal slavery awaited the prisoners taken in battle. I saw myself separated from my father, from *Otourou*, and *Amelia*. "Separated from *Amelia!* Oh, God! and can I support the thought without dying?" Alas! I have too often experienced that truth.

Our enemies now thought only of returning into their country; and I was conducted to the city which *Damel* inhabited, at the distance of fifty leagues. It was situated on that part of the sea-coast where the European vessels, attracted by commerce, frequently anchor. I cannot describe what I suffered during this march. Pardon me, God of the Christians! I cursed *Dumont* for having made thee known to me. I regretted our impotent divinities, who would have granted death to my prayers. Thou didst hold my hand. I felt it; but without gratitude. Pardon, my God! the weakness which could not yet support misfortune.

At length we arrived, and they presented me to *Damel*. He was young. During youth, man is more feeling. My height, my air, my figure struck him. Who art thou? said he. The son of the general who has vanquished thee, cried I, fiercely. He regarded me with surprize. After a moment's silence he said, fortune treats thee wantonly. Yesterday, my conqueror; to

day my ſlave! Her injuſtice is cruel. I will indemnify thee. Thou canſt not render me all that I have loſt, anſwered I. I render thee much, ſaid he; I render thee a hope thou couldſt no longer poſſeſs. Then addreſſing himſelf to his guards, releaſe him, ſaid he, from his irons. Yet guard him; attend him with zeal; and be careful that no ſtranger ſees him without my command.

I was conducted to a country houſe belonging to *Damel*, about a quarter of a league from the city. It was built on an eminence, ſhaded by a foreſt of citrons and of palms; and commanding a proſpect which extended to the ſea over rich vallies watered by the river. Enchanting as the ſight was, it could not abate the affection of my ſoul. Whatever charms were ſpread around this abode, to me it was a mere priſon, in which I believed myſelf condemned to groan through the remainder of my life; far from the objects of my tendereſt attachments. I turned my eyes, without ceaſing, to the ſide on which I figured my country. From the moment of my captivity a ſingle tear had not fallen upon my cheek. My heart ſeemed bound as with cords. A dreadful weight ſeemed to preſs upon my breaſt. No words paſſed my mouth; and my days dragged on in fierce deſpair.

Save the vigilance with which they guarded me, I had no reaſon to complain of my ſlavery. I was even treated with a kind of

regard which approached reſpect. I felt that I was obliged for this to my father's rank at the court of *Siratik;* and perceived that *Damel*, reduced by his loſs to deſire peace, hoped to obtain it more eaſily by his attention to me. But though I had dived into this policy, ſtill I could not preſume that my liberty would be made by *Damel* the bond of peace. The thing was without example. I too well knew that the chief riches of our princes conſiſted in the number of ſlaves; and I was far from ſuppoſing that *Damel* would infringe a law ſo favourable to the avarice of the ſovereign. It was however, on my liberty that he founded his hopes; and while, unknown to me, every thing was preparing to lead to the inſtant ſo dear to my wiſhes, I did every thing on my part to plunge myſelf into an eternal ſlavery.

There exiſts indeed in the heart of man an inquietude which almoſt involuntarily makes him act contrary to prudence, and in oppoſition to his own intereſts. It appears to him that his future fate depends on himſelf alone. He makes no account of the aid of his friends, nor the fortuitous concourſe of circumſtances, nor the attentive eye of Providence. His mind attaches itſelf to one object. He purſues it with ardour, he relies on his own powers to attain it, and his precipitation too frequently renders abortive the deſires which ſurrounding circumſtances had prepared to crown.

It was this ſecret inquietude, this deſire of anticipating the effects of time, this blindneſs of making events depend on my own exertions, which hurried me forward. I accumulated on my own head the evils which I wiſhed to ſhun; and threw myſelf into the arms of misfortune to be freed from the torments of a future period, which probably would have conducted me to happineſs.

I had been five days in the houſe of *Damel*, and ſleep had not yet weighed down my eye-lids. Scarcely had the firſt rays of the morning ſhot acroſs the horizon when I betook myſelf to an elevated ſpot of ground, from whence I imagined I could ſee my country, ſpight of the obſtacle which intervened. This I have ſaid was my whole occupation; my ſingle ſolace: fatal ſolace! It envenomed ſtill more the ſhaft by which I was torn. He only who has ſuffered, can conceive the ſpecies of conſolation the unfortunate find in converſing with their griefs.

One morning I placed myſelf as uſual on the terrace, and involuntarily turned my eyes towards the ſea. A veſſel appeared. The majeſty of her courſe upon the peaceful waves, the multiplicity of her ſails which the riſing ſun gilded with his fires, the height of her maſts which proudly ſprang into the air, (all ſo new to me) ſuſpended my wretchedneſs, and fixed my eyes upon this ſingle object. How great are the Europeans!

cried I. Who to extend the happineſs of the human race have ſubdued this proud element to their empire!

I ſaw this veſſel anchor at the entrance of the river, not far from the city. She diſplayed a large white flag, floating in the air. I recognized, by this ſign, the countrymen of *Dumont*. He had told me an hundred times this ſtandard was the diſtinguiſhing mark of his nation. The ſight recalled the happy hours which I had paſſed with the man who was ſo dear to me. Tears bathed my face. My heart, ſo long oppreſſed, expanded itſelf. I wept abundantly; and by this bleſſing of nature perhaps ſaved a life which might have yielded to the weight of concentred grief.

In effect, I found myſelf more tranquil. Reaſon returned. I began to regard every thing around me: The deſire of making my eſcape was the reſult of all my reflections.

The execution of it was not eaſy. Even though I ſhould be able to elude the vigilance of my guards, how ſhould I traverſe an unknown land without being diſcovered? How ſhould I find the road which led to my country? Would it not be prudent for me to wait for more favourable occaſions? By degrees the miſtruſt of my guards would be weakened. I ſhould be leſs obſerved. I might acquire a more exact knowledge of the country; and execute with ſucceſs that which now appeared impoſſible.

Thus ſpoke prudence to me; but love and youth did not reaſon thus. The leaſt delay appeared an injury to my paſſion. To heſitate, when the queſtion was to rejoin *Amelia*, ſeemed an infidelity. She will believe, ſaid I, that fear is ſuperior to love; that my life is nearer to me than my affection. No, my dear *Amelia!* no! You ſhall never reproach your lover with having ſacrificed to his ſafety, the happy inſtant which may haſten the delight of returning to you.

Such were the emotions which agitated me, when new hopes darted into my mind. Why, cried I, ſhould I go ſo far in ſearch of that which Providence has brought within my reach? Yes, it is Providence which for me has conducted this French veſſel into the port. Theſe are the friends of *Dumont*. They adore the ſame God! like him, without doubt, they demand virtues of the Supreme Being. They muſt poſſeſs pity. They do poſſeſs it. I will not doubt. I will recount my love and my misfortunes. They will be touched with them. There are people, friends of ours, on this coaſt; they will land me among thoſe people. I ſhall again ſee *Amelia*. Yes, it is Heaven which enlightens me. Heaven points out the hand which muſt ſave me.

Suddenly my reſolution was irrevocably taken; and my mind was entirely occupied in the means of executing it. The return of hope had nearly reſtored my uſual gaiety; my guards perceived it, and congratulated

me on the change. They were far from penetrating the cauſe. From that day I began to join in their dances and pleaſures. They ſaw it with joy. They believed my chagrin had ceaſed, and I perceived that they were leſs watchful of me. In Europe ſo ſudden a change had created ſuſpicion; but not ſo among negroes. Happy enough never to have need of diſſimulation, they judge of the ſentiments of the ſoul by the exterior of the man.

I felt all the advantage I might draw from the conduct I now purſued, and I reſolved to purſue it till the negroes who ſurrounded me ſhould be lulled into perfect ſecurity. During the day, I laboured with them in *Damel's* gardens; in the evening, I mingled my voice in their ſongs; at night, I affected, when I ſlept not, the profound ſleep of a man exempt from all care. They thought me reconciled to ſlavery. Many of thoſe who till now had ſlept in my chamber abſented themſelves to viſit their families. In a ſhort time, I ſaw myſelf almoſt as free as I ſhould have been in my own country: and in truth, but for my fatal impatience, I approached that liberty ſo neceſſary to my being. But it was reſerved for me not to learn the happineſs which awaited me till I had bitterly expiated my deſtructive imprudence.

Time advanced. I reſolved no longer to delay my departure; and I choſe the approaching night for the execution of my project. All my guards were abſent ex-

cept one; who remained more to amuſe, than to guard me. We ſupped together. Nothing had been refuſed me which could render my life pleaſant; and the food, eſteemed moſt delicate by us, was laviſhed on my table. The fondneſs of negroes for palm wine is known, and I had no difficulty in making my guard drink of it to exceſs. Soon the liquor plunged him into a heavy ſleep. It might be midnight when I left the houſe. There was no moon, but the weather was mild; and the ſtars, much more luminous in our regions than in Europe, ſhed a ſufficient light to enable me to diſtinguiſh objects. I eaſily ſcaled the enclo-ſure of the gardens. I ſwiftly ran down the hill, and was ſoon on the ſhore of the ſea.

I judged, as accurately as the obſcurity of the night would permit, that the veſſel lay at the diſtance of nearly a quarter of a league. I knew my own my powers; the ſpace gave me no uneaſineſs. I was about to plunge into the waves. I know not what ſtayed me. An involuntary dread ſeized upon me. I thought a voice cried, Whither doſt thou go? I liſtened. Silence reigned around me. I recognized that my imagination alone had been ſtrucken. I haſtily accuſed myſelf of puſillanimity. I aſcribed the ſpecies of terror which had ſeized me to the inquietude inſeparable from a nocturnal flight, and the effervescence of my mind agitated by a rapid courſe. *Amelia* then approached my imagination. What doſt thou? ſaid ſhe. A moment's delay may ſeparate

thee for ever from *Amelia*. "It is done! let us be gone." I ſprang into the vaſt deep; my arms divided the mounting waves, and already is the ſhore far from me.

I was near an hour in reaching the veſſel; I had ill judged the diſtance. When I approached her, the centinel cried out, *Who is there? A friend*, I anſwered in French. The extraordinary circumſtance of hearing me ſpeak a language ſo unuſual to theſe climates, the manner in which I came, the time I had choſen, excited the curioſity of the ſailors who were on deck. They crowded to the ſide where I was, they threw a rope to me; I ſeized it and mounted. Inſtantly I ſaw myſelf ſurrounded by a number of marines, who conducted me to the officer on duty. Who are you? Whence did you come? ſaid he, with a coarſe voice. A moment's patience! I anſwered; let me recover my breath. I was worn out. I ſat me down. I would drink, ſaid I to him; I feel my heart ſinks. He ordered ſome brandy to be given me. This ſtrong liquor, which till then I had never taſted, quickly reſtored me. I aroſe, and they conducted me into the cabin. There was ſome light in it. If what I have ſaid concerning my perſon be recollected, the aſtoniſhment will be expected with which they conſidered me. By G—d, cried the officer with ſufficient energy, this is the fineſt negro I have ever ſeen. The captain is happy. Fortune comes to him unſought. I had no comprehenſion of the ſenſe of his words; but I learned

from them, that he who ſpoke was not the commander of the ſhip. Where is the captain? ſaid I. My buſineſs is with him. They had already informed him of what paſſed, and he ſoon appeared. I eaſily diſtinguiſhed him by the air of reſpect which his preſence inſpired. His name was *Urban*.

This man had too much concern in the events of my life, to ſuffer me to proceed without deſcribing him. I beheld a man of about forty, rather meagre, but with limbs and muſcles which announced ſtrength. His complexion was ſwarthy; his black hair encroached upon his forehead, acroſs which a deep wound, from the ſtroke of a ſabre, had left an indelible mark. Spreading eyebrows ſhaded his ſmall piercing eyes. His noſe was prominent; his mouth large; his lips thin; and his teeth blackened with tobacco. He had a broad cheſt, and his ſhoulders ſtood uncommonly high: and a certain harſhneſs of muſcles gave a ſerious air to his countenance, which approached ſeverity. Yet the whole of his figure was rather good than otherwiſe; and even his phyſiognomy did not want grace when he yielded to gaiety; but was diſguſting when animated by the paſſions which maſtered his ſoul. I do not paint his character; his actions will excuſe me.

Let us be left without witneſs, ſaid I to him; what I have to communicate requires ſecrecy. He made a ſignal to his people,

and they withdrew. You see, said I, an unfortunate being who casts himself on your humanity. I have been educated by a Frenchman. If I have some virtues, it is to him, and to his God, whom he has made known to me, that I owe them. Instructed in the same principles as he, you must have a feeling heart. Behold my title to your compassion. While I explain the motives of my confidence, I do but recall to your mind virtues which must be dear to you.

A rustling which I heard in the corner of the room interrupted me. Continue without fear, said the captain. It is my son, and I have no secrets with him. The light was so feeble, that I had not remarked a hammock in a corner of the cabin in which the young man lay. It was you, my dear *Ferdinand*! the best of friends! Heaven had placed you there. You were sent to console me in the abyss in which I was about to plunge myself.

On the observation of the captain, I continued. I spoke of my infancy; of my father's rank at the court of *Siratik*; of the adventures of *Dumont*, and the care which he had taken of my education. I painted to him the force of my passion for *Amelia*; our war; my captivity with *Damel*; my flight to the ship; and I finished by pointing out the service I expected from him. Scarcely could I finish before he said, with such earnestness as expressed great inquietude, are you certain that every person on

ſhore is ignorant of your retreat? I am certain of it, anſwered I. There remains no trace even by which they can be led to ſuſpect me. So much the better, replied he, with extreme delight; I ſhould have been compelled to have returned you. This is an article of our treaty of commerce, and God knows if I wiſh to loſe you. Be compoſed; you could not have made a more fortunate application. We ſail in two days; till then avoid being ſeen by the negroes who come daily on board. No ſtranger dares enter this cabin without my permiſſion. Do not leave it; you ſhall want for nothing. I will ſee you often. My ſon is of your age, and he ſhall be your companion.

He then opened the door of the apartment, and called his mate to him. You ſee this negro, ſaid he. Inform the ſailors, that if any of them think proper to ſpeak of his being here, I will hang him on the main yard. Very well, ſir, anſwered the mate; and he went to execute his orders.

The day began to appear. The captain called up his ſon, and ſent him to order ſome breakfaſt. The young man returned with attendants, who brought bread, ham, and wine. Theſe, though new to my taſte, were pleaſing after ſuch a night as I had paſſed: but nothing gave me ſuch pleaſure as the ſight of *Ferdinand*. Tall and finely formed, he poſſeſſed alſo an ingenuous countenance,

which ever attaches the heart in the firſt inſtance. I could not reſiſt it. I tendered my hand with that frankneſs of nature which a commerce with civilized people had not corrupted. Sit down beſide me, ſaid I to him. With that noble viſage, you muſt have an elevated ſoul. I am your friend. His friend! ſaid the father. You do not know him! It is true, anſwered I, my eyes have never ſeen him before; but my heart loves him. Do you recollect that he is a white man? ſaid the captain. How does color concern virtue? returned I; it is virtue I love, and not the color. Indeed I believe, ſaid *Ferdinand*, ſighing, that all men are brethren, and that we ſhould love them all. 'Sdeath! ſaid the captain, angrily, ſhall I never make any thing of you? Muſt I bring a philoſopher into the world? The eyes of *Ferdinand* ſunk to the ground, and he made no reply. I was ſilent. The end of this diſcourſe ſeemed an unknown language to me. The term of philoſopher was totally new. Never had I heard it pronounced by *Dumont*. I have ſince diſcovered that, without ſpeaking to me of philoſophy, he had taught me what it was; and that the Europeans often pronounce the word without knowing its purport.

When he had finiſhed breakfaſt, the captain cauſed a ſailor to bring a hammock for me; and ſaid, you need reſt; lie down, I am going on ſhore. He then ſaid to his ſon, you will take care of his dinner; but do not

let him leave this room. On your life, added he, with a dark frown, suffer no one to see him. He quitted us.

Blind as I was, I saw in this care, nothing but a concern for my welfare. I was even pleased with the bluntness of his manner. The vague promise he had given me, which I considered as leading infallibly to my wishes, the joy of seeing myself surrounded with the countrymen of *Dumont*, had spread a calm over my soul. Alas! said I to *Ferdinand*, that you cannot proceed with me to my country, when your father shall land me on the coast of our allies! What pleasure should I have to see the son of my deliverer folded in the arms of all my friends! How would my father, *Dumont*, *Oiourou*, love you! and my *Amelia!* She has no brother. You shall be her brother. No, you shall be still nearer to her; you shall be the friend of her lover. Your father cannot quit his vessel; but you, *Ferdinand*, they can spare you with me. We will return you in another voyage; for I do not intend that you shall quit him for ever. I too well know the anguish of being separated from a father. *Ferdinand* had taken my hand. He was silent, and his eyes were fixed upon mine. I thought I saw tears in them. "My proposition afflicts you. Ah! I see how it is! you have also an *Amelia*, who expects you, and it is just that she be preferred to a stranger." No, said he, no, my dear—What is your name? "*Itanoko*." "Well, *Itanoko*; no, your gratitude does not afflict me. My

grief has another cauſe. Do not aſk me. I cannot anſwer you. But believe that I would ſhed my blood to be a witneſs of your return to your friends." I do not demand your ſecrets, replied I, I have done nothing for you, but you are entitled to mine, and you know them. Alas! you owe me nothing, ſaid *Ferdinand*. It is not I who am your—your protector. No, it is your father, anſwered I; and is not that the ſame thing? With us the father and the children have but one will. *Ferdinand* interrupted me. "Come, take ſome repoſe, you have need of it. My duty calls me elſewhere." He left me alone. I thought myſelf on the eve of happineſs; and full of this ſweet idea, abandoned myſelf to ſleep.

Horrible ſleep! thou who didſt conceal my butchers from my vengeance! Ah, why didſt thou not change thy ſoothing poppies into the cold ice of death! Then ſhould I have deſcended into the tomb, without ſuſpecting the perfidy of men!

If I had ſtrength to ſurvive the horrors which attended my waking, if my ſoul could then withſtand the torments that ſurrounded me, ſhall I yet find courage to diſplay the ſcene? Yes: I owe it to humanity, which has vainly wept away two hundred years over the negroes maſſacred by avarice; I owe it to Europe, which never was the accomplice of barbarities practiſed upon us in a corner of the world; I owe it to philoſophy, who has at all times contended

with the passions to which we have been immolated, and whose victory may perhaps be forwarded by this recital of crimes committed by her contemptible adversaries.

Alas! while they were heaping outrages upon me, the sweet error of a dream had conducted me to *Amelia*. I thought I held the hand of *Urban*. I presented him to my father, to *Dumont*, to all my friends, by the name of my deliverer. I saw them press him to their bosoms, inundated with tears. I found myself restored to love, to nature, to my country: restored by him, and I called for blessings on his head. I awaked. Oh heavens! a frightful obscurity enclosed me. I attempted to rise. My arms and feet were benumbed with heavy chains. I cried with a faint voice, where am I? Some words, which I received through the confused murmuring of sighs, groans, and sobs, confounded with piercing shrieks, and the harsh sound of irons, taught me that I was in the midst of negroes. Soon I heard the terrible name of slavery spread throughout the black cavity of the vessel. "Slavery! Fury! who has made me a slave!" The money of thy butchers, answered a voice. "Their money! Never have I cost them any (4)." "So much the better for thee. Thou shalt not be devoured by the insulting pity of their avarice." Oh, my father, cried I; Oh, my *Amelia!* Thou shalt never see them more, replied the voice. Immense seas will separate thee from them. Fetters, wounds, incessant labour, death! These are what await

thee! I ceaſed to hear. I felt my limbs ſtiffen; my blood became torpid, and my ſenſes forſook me.

I know not how long I remained inſenſible. They had placed me on the deck. *Ferdinand* and the ſurgeon ſtood beſide me. I began to recover; but it was long before I diſtinguiſhed any thing. The firſt object that ſtruck me was the ſon of *Urban*. My feet were ſtill in chains, but my hands were free; and *Ferdinand* held them between his, bathing them with his tears. I withdrew them with a ſort of indignation. This action penetrated to his heart. He extended his arms toward heaven, and retired without ſpeaking to me.

The aſſiſtance of the ſurgeon had reſtored ſuch ſtrength to me, that I could now conſider what paſſed around me, and I fully ſaw the dreadful objects which the obſcurity of the hold had partly hid from my ſight. Some hundreds of negroes were ſpread upon the deck, all of whom had their feet in irons. Their hands were diſengaged, becauſe it was the hour in which their miſerable nouriſhment was diſtributed to them. There, did I ſee grief expreſs itſelf in all its varied forms. Some deluged the planks with their tears. Others fiercely demanded vengeance from heaven: and others, with motionleſs eyes, looked towards their native land which they could no longer perceive. On one ſide, a huſband ſuſtained his fainting wife, whoſe weeping infant in

vain ſuckled the breaſts which were dried up with ſufferings. On another, a ſon, driven to raging madneſs, tore out his teeth with gnawing the chains which cruſhed his father's limbs. Around us were planted armed murderers, with ſmiles on their lips, and audacity on their fronts. Yet the veſſel lightly bounded on the tranquil ſurface of the ſea, and the heavens were without a cloud! Ah! it was mercy which withheld the thunder and the ſtorm!

Nothing was wanting to complete this ſcene, but an inſtance of that dumb ferocity, that laſt courage of deſpair, of which man is capable, when his ſoul has become ſteeled beneath the torments of injuſtice. A female negro gave us this example. She was pregnant, and the pains of labor ſeized her. By a geſture, ſhe gave an intimation of it to our guards. They removed her from the crowd, and placed her on a ſail in the after part of the veſſel. Without uttering a ſingle cry, without a moan, without ſhedding a tear, ſhe delivered herſelf. Scarcely did ſhe perceive her infant when ſhe ſeized it; gazed on it with a fierce eye; looked around her; ſaw herſelf little obſerved; crawled to the edge of the ſhip; gave her ſon the firſt and laſt kiſs; and precipitated herſelf with him into the waves.

Then the alarm of diſappointed avarice took the place of humanity. *Urban* ſwore, ſtormed, threatened the guards. They ſlackened ſail. Some ſailors threw themſelves

into the ſea. Uſeleſs efforts. The irons of the poor negro woman had plunged her beyond their reach. They took up the infant, but it was dead.

I ſaw all this with a hardened indifference. A rapid paſſage, from the gentleſt hope to the depth of wretchedneſs, had ſtupified my ſoul. My mind verged to imbecility. Many times during the day did *Ferdinand* approach me. As often did he ſpeak to me. I heard him; I ſaw him; but without recollecting him. My heart was entirely ſhut up; and the ſenſes no longer conveyed any intelligence to it.

When night came, they drove my unhappy companions into the hold. The precautions which they obſerved, fully proved the miſtruſt of theſe white people. They unchained but one negro at a time. They forced him to deſcend, and the ſailors who were below replaced his fetters on him (5). The ſituation alone of theſe poor people was ſufficient to drive them to deſpair. Three feet in breadth was allotted to two negroes, and ſcarcely was there room left them in length to extend their bodies. In the courſe of the voyage, I have heard *Urban* boaſt of his cruel management, and the richneſs of his cargo. Alas! without me; me, whom the barbarian had ſo unworthily treated, dearly had he paid for this knowledge, of which he made ſuch inſolent vaunts.

I expected to be compelled to deſcend

with the others. I saw the infernal place shut up, and they did not think of me. *Ferdinand* came; he knelt to remove the chains which were on my feet, and availed himself of that position to me, without being remarked. If you were in a situation to hear me, said he, I would whisper hope to you. While I live, at least, you shall have a defender: but in the name of God, forbear to reproach my father; do not irritate him. I answered not a word. I could not speak. If I had possessed that power, resentment alone would have furnished my expressions. But, as then no one was near us, he seized my irons, and threw them into the sea with such indignation, that this action, which did not escape me, instantly disarmed me. I took his hand and pressed it to my heart. He understood my language, and answered it with sobs. At that instant a bell sounded. He pressed me to rise. It was impossible. He called a sailor to aid him. They sustained me in their arms, and conducted me to the forepart of the vessel. *Ferdinand* placed me on a bench, and prayers commenced; for it was prayers which this bell announced.

Dumont had rendered this act too familiar to suffer me to be mistaken in the cause which assembled the crew. *Urban* himself read the prayers, and the sailors joined in the responses. This sight effectually drew me from the species of lethargy into which I was plunged. My mind was roused. I felt it revolt at this scene. What! cried I,

the monſter pray! Ah! what can he demand of that God who knows all hearts?

When prayers were finiſhed, *Ferdinand* led me into the apartment where his father and the officers were placing themſelves at table. I ſuffered myſelf to be conducted involuntarily. It ſeemed that my will was extinct. I was an automaton to which we give motion, and which returns to reſt the moment we ceaſe to act upon it. Yet I did not endure leſs. A devouring heat conſumed my entrails. My ideas were diſordered. It was impoſſible for me to give any conſiſtency to them. I perfectly felt that a frightful misfortune had befallen me; but I could give no account of it. Like a man tormented with a painful dream, who, though inſenſible, feels that his dream is the effect of ſleep, and ſtruggles againſt it, without being able to diſengage himſelf.

Well, how is it? ſaid *Urban* to me, as ſoon as he ſaw me. You are ſorrowful; you have more reaſon to rejoice. You are not, like others, ſuffocated in the hold. Faith but for *Ferdinand* you ſhould have enjoyed it at your leiſure. I muſt ever be made the humble ſervant of his will. Does he wiſh for any thing? he weeps. 'Sdeath! I would rather engage an hundred corſairs than one weeping man. Come, come, eat and drink! chear up! do not think of dying; that will never do for me. This curſed negro wench has robbed me already to-day of an hundred piſtoles, by drowning herſelf. Why, I do you a ſervice by ma-

king you a traveller. You would never have been more than a useless negro in your own country. We shall make something of you at least in America.

I gave no answer to this discourse, but by a look of disdain. *Ferdinand* rose from the table and offered me some food. I thanked him by an inclination of my head. It was impossible for me to eat. When the repast was concluded, the surgeon approached me. He felt my pulse and declared to *Urban* that a burning fever had seized me, and that prompt assistance must be administered if he would save my life. Immediately a bed was made up for me in the gun-room, and I was removed into it by the aid of *Ferdinand*.

Urban became truly alarmed for my safety. In the moment that he first saw me he conceived the odious project which he had so cruelly executed. Yet, at first, he flattered himself he should have some days to prepare me for my fate by an appearance of kindness, and he imagined that the evil thus gradually introduced would be less sensibly felt by me. My fine figure struck him, and whether he should keep me for his own service, or sell me to some American planter or present me to some powerful lord, he proposed to make considerable advantage of me. When he quitted me on the morning following the fatal night on which I fled to his ship, he went on shore as he had said. He found the whole city informed of my flight: *Damel*,

whoſe hopes were thus deſtroyed, obtaining no tidings from the people whom he had ſent every where to ſeek me, had ſuſpected the truth. He cauſed all the captains of the ſhips which were in the road to be aſſembled, and declared his deſign of examining their ſhips. *Urban* feigned ſubmiſſion as well as the others, but inſtantly formed his reſolution. His cargo was complete. As he was on the point of ſailing, all his people were on board. The future was of no conſequence to him. Abounding with riches, this he deſigned to be his laſt voyage. He returned then to his veſſel. The winds were favourable. He weighed anchor, ſet ſail, and ſtretched out to ſea. His abrupt departure had changed the ſuſpicions of *Damel* into certainty. *Urban* ſaw a number of canoes purſue him. If unfortunately for him the wind had changed or ſlackened, the canoes would have reached him, the negroes would have made the ſearch, and their violence to recover me from his hands would not have been without danger in a veſſel filled with ſlaves, ſome of whom at leaſt he muſt have releaſed from their fetters to reinforce his own crew. He ſaw the peril of his ſituation, and was thence led to confound me with the reſt, hoping that the obſcurity of the hold, and the multitude, would more effectually conceal me. My fatigue, the tranquillity which I had loſt from the day of the battle, and which I had then recovered at leaſt in a dream, had plunged me into ſuch profound ſleep that I had been ſenſible of nothing that had paſſed. I had ſlept near

twenty-four hours. My ſwoon had ſpeedily ſucceeded my ſleep. The veſſel had all this time made a rapid courſe. We were entirely out of ſight not only of the canoes but of the land. The apprehenſions of *Urban* had ceaſed, and his ſon had no difficulty in obtaining the indulgencies which we have ſeen.

Notwithſtanding the care of the ſurgeon I was more than five days lingering between life and death. *Urban* neglected nothing to ſave me, and if he had been actuated by a nobler motive I ſhould have celebrated his attentions with gratitude. But it was his avarice which made every effort to cloſe that tomb, which his baſe perfidy had opened for *Itanoko*.

Yet it was to my dear *Ferdinand* that I owed my life. Without dread I ſaw death advance towards me; except that, when I thought of *Ferdinand* his approach appeared terrible. His tears much more than his own diſcourſe vanquiſhed the indifference which I had for my health. The condition in which I ſometimes ſaw him, penetrated me. At length I ſaid to him, I ſee you wiſh me to live. Muſt I then be miſerable to make you happy? Ah live! anſwered he, for my ſake. Live to give me time to convince you that I have not been acceſſary to the wrongs which you have endured. Alas! I was far from ſuch a ſuſpicion. Do not think, he would often ſay to me, that you will be forever ſeparated from your friends.

Time perhaps may lead my father to relent. Loaden with the gifts of fortune, the paſſion which at preſent blinds him may be extinguiſhed. But if he ſhould remain inflexible, according to the order of nature you will one day be delivered into my hands. In that moment you are free. Then, whatever it may coſt me to be ſeparated from you, I will reconduct you to your country. Till then, I feel I can no way compenſate for the privation of a father, of a lover, of your friends. But at leaſt you ſhall ſee me by your ſide, you ſhall hear me ſpeak of them. I will anſwer you with my tears, and my tears will conſole you. How could I reſiſt ſuch tenderneſs? You triumph, *Ferdinand*, cried I. My death was the moſt terrible vengeance with which I could ſtrike your father. But I renounce it.

Till this time they had been compelled to force medicines on me in the moments of my delirium, which I invariably refuſed as recollection returned to me. Subdued by *Ferdinand*, I permitted art to aid nature; and the ſurgeon ſoon pronounced me out of danger.

The ſhock had been too violent to ſuffer my convaleſcence to be entire. My ſoul was not healed. But my ſickneſs had at leaſt produced this effect, that by attacking the ſources of my life, it had blunted the ſubtile points of my misfortunes. My violent tranſports were ſucceeded by a profound melancholy that ſought for every thing on

which it could feed. The names of *Amelia* of my father, at firſt tore open all the folds of my heart: afterwards they poured in a delicious balm which impregnated this heart with joy.

This melancholy continued my weakneſs. I was out of danger, but I gained no ſtrength. *Ferdinand* perceived it. He did every thing he could to amuſe me. But it was not in the power of ſoothing thoughts to draw me from this inert ſituation. Some violent convulſion was neceſſary to drive my ſoul from that languor to which it abandoned itſelf with complacence.

Ferdinand ſcarcely ever quitted me; notwithſtanding the inconvenience of my apartment he took up his reſidence there. Rather a volunteer on board than officer, he had little duty to perform. His father was not offended with an affection which would have wounded his arrogance in any other circumſtances; whatever promiſed my preſervation was ſure to pleaſe him; and avarice exempted friendſhip from the reproaches of pride.

One night, *Ferdinand* having left me to ſup with his father, found me on his return much better. He ſolicited me to go the next day upon deck. Alas! ſaid I, you forget the ſpectacle which awaits me there. I muſt behold thoſe unfortunate negroes. I ſhudder with the bare idea. My dear *Itanoko*, replied *Ferdinand*, this ſight will ſoon preſent itſelf to you on ſhore. No where can you ſhun it. I fear the advice I give

you is cruel ; yet you muſt accuſtom your eyes to ſupport this revolting object, ſince it will inceſſantly purſue you. " It is to coun-" ſel me to plant deep in my heart the ha-" tred which I owe the Europeans."—— " Alas ! I cannot blame you with reſpect to ſome ; but if the hatred is general it will be unjuſt. A very ſmall number of thoſe perſecute you ; the remainder pity you ; and the wiſeſt anticipate, by their wiſhes, the happy moment in which your chain will be deſtroyed."—— " I do not comprehend. If they be the weaker part who oppreſs us, why do not the ſtronger oppoſe this oppreſſion which to them ſeems odious ?"—— " Becauſe the paſſions are yet ſtronger than wiſdom. The love of gain alone animates your tyrants. By ſatisfying this vile paſſion they procure enjoyments even for thoſe who grieve for your fate ; and they ſubtilly paint to them the loſs of thoſe enjoyments as inevitable when compaſſion ſhall take the lead. Such too often is man. He wiſhes to be virtuous; but if the practice of virtue requires ſacrifices from him, his will ſleeps and virtue is forgotten. Add to this, that the eyes which weep over your miſeries are far from the ſcene of them ; that thoſe who are the cauſe of your injuries have a decided intereſt in ſhading from all eyes the exceſs of them ; and that the commiſeration of Europe for your ſufferings does more honour to its humanity, becauſe they ſuſpect but the ſlighteſt part of them."

" In truth, continued *Ferdinand*, who are

the witneſſes of your afflictions? They are firſt the navigators who ſail to your country to buy you; the leſs you coſt, the more they gain. See the motive of the bad quality of that food which they give you; the inconvenience of your ſituation in the ſhip (6) has its ſource in the deſire of adding to the richneſs of the cargo; and the weight of your fetters ariſes from their fears. The next witneſſes of your miſeries are the planters, whoſe riches are eſtimated by the number of negroes which they poſſeſs. Hence, the perpetual labour they impoſe on you to indemnify them for the money which you coſt them; hence, the right which they imagine they have acquired by that price, to diſpoſe of your ſtrength, your time, your liberty, and even your life. They draw their reaſoning from a principal of natural law, that every one is at liberty to diſpoſe of what he has acquired at his pleaſure; but they forget that the conſequence is falſely deduced; becauſe, agreeable to the ſame natural law, the liberty of man is an unalienable right which can neither be bought nor ſold. To theſe two deſcriptions of men, at once the authors and witneſſes of your wrongs, may be added the European traders who exchange their merchandiſe for the productions which are raiſed by your labour. You will conceive that an immenſe profit could alone engage them in ſuch a commerce, and that it is their intereſt carefully to preſerve the ſource of it. Judge if the truth is likely to pierce through ſuch a medium to Europe. Perhaps Europe would

not yet have been interested in your fate, if leisure and a thirst for knowledge had not led into our islands some philosophic minds who saw and reported your wrongs."—— "There is then among the Europeans a class of men so degraded as not to blush at the inhumanity of their countrymen!"—— "Ah! you do not know the eloquence of avarice. She borrows the voice and colours of fiction. Fiction gilds your chains; denies you almost every quality of men, to ennoble the pretended charity of your despots towards you; swells the list of dangers which they encounter to procure you; exaggerates the cruelty which you exercise the white people who fall into your hands, and the stupid insensibility of your sovereigns who deliver you up for trifles which we despise. Thus, does she seduce our monarchs (7) by insinuating that this commerce aggrandizes their power; our great men, by multiplying the sources of their enjoyments; our people, by infecting them with the errors which close their credulous minds to pity; thus, does she betray even religion itself; and, by shewing some of you to her as objects of her dominion, compels her to consecrate the injuries with which injustice overwhelms you."—"Weak as these reasons are, at least they are excuses which falsehood may employ to palliate avarice; and I feel they may impose on people who enjoy the fruits of our slavery, without knowing the anguish which those productions cost us. But lying has no excuse. I cost your father nothing. I implored his

humanity; nothing further. Was his character formed of unalloyed barbarity, he might have refuſed my requeſt; have ſent me back; and this ſhould have been ſufficient for his cruel propenſity. But chains! ſlavery! ſhame! Oh, *Ferdinand!* the lions of our foreſt tear us, we kill them; but if they are not impelled by hunger, they do not ſeize upon us for future wants."—"Alas! my dear *Itanoko*, when long abuſe, when luxury has taken the place of virtues, there is no point to which man confines himſelf; he dares every thing; he excuſes every thing!"

"I will tell you a truth, *Ferdinand;* it may be harſh, but pardon me, I cannot diſſimulate. If riches, which offer the means of ſolacing human miſeries, have ſerved to harden your minds; if the ſciences whoſe object is to enlighten men, have but increaſed your pride; if your compaſſionate religion has no influence on your hearts; you muſt be the moſt vile, the moſt corrupt of men! To poſſeſs all the treaſures which can give energy to virtue, and to turn them all into the means of vice! It is a degree of depravity of which the whole world beſide gives no example!"—"I have already ſaid, *Itanoko*, your denunciation muſt not be general. Believe me, the number of the virtuous amongſt us greatly exceeds the wicked."—"My negro, ſay your virtuous people, your bondage pains me; yet they ſuffer me to endure it; they do not avenge my wrongs: but they could do ſo, ſince they

are more numerous than the wicked. At leaſt, then, this is wickedneſs; and when the welfare of mankind is concerned, weakneſs is a crime."—"Ah! *Itanoko*, I am European!"—"I feel the reproach, my dear *Ferdinand!* I owe you every thing. I would give you my blood, my life. I deteſt theſe fetters with which your father galls me, and I bleſs the happy inſtant in which your goodneſs has made me your ſlave. I love, I reſpect your virtues. But ſhall I ſay it? Your virtues would have extended further, had you been educated among us; a negro who ſhould have poſſeſſed ſo good a heart as yours, would have advertiſed you of the treachery of his father."—"Ah! this is the reproach which I dreaded from you."

It was late. I preſſed *Ferdinand* to take ſome repoſe. I could not; and when day came I had not cloſed my eyes. This want of ſleep, cauſed by the feelings which our converſation had excited, did me no injury. I found myſelf even better than I was the preceding evening; and, to pleaſe *Ferdinand*, I conſented to go upon deck. At firſt I could ſcarcely ſupport the brightneſs of day; the ſurgeon, who had foreſeen it, made me ſwallow ſome drops of elixir, which animated my ſpirits, and my eyes became inſenſibly accuſtomed to the light. *Urban* approached me with joy in his countenance. He complimented his ſon and the ſurgeon on the ſucceſs of their cares; and he offered me congratulations which too well expreſſed the ſentiment that inſpired them.

The hour arrived in which the negroes were to leave the hold. *Ferdinand* warned me of it. Courage! said he. These are men whom you are to behold. Alas! free or in slavery, weak or powerful, man offers every where the picture of misery.*

They appeared and soon their usual provisions were distributed to them. They were much wasted. But what was my surprize! I feared to see their tears; to hear their groans; I saw a certain air of serenity which almost approached to joy. My mind revolted at this apparent calm. What! said I to myself, is their soul already become familiar with disgrace? Do they no longer feel their fetters? Oh, negroes! if it is thus, you merit your fate! I thought the Europeans the most despicable of men! but you surpass them in baseness. They are unjust: you are contemptible.

While this reflection oppressed me, one of those negroes made me a sign to approach him. *Urban*, who was near me probably thinking that a single word from them would advance my cure more than all his cares, pressed me to join the man who called me. I obeyed, Are you there! said he to me, in the negro language, and in a low voice. I thought you dead. Heaven has willed otherwise, answered I.—"So much the better."—"So much the worse! I am not as you are; I cannot so speedily reconcile myself

* No: not the virtuous man. T.

to ſlavery and opprobrium."—Why do you judge thus of us?"—"I ſee you content."—"Then are you more reconciled than we are to our fate, ſince it has already made you forget the characters of negroes."——"How!"—"No diſcuſſion: we have not time for that. Only anſwer me. "What think you of the captain?"—He is a monſter!"—"And the white people?—"Barbarians!"—"What are your ſentiments for them?"—"Hatred!"—"Nothing more?"—"What more can an unarmed man?"—"Perhaps—But, does not honour call for more?"—"Without doubt it calls for vengeance."—"And ſhall be ſatisfied; to-morrow, your tyrants ſhall be no more."—"How!"—"To-morrow, I tell you, they expire: and, to crown all, they expire under our hands. Now blame our joy; or rather bluſh to be a negro, and to have miſunderſtood the feelings of negroes."

Pardon me, O God of the univerſe! pardon me! Inſtantly I became criminal. All the paſſages of my heart flew open to the ſerpents of vengeance. I forgot thy rights, thy juſtice. I ſaw only my own injuries, and the barbarous pleaſure of imbruing my hands in the blood of the perfidious authors of them.

Proceed, ſaid I to the negro. What hour? What ſignal? What means? One of us, ſaid he, poſſeſſes a herb which happily grows in our climates, and which deſtroys iron. The lightning is not ſwifter than its

effects. To-morrow we divide it amongſt our brethren, and apply it in this very place. Theſe Europeans will not perceive its operation. Our war ſong ſhall be the ſignal. Our fetters fall off. Suddenly we riſe. Theſe ſame fetters ſhall be our arms. Our tyrants, aſtoniſhed, will be vanquiſhed as ſoon as attacked; and ſhall periſh to the individual laſt of them. The ſea ſhall be their ſepulchre, and the theatre of our glory. This is our work, continued he. Theſe our chiefs, pointing to ſome of them. And this is my anſwer, ſaid I to him: Vengeance and liberty! It is enough, replied the negro. Leave me. Suſpicion may be awakened.

I advanced ſome ſteps, and pauſed. My joy will betray me, ſaid I to myſelf. Be calm, my mind. Imitate *Urban*. The traitor devoured me with a tranquil front. Let the barbarian be the victim of the art which he has taught me!

Ferdinand remarked my agitation, and joined me. Why, ſaid he, have you mingled with theſe negroes? Was not their ſight ſufficient to awaken your pangs? Why then did you enter into diſcourſe with them? Leave them, *Itanoko*.

Deteſtable paſſion of revenge! Will it be imagined? I followed *Ferdinand* without remorſe. I had juſt ſigned his death warrant; yet his ſight rouſed no compaſſion in me.

I do not excuſe myſelf ; I wiſh only to be known entirely as I was. The effect of injuſtice is to render him barbarous who is the victim of it, and ſuch I became. It ſeemed that all my forces had waited this ſignal to return to me. A rapid fire ſpread itſelf through my veins, and the impreſſion of my malady was inſtantaneouſly effaced. I contemplated my victims with cold cruelty ; and ſilently calculated torments for them. I counted them and was delighted with the number which promiſed to glut my vengeance. I haſtened, by my wiſhes, the moment in which I could practiſe their tortures. Then wiſhed to delay them ſtill longer, that I might dwell on the pleaſure of preparing them.

In the evening *Urban* called me to him. He made me ſit beſide him. Your health, ſaid he to me, appears to be perfectly eſtabliſhed, and I wiſh to celebrate your recovery. He took a glaſs, filled it, and preſented it to me ; then filled his own, and drank my health. Drink, monſter ! ſaid I within myſelf. To-morrow, at this hour, will I drink upon thy corpſe !

Thirty years have paſſed away ſince this terrible moment, and my hand ſtill trembles while I trace the horrible images which hurried through my mind. I was about to drink, when *Ferdinand* ſtayed my hand. My God ! the gentle ſound of his voice yet fills my ear. And I ! ſaid he : Do you not wiſh that I ſhould drink your health ? What

do you do, *Ferdinand?* cried I, with a terror of which I was not master. Who knows but——the truth was springing from my mouth. *Urban* drew his lieutenant by the sleeve. Observe, said he, don't you think he will grow still stouter? What a charming acquisition! This word alone drove back the discovery from my lips, and recalled all my former fury.

I rose and descended into the gun-room. Little notice was taken of my abrupt departure. The officer who had the watch was indisposed; he requested *Ferdinand* to perform his duty, and I was alone till midnight. More at liberty, I abandoned myself without constraint to the serpents with which I was devoured. I was angry with myself, that the idea of punishing *Urban* was not mine. What would I not have done, to have executed it alone! I thirsted for all the glory, and all the pleasure. But what do I! Let me rather draw a veil over these terrible thoughts which agitated my soul.

Toward midnight *Ferdinand* entered. You do not sleep? said he. No: answered I, with a bitterness which I could not restrain. Sleep is not for an oppressed man. I feel it, said he with gentleness; but I have thought of you during the whole watch, and I am very glad you are awake, for I want to talk with you. He uttered these last words so impressively, that I thought myself discovered. A cold damp spread over my body. *Itanoko*, said *Ferdinand* to me, we shall soon

arrive; since yesterday every thing announces the neighbourhood of the land. I am ignorant of my father's resolutions respecting you; but be they as they may, it is possible you and I may be separated. He may send me into Europe, or into some other part. He is my father, and I must obey him. While you are under my eyes, God is my witness, I will protect you at the peril of my life. But I may be absent, and you will then be without resource. Here are two thousand crowns in gold. They are all I possess, take them. I have a friend at St. Domingo who is worthy of my confidence, and I will make you known to him. You shall deposit this gold with him; and if my father should sell you to a stranger, while I am absent, my friend will re-purchase you. The sum is sufficient to procure your liberty. Then take your departure, return to your own country, though I must never see you more. If my father should keep you himself, my duty to him will not permit this: but slavery may appear hard to you, and I may not be there to soften it. The desire of flight may seize upon you. This would be truly a misfortune, the greatest perhaps that could happen to you: but the man that suffers does not always reflect. This money at least will be of service to you. Without it you would probably be re-taken, and death would await you. At the worst, you will have more hope of escaping the laws with it; there are few obstacles which this metal cannot remove. Take it: it is yours. Whatever may happen, let the name of

Ferdinand ever be dear to you. Never forget it. It is the only recompenſe which I aſk of you.

I cannot deſcribe what paſſed in my heart during this diſcourſe. I fixed my eyes on *Ferdinand*. From whence comes this gold? ſaid I. Of what moment is that? anſwered he, with an aſtoniſhed air. Yet inform me added I. It is the laſt requeſt which I make you. I ſaw a noble bluſh on his forehead, and his eyes were caſt down with ſhame. You want it, ſaid he, be ſatisfied. My father is rich. Every year he gives me nearly this ſum for my pleaſures. I give them to the unfortunate; you are unfortunate; and you have a right to my friendſhip. I accept it, anſwered I. At theſe words I roſe. I dreſſed myſelf with precipitation. Follow me! ſaid I to *Ferdinand*——"Whither do you go?"—"Follow! I will ſhew you."

I mounted the ſtairs without ſeeming to touch them. I arrived at *Urban's* chamber. I opened the door. *Ferdinand*, aſtoniſhed, follows me in ſilence. Riſe, captain, ſaid I, entering the room. I muſt ſpeak with you. What is the matter? What does he want? ſaid *Urban*, looking at his ſon. I do not know, replied *Ferdinand*. You ſhall know, ſaid I, riſe. He hurries on his clothes, and I place myſelf between the father and ſon. See this gold! ſaid I to *Urban*. Hear what your ſon would do! I then run through the converſation of *Ferdinand*. At preſent, continued I, tell me how I ſhall requite this

benefactor? What are you doing? cried *Ferdinand.* He is mad, said *Urban.* A fine employ of money!—"No exclamations, captain, but answer me."—My eyes, my air, my tone astonished him. Well, said he, with embarrassment, he is your benefactor, love him.——"Is that all?"——What more can be? answerer he. You will never be rich enough to return his money, which would be much better.——"Return! Is this the extent of European gratitude?"——Is not that enough, said the captain.—"Not for a negro. *Ferdinand*, your virtue merits another price. You have saved my life; you would restore my liberty. Well, I will repay you. Behold your father. I return him to you. I save his life."—Heavens: cried they both.

See, *Urban*, continued I, the place in which we are. It was here that you received me; here that I implored your pity; that I poured out my secrets, and my sorrows into your bosom. If this insensible furniture could speak, it would all attest my candour, my confidence: but you—it would reproach you with perfidy, with avarice, with barbarity. If to such crimes, you add the horrible passion of revenge, imagine the pleasure which I must take in punishing the author of my torments; feel the sacrifice I now make to gratitude. In some hours you were doomed to die. You, your soldiers, your sailors, your son!—all would have perished. I did not conceive this design; my heart was incapable of it. But, from the moment

it was communicated to me, it filled me with joy. I then owed only my life to *Ferdinand*: that was little. Now he would procure me liberty: This is every thing to me. Such a benefaction cannot be paid but by a great effort. My wrongs, my vengeance, are all forgotten: and my debt is discharged. *Ferdinand*, there is your gold; I return it; and you, *Urban*, if your heart is capable of feeling what you owe to me, I swear to you both an eternal friendship.

Imagine, if possible, the astonishment, the joy, the transports of *Urban* and *Ferdinand*. They folded me in their arms; our tears were mingled; the delightful names of father, son, friend, deliverer, were confounded together. He saved your life, my father! cried *Ferdinand*. Oh Heaven! recompense his virtue! Ah, rather, said I, may heaven recompense your virtue, without which I had been criminal. Bless you both, added *Urban*, pressing us to his bosom. Alas! it was not repentance which forced this exclamation from him. It was the joy of a man escaped from the extremity of danger. Such was *Urban;* such did he remain to his death. No wonder: when man suffers himself to be subdued by a despicable passion, he becomes at length so corrupted that the examples of virtue do but pass slightly over his heart.

They soon pressed me to unfold the particulars of the plot, and I relieved their anxiety. *Urban*, who listened only to his

ferocious feelings, spoke of nothing but tortures. Whom would you punish? said I, Negroes? recollect that you owe your life to the sacrifice of the just resentment of a negro. Think of what they were; what they now experience; and the fate which awaits them; do not forget that they are men like yourself; then, if you dare, speak of punishment! My dear *Itanoko*, cried *Urban*, if we do not terrify them by an example of severity we may still tremble for our lives. Away! I know them better than you, answered I. If you will employ rigour, destroy the last of them, or I will not answer for your safety. Yet leave it to me to finish my work; only order these negroes on deck. How; so early? said *Urban*. What does the hour import, answered I, when the cause is urgent?

Immediately the orders are given. *Urban*, who had not a soul which could imagine the generosity of these oppressed negroes, armed his sailors: and ranged them along the deck. The hatchways are opened. The negroes, surprised at the hour in which they are called, ascend with astonishment. Soon they are all assembled. I take *Ferdinand* by the hand. Come, my friend, said I to him: fear nothing. We advance into the midst of them. They fix their alarmed looks upon me. I raise my voice: I recount my flight from *Damel;* my confidence in *Urban;* his perfidy; the tenderness of *Ferdinand*; his last instance of generosity; finally the scene of the last night. Then, I

continued with vehemence: oh negroes, which of you would have courage to plunge the dagger into the bosom of his benefactor? Which of you, charged as I was with the horrid secret, would not have fallen with remorse at the feet of his deliverer? But was it enough to save his life alone? Must he live only to wade in the blood of his countrymen? of his father? I have not had this ferocious courage. I could not save my friend to render him more wretched than I have ever been. Behold him to whom I owe all! He whose virtues have snatched the fatal avowal which deceives your hopes. Fall at his feet. It is a negro, it is one of your countrymen, whose fetters he would break. Punish me alone. I have betrayed you. Take my life, it is yours. But respect his father, in him; as he respects you all, in me.

Scarcely had I finished when a confused murmur rose among them. They cried, negro, thou hast lost us; but thou hast fulfilled thy duty. All crouded round *Ferdinand;* each wished to speak to him; to touch the generous hand which had deigned to soften the miseries of one of their countrymen. One of them cried: This, oh youth! This is the herb which would delivered us! and he threw it into the waves.

I flew to *Urban.* "Remark these people whom Europeans treat with disdain."

This was a day of joy: if such there can

be in ſlavery. Refreſhments were diſtributed with abundance to the negroes. The ſailors (one of the beſt as well as the roughеſt claſſes of men) moved with the ſcene, mingled with the negroes; and paſſed the the day in diverſions with them.

The efforts which *Urban* had made, to expreſs his rapture on being ſo critically delivered, exhauſted all his generoſity. During ſome days, I perceived the eyes of his ſon purſuing him and eloquently pointing out to him his duty: his frozen ſoul did not underſtand them. I made no complaint; and, proud to have ſhewn in ſlavery all the energy of a free man, I left *Urban* to reconcile himſelf to the diſgrace of continuing to hold me in bondage.

At length we ſaw land; and the next day we anchored in the port of Cape Francois, in the iſland of St. Domingo. *Ferdinand* deſcended firſt from the ſhip, and I followed him. He haſtened to embrace his mother; while *Urban*, more occupied with his commercial concerns than conjugal tenderneſs, remained at the port to ſuperintend the debarking of his negroes. Every thing announced opulence in his houſe; but the worthy mother of *Ferdinand* was its moſt precious ornament. She was ſoon informed of my misfortune, ſhe deigned to honour them with tears, and I perceived that ſhe deteſted the proceedings of an huſband whom decency reſtrained her from condemning openly.

I do not dwell on the appearance, which every where presented itself to me, of wealth, of pomp, and splendour: although a new spectacle to a negro who scarcely suspects all the refinements of luxury, which the little sentiments of pride, and the inconstancy of civilized people have transformed into wants. That which made the greatest impression on me was, that noble familiarity between men; that flattering respect towards women; those multiplied shades of delicate attentions, which would be so delicious if they took their rise from the heart; and which are so abundantly found among these people. But too soon I perceived all those charms were but a smiling mask, a beautiful veil, merely designed to conceal deformities. I observed that the will of these colonists was rarely in union with their actions; that their politeness, their friendship, even their love, formed rather a language of conversation, than an expression of sentiment; that the man whom they overwhelmed with esteem, the women whom they intoxicated with incense, were sacrificed without regret to the sallies of wit: and that, while they were jealous of affecting a sort of profound genius and reflection, they were ambitious of circulating an universal laugh. I saw that pleasure was their sole business, and lassitude their faithful companion; that their desire proceeded rather from their will than from their heart; and, in fine, that they were the dear idol of themselves.

Yet has prejudice raiſed a barrier between the Europeans of the iſlands and us, which all the amiableneſs of the French has not the power to deſtroy. In every thing which concerns a negro, gentleneſs, humanity, even decency diſappears. This engaging Frenchman is ſuddenly metamorphoſed into a tyger (8) who regards us with fierceneſs; invents new outrages to inflict upon us; and contemplates them with coolneſs. Love, if we may give that name to ſenſual emotion, even love cannot diſarm him; and the female negro ſometimes hears the order for her tortures, from the lips which had juſt laviſhed tenderneſs upon her.

Nay, the European women of the colonies, women whoſe ſenſibility ſhould conſtitute their glory, and who are convulſed at the little ſufferings of a ſpaniel, theſe very women will look with cool attention, on the bloody ſides of an unhappy negro (9.) An equivocal jeſt ſpreads a modeſt bluſh over the faces of theſe ſame women, yet will they behold with unaverting eye the revolting ſight of a *bizar*, in which ſleeping negroes are crowded together without diſtinction of ſex. Such are the planters of the American iſles, ſuch their amiable companions. Europe would doubt the truth; if this truth had not been too often verified.

Urban treated me, during ſome months with tolerable kindneſs; whether it was that he could not yet forget to whom he owed his life, or that he feared the reproach-

es of his ſon. I employed this calm to finiſh my education, which *Dumont* had commenced. *Ferdinand*'s zeal procured the beſt maſters to inſtruct me ; and, my application ſeconding the diſpoſitions of nature, I could not only ſpeak and write the French language with preciſion, but I alſo acquired ſome notions of polite literature and the fine arts. Muſic above all was a delicious flattery to my taſte : with us ſhe is barbarous, here I found her worthy to be the ſiſter of the Muſes. I had ſome voice, and ſoon learned to ally it with the ſweet ſounds of the harp. I endeavoured by ſtudy to acquire reſources which might ſoften the rigour of a life, which preſaged only unhappineſs. *Ferdinand*, while he contributed to this, thought of rendering me, in other eyes, more worthy of the friendſhip which he bore me ; and *Urban* did not forbid it, becauſe theſe talents attached a new price to his ſlave which flattered his avarice. Thus three ſentiments, altogether unconnected, concurred to form my education.

Ferdinand, although young and ſurrounded with ſeducing pleaſures, was not led by thoſe to neglect his duties. When he cultivated in me the talents which gave luſtre to man, he did not neglect religion which gives ſtrength to virtue. He brought me acquainted with father *Bruno*, the friend of whom he had ſpoken to me. I found in this eccleſiaſtic the friendſhip of a parent, the accompliſhments of a man of the world, and the zeal of an apoſtle. When he found me

sufficiently instructed, he consummated his work by uniting me to the children of the church. Alas! I could not altogether preserve myself from a painful reflection. How different, said I, the circumstances of this ceremony from those which *Dumont* promised me! When I should have passed from the font of baptism to the foot of the altar to be united to my *Amelia!*

My dear *Ferdinand*, and the person whom after him I most respect, deigned to accompany me. This was the amiable, the virtuous *Honoria*. She had long captivated the heart of *Ferdinand*. Surpassing him in graces, and the rival of his virtues, they were formed to render each other happy. Their parents had mutually consented to their union, which was delayed only till *Urban* should quit commerce, and settle his affairs. Thus had *Honoria* a right to look forward to felicity, but for a brother, the shame and horror of nature.

M. de C——, the father of *Honoria*, had an affection for his children, which led him into weakness and error; yet, though early a widower, his indulgence had no ill effect on his daughter. A happy disposition continually corrected the faults of education. It was not thus with his son. Born in a burning climate, devoured by dangerous passions, surroundedwith the wanton luxuries of the American isles, soon did he become abandoned to the most unbridled disorders. His father perceived it; but, his tenderness

ſubduing his reaſon, he neglected that paternal ſeverity which would probably have repreſſed the impetuoſity of a young man, who now braved his feeble remonſtrances. *Honoria* ſtood a gentle mediatrix between her father and brother. She hid from the griefs of one, the enormities of the other; ſhe conſumed her days in theſe cares, which were repaid with reiterated ingratitude.

The forbearance of *Urban*, with regard to me, was daily changing to a different conduct. His intereſt no longer compelled him to reſpect me; my health was fully reeſtabliſhed; and I was as completely formed, as to height and muſcle, as it was probable I ſhould ever be. My talents were well cultivated; and in ſhort I was, according to his manner of reaſoning, a precious ſlave, whoſe ſale could not fail to be uncommonly lucrative. He had no deſign now, but to enure me to the ſpecies of ſervice to which I was deſtined; and to bend my will, in good time, to every thing which the caprice of my future maſters might require of me: a quality which *Urban* thought wanting to make me complete. It was long before I perceived this change. Urged by my friendſhip for *Ferdinand*, even by gratitude for the ſpecies of calm which *Urban* ſuffered me to enjoy, I did every thing which his fancy could ſuggeſt to him to command. Was there occaſion to fly to his diſtant poſſeſſions with his orders, to run ten times a day throughout the whole city, on the little concerns of his houſe, my activity kept

pace with his will, and my fatigues coſt me nothing. But at length I ſaw that every thing which I placed to the account of my good will, paſſed in his eyes as duties which were binding upon me. Inſenſibly the tone of the maſter ſucceeded to civility; and rudeneſs, in its turn, replaced the tone of the maſter. Then all the horror of my fate, which an illuſion had lulled during ſome months, awakened with renewed vigour. Is it this then that is reſerved for me! cried I with grief. Is it thus that I am ſlowly to approach this death which a new religion forbids me to haſten! Well! I will ſuffer with patience. But, Oh God of the univerſe! let my father, *Dumont*, *Amelia*, be ever ignorant of the wretchedneſs of *Itanoko!*

I carefully concealed my ſorrows from *Ferdinand*. I felt how his heart would be torn, and I feared ſtill more to degrade a father in his eyes; yet he often ſurpriſed in my countenance the trouble of my ſoul. The ſight affected him, and I laboured, by falſe appearances of ſerenity, to turn aſide the ſuſpicions I could not deſtroy. The father, who feared the virtues of his ſon as much as I dreaded the alarms of his friendſhip, never treated me harſhly in his preſence; but *Ferdinand* was not deceived. At length he appeared extremely dejected; he paſſed almoſt his whole time with *Honoria*; and I no longer could diſcover that air of ſatisfaction with which he had always encountered me. In vain I interrogated

him ; his attentive friendſhip always ſhunned a confidence which muſt have plunged a poignard into my heart. *Bruno* was my ſole reſource ; in his boſom I poured out all my ſorrows. He received them with compaſſion, and healed my mind by the conſolations of philoſophy and religion.

One day a violent altercation aroſe between *Urban* and myſelf. A female negro of his houſe offended him ; I was preſent. *Urban* ſeized a whip, the common inſtrument of the often unjuſt wrath of the planters, and in the preſent circumſtance too rigorous for a light offence. *Urban* preſented it to me, and ordered me to chaſtiſe the negro. Command me, ſaid I, with moderation, to do any thing for your ſervice, which I can execute without baſeneſs, and I will perform it with zeal ; but do not require me to lay my hands on a timid woman, who is already aſhamed to have offended you. To chaſtiſe her who offends me, is to ſerve me, he anſwered haſtily. If the chaſtiſement be juſt, replied I, exerciſe it yourſelf. It is not my duty to opoſe it. Would you, cried he with fury, that I ſhould diſhonour myſelf by raiſing my hand againſt her? I think, ſaid I, honour is not more wounded by executing, than by giving an unjuſt order ; but, be it as it may, honour is as dear to me as to you. The honour of a ſlave! replied he, with irony. It depends only on my own will to be no longer this ſlave, and I thank you for the remembrance, I replied with paſſion. Had you al-

ways liſtened to the honour of which you are now ſo jealous, never would you have had the right to treat me as a ſlave. Does the wretch reaſon with me? exclaimed he, almoſt ſuffocated with rage. I ſaw him place himſelf in a menacing poſture. If, unfortunately he had ſtruck me, I had loſt myſelf. I perceived the danger; the door was open; I threw myſelf out, and fled. Father *Bruno* was my refuge; more ſtrongly affected than uſual, our converſation led us far into the night. At length I took my leave, little ſuſpecting how long it would be before I ſhould return into his friendly houſe; and far from foreſeeing how much my friendſhip might coſt him.

When I returned, I learned that *Urban* was become calm; and had forgotten or feigned to forget, our altercation. *Ferdinand* had retired; I aſcended to his apartment. The tender familiarity with which he honoured me, allowed me that liberty at every hour. I opened the door, I ſaw ſeveral trunks extended, and *Ferdinand* buſy in filling them. I cried out at this ſight, Ah, this tells me the cauſe of your ſorrow! It is this that you wiſh to conceal from me! You leave me! Oh God at what a time! It is too true, anſwered he; and would to God I could conceal it even from myſelf. I quit a mother, a lover, a friend! but my father muſt be obeyed. I loſe you, ſaid I. Alas! what will become of me! Who will now preſerve me from the fury of your father? at leaſt, your preſence taught me to ſupport

his injuries. Can I now anſwer for myſelf? Be yet patient, ſaid he, for another year. I ſhall not be longer abſent. On my return, I ſhall be united to *Honoria;* her deſign is to demand you of him, on the day of our marriage; decency will not permit him to refuſe the requeſt in the preſence of both our families. I can give you no further comfort, ſaid he, embracing me; and is not ſuch a hope, *Itanoko*, worth all that it will coſt you to buy it? But cannot I go with you? ſaid I. My father will not conſent to that, ſaid he. I have propoſed it to him. I have long ſince depoſited with *Bruno* the two thouſand crowns which you returned on the day of the revolt. It will be a reſource. *Bruno* will never abandon you: and *Honoria*, think you that ſhe will ever forget you?

He made ſome vain efforts to conſole me. I ſaw that he had reaſon on his ſide, yet it was of no avail; this fatal departure was to me the ſignal of all my future miſeries. I could not yet foreſee them, I could not even ſuſpect them, but I felt them; and by a ſentiment which was inconceivable to myſelf, while I would have given my blood to have followed *Ferdinand*, I ſaw the accompliſhment of that very wiſh would have cauſed new anguiſh to me. It ſeemed as if my heart would have been torn from me, had I been driven from St. Domingo. I avow it to my ſhame: I know not if this terror had not as much ſhare in my diſtreſs as the loſs of *Ferdinand*. Be it that we

have presentiments of ill; or rather that the active imagination of man is like a glass which reproduces, under a thousand forms, the chagrins of the soul, who the dupe of this illusion fancies she sees into futurity; for my part, it had rarely happened that this strange feeling has not given me alarms previous to all the great events of my life. It foreran the battle, the hour of my flight to *Urban*'s vessel, the conspiracy of the negroes: it pressed upon me now, and it did not deceive me.

I concealed not from *Ferdinand* the involuntary contradiction of my sentiments. He attributed this to the tumultuous scenes through which I had passed since my separation from *Amelia*, and which had destroyed the natural equilibrium of my mind. We passed the night in mutual condolence. Alas! he was more courageous than I, while he suffered more. I was only to be deprived of a friend; he, of a friend and a lover. He informed me that his father being about to quit commerce, was sending him to France to wind up some affairs which were intricate, and required the presence of one of them. He hoped a whole year would not be necessary for this purpose, and he should probably return sooner than he had given me reason to expect.

All was ready. The day of his departure arrived: the sailors of the vessel in which he was to embark came to carry away his luggage, and informed him that

the wind was fair. At these words, melting into tears, I precipitated myself into his arms. Cherish, cried he, the principles which we have cultivated together; these will console and sustain you; they will befriend you more powerfully than I; be faithful to them, they will not abandon you to misery. We held each other long embraced without speaking. He snatched himself from my arms. Carry my homage to *Honoria*, said he; respect her, she has promised me to watch over your happiness.

He went to the apartment of his father who wished to conduct him on board. They went out silently, to spare the tender heart of madam *Urban* the pain of a farewell. I followed them. *Urban*, dextrous at dissimulation, appeared to have forgotten our quarrel of the preceding morning; he spoke to me with gentleness. We took a boat from the port and were soon on board the vessel. She was already under way; we remained but an instant in her. I seized the hand of *Ferdinand*—I laid it on my heart; it was the only action of which I was capable. His father embraced him twenty times. He loved him passionately. We descended into our boat; soon were we far from the ship which already proceeded rapidly. *Urban*, who had sat down to conceal his tears (the only tears which he was ever seen to shed) turned his head; still perceived his son; stretched out his arms toward him, till distance hid him from his sight. It was his last adieu; never was he to see him more.

Inſtead of returning to land *Urban* ſhewed our rowers a Spaniſh veſſel which was anchored at ſome diſtance; and ordered them to conduct us to her. I took little notice of the order, yet I ſaw the viſit was premeditated, for the captain was on deck ready to receive *Urban*. I had never obſerved this man to be among his acquaintance; their connection ſurpriſed, but did not alarm me. *Urban* ſaid, captain, I have juſt bid farewell to my ſon who has ſailed for France, and I am come to breakfaſt with you, and to ſeek ſome amuſement that may diſſipate my reflections. You are very welcome, replied the captain, conducting him into his cabin. As for me, I ſat down on the deck; and there, without reſtraint, delivered up myſelf to grief.

In about an hour a ſervant of the Spaniard informed me that my preſence was required in the cabin. I roſe and entered. *Urban*, the captain, and ſome officers, were converſing in the Spaniſh language; which *Urban* ſpoke extremely well. When he perceived me, he ſaid to me in French, with an air of familiar complaiſance (which he ſo well knew to uſe on occaſions) my poor *Itanoko*, you are as ſorrowful as I am; but you ſhall not refuſe to give theſe gentlemen an idea of your talents, to repay them for their kind reception of me. Come, take this harp; touch it, and accompany it with your voice. You know I am ſcarcely in a condition to ſing, ſaid I; but there is nothing I will not do to oblige you. Except to beat

my negro woman, anſwered he. I was ſilent. I ſaw him ſmile and wink at the Spaniſh captain. Is it poſſible he can have informed him? ſaid I to myſelf. Then theſe Europeans have not the ſame modeſty as we. A negro would not ſpeak ſo willingly of his ſhame.

I took the harp. I ran over a prelude; then ſang theſe couplets,

Melodious lyre, that erſt could yield
Impaſſion'd ſounds, in friendſhip's praiſe,
Henceforth be mute; or be my grief
Henceforth the ſubject of thy lays:
The gen'rous act, the grateful heart,
Thy favourite theme no longer be;
For he, for whom thou'rt wont to ſwell,
No longer hears thy harmony.

Neglect and ſilence be thy doom,
Nor chear the night nor wake the morn;
In joyleſs apathy remain,
Like me, deſponding and forlorn;
Thy dulcet ſong no more muſt breathe
The mingling chords of mirth and glee;
For he, for whom thou'rt wont to ſwell,
No longer hears thy harmony.

When I had ceaſed they covered me with eulogiums; they praiſed my voice, the facility of my execution, and the expreſſion of the couplets. I have never heard them, ſaid *Urban*; from whence did you take them? I made them for the occaſion, anſwered I. What extempore? cried all the company.

That is impoſſible, added *Urban*. There is no great merit in it, returned I, when I have juſt bid your ſon farewell. Then the applauſes were redoubled. Such are in general the Europeans. A ſpark of talents throws them into enthuſiaſm.

But at Paris this ſpecies of extacy is no more than a mode. Theſe *Ephemera*, pretty ſometimes, uſually inſipid, are received with tranſport; eſpecially by the women. But how? while the ſinger or reciter of his own verſes ſimply imagines the whole circle have but one ear for him, the miſtreſs of the houſe trifles with her dog, a young abbé ſatirizes the head-dreſs of madam the counteſs, a petit-maitre contemplates in a glaſs the brilliant reflection of his buttons or turns over the numerous toys of his watch, and a fine wit inceſſantly baniſhes ſilence by requiring it from the whole company; while a favourite phyſician avails himſelf of theſe moments to write the ſcandal of the morning on the tablets of a hypochondriac lady. The ſinger (or reciter) ceaſes: it is the ſignal; baniſhed attention flies back like lightning. It is charming, delicious, divine! The chorus ſhakes the houſe almoſt to the foundation. One of theſe complaiſant ladies, in the courſe of a day, viſited ten houſes with one of theſe amiable ſtanza manufacturers. Ten times he ſung, ten times ſhe entreated a copy of the verſes which cauſed her ſuch raptures. One evening, an abbé looked over her port-folio. Ah! ſaid ſhe, there are ten ſongs of ſuch-a-one! Read, read! Each

is more beautiful than another. Ah what an inexhauſtible genius! He opened, read. They were ten copies of the ſame ſong. How many enormous repetitions have no other origin!

My couplets had a merit which I was far from ſuſpecting. They exactly ſuited the deſigns of *Urban*. I ought to have doubted the extraordinary kindneſs he laviſhed on me; but I was ſo occupied with my ſorrow as to pay little attention to what paſſed around me. He ſpoke a few words to the captain, who anſwered only by ſtriking the hand of *Urban*. Soon after we returned to the port. My firſt care was to viſit *Honoria*. I found her oppreſſed with ſorrow, and her tears renewed mine. She wiſhed to be informed of every thing that *Ferdinand* did; that he ſaid; till the moment of his departure. She feared that I ſhould hide even the leaſt geſture from her; and again, again, and again, ſhe made me repeat the ſame things. I ſpoke, by chance, of our viſit to the Spaniard, and, of what had paſſed in the ſhip. *Honoria* heard me with ſurprize, and was long loſt in thought. Do you know to what this viſit tends? ſaid ſhe. No, anſwered I; it does not affect me.—But I am not ſo tranquil, returned *Honoria*. She ſaid no more on the ſubject; and ſoon after diſmiſſed me.

Her obſervation had ſurpriſed me. I could not conceive the meaning of it. The careſſes of *Urban* continued. They ſeemed

even to increaſe ; and this aſtoniſhed me more than the language of *Honoria*. In the mean while, the Spaniſh captain came to the houſe. I remarked that he went away diſpleaſed; and ſome epithets, which he beſtowed on *Urban*, led me to ſuppoſe that there was ſome miſunderſtanding between them in their commercial concerns. I was not deceived; but little did I ſuſpect the ſpecies of commerce which was the ſubject of their quarrel. On the third day, ſcarcely had I ariſen when I was informed that a perſon aſked for me. I deſcended from my chamber, and found a ſtranger with *Urban*. Are you called *Itanoko ?* ſaid he to me.— Yes, I anſwered. It is he of whom you ſpoke, ſaid he to *Urban*.—" The ſame."— After theſe two queſtions, the ſtranger ſat down at a table ; took a pen, and wrote ſome lines. When he had finiſhed he preſented the paper to *Urban*, who read and put it into his pocket. It is perfectly right, ſaid *Urban*. Then the ſtranger took ſome ſmall papers out of his pocket-book ; while *Urban* ſat down at the table and wrote in his turn. Having finiſhed, he made a ſign to the ſtranger who approached and read the writing to himſelf. It is well, ſaid he, placing the ſmall papers which he held in his hand on the table, and adding, one, two, three, four, five, all at ſight on the bank of Bourdeaux. He folded the paper which *Urban* had written, and placing it in his pocket-book took his hat and cane and wiſhed *Urban* a good morning ; then ſaid to me, come, *Itanoko*. Whither ? anſwered I. Follow

the gentleman, ſaid *Urban* with a compoſed look. I ſuppoſed there was ſome commiſſion for me to execute, and I went out with him.

I followed him a long time without his ſpeaking to me. He walked very ſwiftly. We went out of the city, and when we had advanced about five hundred paces into the country he ſaid to me: Undoubtedly, you know all *Urban*'s people?—"Perfectly, ſir." Obſerve then, added he, if there are any who follow us. I caſt my eyes as far as my view would extend, and ſaid to him, I do not perceive one. He then ſtepped up to a garden gate which was near us; and opening it with a key we entered into a very pleaſant ſpot of ground, at the further end of which was a ſmall houſe. We went into this houſe, and he ordered breakfaſt. He made me ſit beſide him, and invited me to partake with him. This conduct, ſo uncommon in the American iſles, ſurpriſed, but did not diſconcert me. I placed myſelf at the table without ceremony, already prejudiced in favor of my hoſt; ſo true is it that a ſingle geſture, a word, is ſufficient to produce this ſentiment. And why? becauſe the ſoul often paints itſelf by a trifle.

He ſpoke of indifferent things during breakfaſt; I anſwered him with an honeſt freedom; and he ſaid, you are worthy to be the pupil of *Ferdinand*. Then you know *Ferdinand?* ſaid I. No, he ſaid; this is the ſecond time I have been in the houſe of

M. *Urban*, and yeſterday was the firſt; but I have heard of his ſon's worth. It was to place me in my career: and I celebrated my friend, my benefactor. You are an honeſt lad, ſaid he, riſing and ſtriking me on the ſhoulder. He then went to a deſk which was in the room, and ſat down to write a letter. I thought it was this for which I had to wait. A book was near me. I took it up and retired to a window to amuſe myſelf.

When he had finiſhed his letter, he rang the bell, and a negro appeared; he whiſpered to him, gave him the letter, and the domeſtic went out. Then he approached me, and renewed the converſation of our breakfaſt time. I began to wonder that he did not diſmiſs me; but, as I was perfectly ſatisfied, I did not expreſs my ſurpriſe. In about two hours, he looked at his watch. It is nearly noon, ſaid he, I muſt go to the 'Change. He prepared to go out; and I to follow him. His cook entered. Do not expect me to dinner, ſaid he. I ſhall not return till ſix in the evening. Take good care of *Itanoko*, and endeavour to amuſe him. But, ſir, ſaid I to him, with an air which marked my embarraſſment—and M. *Urban*, ſir,——M. *Urban*, anſwered he with a ſmile, is no way uneaſy on your account; do you alſo be without inquietude. This day is not perhaps the leaſt happy of your life. He left me.

What can he mean? What can this myſtery be deſigned to veil? Yet why alarm

myſelf? ſaid I, after ſome moments ſilence; this man has perfectly the air of honour, nor are he and M. *Urban* obliged to confide their ſecrets with me. Shall I be pardoned this little vanity; but this circumſtance of my life perhaps beſt proves the uprightneſs of my character. I had ſo little fear of treachery, notwithſtanding the dreadful inſtances I had experienced, ſo little did it enter into my mind that even *Urban*, for ſome vile gain, could forget the ſacred engagements which he had to the man who had ſaved his life, and to his ſon whoſe deareſt friend this man was, that I had not the lighteſt ſuſpicion, although the truth was palpable. Such too was my candour, that, if this ſuſpicion had ariſen, I ſhould at that time have driven it away as a crime. My only fear, in ſeparating from *Ferdinand*, had been that the moroſe temper of *Urban* would too often inform me of the horror of unjuſt ſlavery; my alarms had never proceeded further.

I therefore patiently waited the return of my unknown friend. I entered into converſation with his domeſtics; he had but three, the two of whom I had ſeen, and an old free negro who amuſed himſelf in cultivating the garden. Theſe good people talked to me of their maſter's praiſes, as if they had long known me: an eulogium which is never deceitful. They informed me that his name was *Dumenil*; that he was a broker of the 'Change. Every other broker is immenſely rich, ſaid one of them to

me: as to him, this houſe is his only wealth. He has, however, as much employment as any of them; but he exerciſes it with a probity little known here. The houſe was pretty; but without any magnificence. The furniture, and every thing around it, had the enchanting air of propriety. While they led me throughout the whole, I endeavoured to recollect the face of the old negro; for his countenance did not ſeem unknown to me. I think I have ſeen you before, ſaid I to him. Certainly, anſwered he, often, at father *Bruno*'s. Now I remember, replied I: and is he known to M. *Dumenil?* Yes, ſaid he, he is M. *Dumenil*'s moſt intimate friend, and alſo the beſt I have in the world. He placed me in this houſe. We have travelled together, for he was not always an eccleſiaſtic; but when he entered into holy orders were we obliged to ſeparate.

I am now more convinced, ſaid I to myſelf, that I have no cauſe for apprehenſion, ſince here is a friend of father *Bruno*'s. I paſſed my day without wearineſs; but not without conjectures concerning the cauſe which could have conducted me to this houſe. I hazarded ſome words to theſe domeſtics, which were deſigned as queſtions; but they led to no explications. I judged by their anſwers, that they knew as little of the myſtery as myſelf. As they returned to the theme of their maſter's virtues, I expreſſed my ſurpriſe that he had not taken a companion to his boſom. He

has never been willing, said the old negro, although frequent advantageous opportunities have presented themselves. He has a brother of whom he has not heard these twenty years. I have no doubt he is dead; but my master enjoys the chimerical hope of seeing him again: and it is to preserve the unmixed right of dividing his little fortune with him, which has made him decline every engagement.

Dumenil returned at six, as he had promised; and I saw him again with pleasure. The discourse of his people had confirmed my sentiments of esteem for him, and it was already almost friendship with which he inspired me.

He enquired, with goodness, how I had passed the day: and I informed him with gratitude. You have been with good people, said he, who obey me joyfully. It is that you command them with gentleness, answered I; which is not the mode in this country. You are right, said he; and I am not among the last who pity the sufferings of your countrymen. Are they without a remedy? said I to him. I believe they are, replied he, till the supreme authority of the mother country shall interfere, and remove the evil. I will add, that depravity of manners is the fountain of that evil: while the resources of luxury are found in your slavery, not a link of your chains shall be lightened.

Night was come. This is the hour, said he, to give you some insight into the business of this day. Your patience has been sufficiently proved; follow me. I respect you too much, answered I, to question you; and I have been without any uneasiness. I spoke the truth: however, I felt a strong curiosity to pierce through the mystery which had surrounded me since morning.

We left the garden, and took the road to the city. After running through several streets, *Dumenil* knocked at the door of an elegant house. My thoughts were so much occupied that I did not recollect the house. We entered. What was my surprise! *Honoria* was the first person who presented herself to me. Ah! cried I, by what happiness——Why did you not inform me that it was here I was expected? I would have come in the morning. That was precisely the thing we did not wish, answered *Honoria* with a smile. Madam, said *Dumenil*, I have brought *Itanoko* safe to you; at present you have no further call for my service, and I take my leave of you. How, said *Honoria*, won't you stay and sup with us? No, I thank you, answered he; you know how much fatigue I have had during the day; I must take a little repose. He bowed and retired.

I cannot, at present, develope all the events of this day: suffice it that in this short space, friendship had done every thing that

it could to save me, and every thing that might have produced my utter destruction.

Why, said I, am I with *Honoria?* or rather, why in the house of her father, M. *de C—?* Why not conducted in the morning? Why not returned to *Urban?* *Honoria* had too much goodness not to hear my questions patiently. You shall know every thing, said she; but not now: an indiscretion on my part might place your life in danger; judge if I must not be silent. It was my duty to do what I have done; let that satisfy you. Suffer yourself to be over-ruled, and know that all depends on your obedience.

Her father appeared, in a little time. He careſſed me with friendship, and spoke to the same purpose as his daughter. He himself shewed me the apartment in which I was to sleep for this night. With pleasure I found there all my effects; they were considerable, but were dear to me only as I had received them entirely from the goodness of *Ferdinand.* I was now convinced that I had quitted *Urban* for ever. I found myself with friends who would protect me till the return of *Ferdinand.* It was the sole wish of my heart.

For the first time, I suspected that *Urban* had sold me. The despicable *Urban*, said I, respects nothing: to whom has he sold me? To *Honoria*'s father? Has he, then, such little sensibility as to brave the silent reproaches of his son? of her who must be his daughter? and, in short, of myself?

A domeſtic drew me from theſe reflections. *Honoria* demanded my preſence. Her father was in the room with her. My friend ſaid this reſpectable old man, let not the propoſition I have to make alarm you. In deſpight of my age, my credit, and the general eſteem with which I am honoured, you could ſcarcely remain here without danger. It is your intereſt and our's that thoſe who know you and *Urban* above all ſhould loſe every trace of you for ſome time. What can this mean? ſaid I to myſelf: is it not then to them he has ſold me?

Fifteen leagues from hence, continued M. *de C*——, I have a plantation at the foot of the mountains which ſeparate us from the Spaniſh part of this country. It is a ſolitary place; there you will be far from all obſervation. You will be undiſturbed and at liberty to yield yourſelf, without reſerve, to your taſte for ſtudy. I have taken particular care of that object; and nothing ſhall be wanting to render you comfortable. My daughter and I will ſometimes viſit you. Time will ſlide away: it will lead *Ferdinand* back to us; then this ſpecies of exile will ceaſe, and affairs will take a very different aſpect. Whatever it may coſt me, ſaid I, to be ſeparated from ſuch friends, command: I am ready to obey you. Well, replied he, take a ſhort repoſe; a negro who is in my greateſt confidence, has received my orders; you will depart together before day. I have charged him with my inſtructions for the overſeer of this

plantation. You will receive from him the ſame attentions which you would here with us. But, ſaid I ſmiling, have you not the complaiſance to diſcover a ſecret which begins to intereſt me? May I not know—— To what purpoſe? ſaid *Honoria:* to torment you without any benefit. One day, you ſhall laugh at what afflicts you now. Then leave to friends, who know events better than you, the care of guiding you.

Compelled to ſilence by this anſwer, I kiſſed the hand of *Honoria*, and took my leave of her father. Be not uneaſy, ſaid he, as he embraced me; while I live, while my daughter ſhall live, we will preſerve you for the ſake of *Ferdinand.*

At three in the morning the negro awakened me. We ſtept into a poſt-chaiſe and and departed. We were at the diſtance of three leagues from the city when day appeared. My conductor was pleaſed with the ſpeed we had made. He leſs feared (as I have ſince known) being purſued by thoſe from whom the carriage, although with M. *de C*——'s arms on it, would not have been able to protect me. This negro was an honeſt man, and very worthy of his maſter's attachment. He was born on the Gold coaſt, and had been brought a child to St. Domingo. The mother of M. *de C*—— had bought him, and made a preſent of him to her ſon. They were of the ſame age. M. *de C*—— afterwards went into the Eaſt-India company's ſervice. This negro follow-

ed him in various campaigns ; and, in one engagement, was happy enough to ſave his maſter's life. His immediate liberty had been his juſt recompenſe ; but he had no ambition beyond the happineſs of paſſing his life with the man whom he regarded as a friend rather than a maſter.

We arrived the ſame day at the plantation. My conductor delivered his inſtructions to the overſeer, and enjoined him to adhere ſtrictly to them. I was ſhewn into a very agreeable apartment ; and, after ſome refreſhment, laid me down to repoſe. My conductor, who had taken his leave of me, ſet off early the next morning for the city.

I paſſed near five months in this abode with ſome tranquility. On one ſide, was preſented to the view a conſiderable chain of mountains, and vaſt ſhades of dark foreſts ; the aſylum of negroes who ſometimes ſeek for liberty far from their tyrants, and find only famine and death : on the other ſide a ſandy, deſert plain, which ſeparated theſe poſſeſſions from other cantons. Thus was formed a narrow tract of land which was watered by a ſtream that flowed from the mountains. The phyſical poſition of this plantation, the burning ſand and ſtormy mountains that encloſed it, even the awful ſilence which hung over the place, all ſeemed to have detached from the reſt of nature the field of a virtuous man.

Here for the firſt time I ſaw *Theodore de C——*, the unworthy brother of *Honoria*.—Here far from his father's eyes he came, with the companions of his riots, to give free ſcope to his irregular paſſions; but that which chiefly ſerved him in theſe exceſſes was the criminal complaiſance of the overſeer. I had time to develope the character of this man. He was one of thoſe whoſe crimes have baniſhed them from their country and driven into a foreign land, where they ſpread the vices with which they are infected. Aided by a certain ſpecies of talents, and lying recommendations, he had been introduced to M. *de C——*; he had obtained the management of this plantation; and, covering his rapines with an apparent zeal for the ſervice of his maſter, he advanced towards fortune by a way unhappily too much frequented. His yoke was a yoke of iron for the poor negroes. The labour of theſe unfortunate people would not have been immoderate, had they only to ſatisfy M. *de C——*; for he was a gentle maſter: but they were compelled to exceed the bounds he had preſcribed to gratify the avaricious extortions of the agent. It may ſeem aſtoniſhing that their complaints ſhould not have reached the ears of M. *de C——*; but thoſe who have ſuffered will know how timid an oppreſſed man is, and how powerful is the oppreſſor. The proprietor arrives. The agent never quits him. He points out thoſe, whoſe ſpirit he fears, as ſeditious ſlaves. If they ſhould dare to ſpeak, the

proprietor (already prejudiced) gives little attention; and, as soon as he is at a distance, rigorous chastisement expresses the vengeance of the exasperated overseer. Yet, in this will be seen too faithful a picture of the greater part of the plantations. Thus too often these masters abandon the fate of a portion of innocent humanity to men, who by new crimes, recover at an extremity of the world the importance which former crimes had forfeited in their native country. The age of M. *de C*—— presaged to the overseer a new reign; and, by flattering the passions of the young *Theodore*, he endeavoured to strengthen himself in his post. His ambition went yet a step further; by multiplying loans, which served the dissipation of the unhappy youth, he hoped at the death of the father to possess himself of this part of the inheritance: and thus to become master, after having been a despicable valet.

I was confirmed in my first suspicions of this man's policy by the observation of some negroes who were pleased to make me the confident of their grievances. The pity which I could neither refuse to them, nor disguise, rendered me the object of the overseer's hatred. He also feared me as a dangerous witness to his conduct, who might soon unveil it to M. *de C*——. But his orders respecting me were so positive, that he dared neither to drive me from the place, nor even to disoblige me.

Theodore at first regarded me only as a young man who would serve as a companion for his irregularities. He had not the usual prejudice of the Europeans who think they dishonor themselves by admitting us to their society: but it was debauchery alone which had given him this apparent philosophy. It depended then on my own pleasure solely to be always with him; but his amusements were too far removed from my taste to permit me to accept of an equality to which my principles must have been sacrificed. I stood aloof with the reserve which my situation seemed to require; and I was proud to have preserved my inclinations pure, and not to have stained the dignity of man by the condition of slavery.

An imitator of the frivolous customs of the capital of France, *Theodore* had added, to the numerous train which served him, an European equerry. It will be imagined that the luxury of height had been consulted, as well as other personal qualifications, in the choice of this equerry. But *Theodore* little suspected that he received this person from the hands of *Honoria*. Anxious for the fate of her brother, she had contrived to place near him a man who would inform her of his wanderings; so as to enable her at times to prevent their consequence, and at others to repair the evil. A friend of *Honoria* had engaged him in France.—The equerry instructed in the part he had to perform, presented himself (as of his own accord) to *Theodore*. His figure was his

immediate recommendation; and, in a little time, his master hid nothing from him.

I had this detail from the mouth of the equerry, who was attached to me from the instant that he knew of the friendship with which *Theodore*'s sister honored me. He was a man of an amiable disposition. Every time that *Theodore* came to the habitation I saw this equerry with pleasure; except that our conversation usually turned on the excesses of his master; for I could not be insensible to the conduct of one so nearly related to the dearest friends I had in this part of the world.

After a long absence, one morning, I saw my young friend enter my room. I was yet in bed. Ah, is it you? said I, how long have you been here?—"We are just arrived."——"You are welcome, but I fear some new folly brings you here."—"Why, for this time, I am not in the secret; all I know is, that it concerns a female of whom I have scarce had a glance. I think she is a Mulatto. She was conducted here in a carriage with the blinds up; and we were in another. I am persuaded she is not content. I think I perceived her in tears.—There must be something marvellous in this matter, for during some weeks *Theodore* has kept her shut up in a house in the city, and has not suffered myself or any of his people to see her. This I learnt from the mistress of the house, when we went to bring her away."——"Without doubt you

gave this information to *Honoria?*"——"Indeed I knew not what to tell her. I had no clue to the myſtery."——"No matter, my friend. You muſt not delay. You think this woman ſuffers; and your negligence may perhaps expoſe the virtue of an unfortunate woman."——"Well, I will obey you; and commit the affair to *Honoria*'s prudence."

In the evening I took my uſual walk. I met *Theodore* and ſaluted him reſpectfully. I did not remark that there was any change in his deportment to me. The equerry afterwards informed me that no one entered the chamber in which this woman was confined but the overſeer, who carried her food. I ſighed over her fate. How ſhall ſhe eſcape, ſaid I, the baſeneſs of her beſiegers?

The next day I received for the firſt time, letters from my dear *Ferdinand*. He had happily addreſſed them to *Honoria*, who ſent them to me, accompanied by a letter in which ſhe informed me that ſhe would ſoon viſit me herſelf, and that the languiſhing ſituation of her father's health had alone delayed this pleaſure. Her charming billet breathed the ſweet joy which filled her ſoul; and her love for *Ferdinand* gave new tenderneſs to the expreſſions of friendſhip.

Gracious God! at preſent, while placed in the boſom of happineſs, I retrace the varied ſcenes of an agitated life, a trembling ſeizes me as I reflect on the calm which

reigns in my recital from the departure of *Ferdinand.* Perfidious ſerenity ! which added ſtill more to the terror of the ſtorm that ſucceeded.

While my heart was yet full with the greateſt pleaſure which I had experienced for a long time, I left my room with a deſign of walking. I met *Theodore* on the ſtair-caſe. I reſpectfully ſtood aſide to give him leave to paſs me. He fixed his eyes on me, glaring with choler. What do you do here? ſaid he, fiercely. Away, monſter, out of my ſight ! and he paſſed me with precipitation, giving me no time to anſwer him. A moment I remained immoveable with aſtoniſhment. "What have I done to him? I know not." All emotion with this ſcene, I left the houſe to take the air. At a diſtance I perceived the equerry, who made me a ſign, and I ran to join him in a place where we could not well be obſerved. What have you done, ſaid he, to *Theodore?* He is outrageous againſt you,——"I know nothing of it."——And I recounted to him what had happened. I am not happy on your account, ſaid he.——"What can he do to me? Am I not here under the protection of his ſiſter and father?" "Ah, you know not what a corrupt heart dares to do. I wiſh you far from hence; take my advice, and haſten to *Honoria.*"——"What ſhall I ſay to her? Will a little intemperate uſage of her brother excuſe me in this ſtep? It would be neither generous not decent. But what cauſed this alarm in you? what have you diſ-

covered ?——"Nothing certain. He called me to him and at midnight ; he had juſt left this woman. A thouſand exclamations without order taught me that you were the object of his fury. I attempted to queſtion him. He impoſed ſilence ; and threatened to diſmiſs me if I diſobeyed him. Without that, I ſhould have been with you in the morning ; but I feared to be ſurpriſed." ——"I may have paſſed him without perceiving him, and without paying the reſpect due to him."——"No : another idea has ſtruck me. Have you not formerly had ſome intrigue with this woman, which he may have diſcovered either by your language or ſome information from her ? I know him better than you, his anger has all the taint of jealouſy."——"It is impoſſible : I have not ſpoken to any woman ſince my arrival at St. Domingo. Alas, my heart has other ties."——"So much the better, I am more tranquil. Yet be adviſed, ſhun his preſence. As ſoon as I have any thing to communicate I will ſee you again."

Although my conſcience did not reproach me, I could not conquer my uneaſineſs. I began to know the human heart ſufficiently to dread the deſigns of a man without principle. I reſolved on the only thing which prudence ſeemed to dictate. It was to confine myſelf to my apartment, excepting at the hours of repaſt, and thoſe which I allowed to the pleaſure of walking, till the volatile character of *Theodore* ſhould lead him from this place ; or the promiſed viſit of *Ho-*

noria should deliver me from this voluntary imprisonment. Vain precautions! The villain had already sworn my ruin.

I passed two days in great anxiety. I could not see the equerry. He knew that he was watched, and did not dare to come near me. I eat as usual with the overseer, who affected a profound silence on all that passed arround us. I had not again met with *Theodore*, so that I knew not if he had forgotten his resentment. The second day in the evening we were at table. He entered: each rose out of respect. He seemed in a frenzy. His hair was scattered, his dress in disorder, his eyes were on fire, and his face glowing with rage. What does this vile slave do here? he cried out. Why is he not with the wretches of his species? Call the commander, (the negro who conducts the others to work). If all white people were just, said I to him with some emotion, you would not have the power of treating me as a slave. As it is, I am not yours: I owe my accomodation in this place to those who alone have a right to command here. Who commands here if not I? said he passionately. Your father still lives: I replied raising my voice. The overseer then said, with a hypocritical tone under which he sought to conceal his triumph, he is right, my lord; your father has confided him to my care, and he is a worthy youth. I interrupted him with disdain. "Spare your eulogiums: a worthy man debases himself when he suffers the wicked to praise

him." The commander entered; the vile overseer, whom my last words had irritated, cried, my lord, the rascal braves you. He forgets his respect to me too; order him to chastisement. I do: replied *Theodore*, foaming with wrath. No longer master of myself, at the hazard of whatever might happen, I flew to a hanger which lay on the table. I seized it. Tremble wretches! I cried. The rash villain who dares to approach me, will I immolate at my feet. Rarely does courage sustain vice. My gesture, my elevated voice, the force of my body fully developed by passion, held them all enchained with terror. *Theodore* and the overseer flew to separate corners of the room; and the former, in a low timid tone, said only—commander, lead him away. As he made no haste to obey, I contemplated, for some moments pride and baseness subdued. These then, said I to myself, are the passions of Europeans. Injustice, ferocity, and cowardice! This reflection calmed me. Pity returned in behalf of *Theodore*. Recover yourself, said I to him. I will never forget that *Honoria* is your sister: but do you never forget, that when you menace a negro you force him to recollect that he is a man. Lead, commander: I follow you! without quitting the hanger, I passed with a firm step between *Theodore* and the overseer, and went out with the negro.

Little as it will be expected, I had resolved from the moment my recollection re-

turned, to submit myself with the other negroes to the usual labour of the plantation; rather than hurry, to any further excess, the son of M. de C——, the brother of *Honoria*.

I suffered myself, then, to be conducted to the habitation (10) of my unfortunate countrymen. They were slaves, but they had feeling minds; and their humanity was a striking contrast to the scene which had lately passed in the apartment of the overseer. They surrounded me; they endeavoured to console me. They had seen me in a an enviable situation, compared with their condition. They did not exult at the stroke which had reduced me to their own level. They thought only of my wretchedness.

Oh good negro! said they to me, good negro! you gave us comfort when you were fortunate: do not be unhappy now. We will labour for you. You will be no longer rich as we have seen you; but every day you shall have an hundred hands to dry up your tears.

Till this moment, the remains of rage had restrained those tears. They now flowed abundantly; and the kindest affection was the sole cause of them. One of these poor people threw himself on my neck. Is it thus that Europeans treat you? said he. You, their saviour! I recognised him to be one of those whom I had seen on board of

Urban's veſſel. He had recollected me on my firſt appearance at the plantation; and had recounted our adventure to his fellow ſufferers. Do not afflict him, cried ſeveral voices, with the remembrance of what is paſt. He then did no more than his duty. We will not the leſs commiſerate his preſent griefs. Thus paſſed the night. They feared to take any repoſe. They dreaded to deliver me alone to preying reflections. They were each emulous to preſent to me the beſt of the poor refreſhments they had. They wiſhed to know what had befallen me ſince my arrival at the iſland. They entered with enthuſiaſm into all my feelings.

At length day appeared. This night, which I had found rather ſoothing than terrifying by the ſenſibility of my good countrymen: this night glided away as a dream. When the hour of labour approached, the commander ſaid ſorrowfully to me, my friend, you muſt change, theſe clothes for others more ſuitable to the work you muſt perform. You will leave me the hanger? I replied haſtily. Well, ſaid he, whatever be the conſequence I will not take it away; and if ever I raiſe my hand againſt you, let me be the firſt victim of it. The negroes aſſembled; and we marched to the work of the day.

I expected the unworthy overſeer would come to enjoy his triumph; and contemplate me in a ſtate of humiliation. I was

deceived. Neither he nor his protector appeared. They were occupied with a scene more a agreeable to their raging passions. I thank thee, Oh Heaven, for my profound ignorance of actions which passed almost under my eyes. Great God! to what excess had my fury arisen, had I then penetrated into this frightful mystery!

I passed this day without pain, new as my occupation was. At night, I was led back with the other negroes to their dwelling, and soon fell into a deep sleep, from which I was awakened by the equerry. I have escaped, said he, to bid you farewell. We depart for the city, by day-break. I will snatch the first opportunity to inform *Honoria* of what has passed. Rely on my zeal; and do not afflict yourself. Your enemies have paid no more regard to your effects than to yourself. I found an opportunity to conceal some of *Ferdinand*'s letters. Those will console you. I am ignorant of what happened yesterday; but it must be something extraordinary, for we were all kept a distance from the house; except *Theodore*'s great Indian moor. He has a depraved heart, and I would not ask him any questions. I am weary of this life: yet I support it out of respect to *Honoria*. But I may be discovered; and must bid you adieu.

I had but just time to press his hand, for he fled without waiting for my thanks. I was charmed with the good disposition of

this young man. *Theodore* had received from the hands of Fortune birth, riches, and all the exterior graces of perſon. Compare him with this poor Frenchman, confined to a condition ſo little worthy of him. Where is the honeſt man who would not rather be the ſervant than the maſter? Of little value, then, are brilliant poſſeſſions when they ſerve only to increaſe the depravity of their proud poſſeſſors.

I remained eight and forty hours without hearing any thing further. The overſeer had not come to view the labour of the negroes: a circumſtance which till then had never happened. I attributed this to his cowardice. He trembles to meet me, ſaid I. He does not ſuſpect that a man can forget an injury.

Among the letters of *Ferdinand*, I could not find that of *Honoria*. The loſs grieved me. My tranquility began to leave me notwithſtanding the promiſe of *Honoria*, and the aſſurance of the equerry. The thought of eſcaping occurred; and I deliberated often concerning it. Do I not, ſaid I, expoſe myſelf to every thing which the caprice, the vengeance of this overſeer may inflict upon me? Yet, I feel I cannot ſuffer myſelf to be ſtrucken. The reflection made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind that my reſolution was taken. It was evening; and I deferred my flight only for a few hours neceſſary repoſe.

My agitation ſubſided, and I ſlept calmly. About three I was awakened by a voice, which ſaid, *Itanoko*, fly, or you are loſt. It was my friend the equerry who ſpoke. I have brought you, continued he, ſome other clothes, and a little money. Fly to *Honoria*. The leaſt delay may be death.

In an inſtant I was on my feet, embraced him, and put on the dreſs he had brought. I thought, ſaid he, while I was thus employed, that we had to deal with a mere debauchee, he is a monſter! But you are ready: follow me; I will conduct you.

We went out, and were ſoon beyond the walls of the habitation. Know, ſaid the equerry as we proceeded, that *Theodore* on reaching the city, alighted at the houſe of *Urban*. I was with him. He ſought to conceal his baſeneſs under the appearance of honour. Aid me to avenge my injuries and your own, ſaid he to *Urban*. My perfidious ſiſter has betrayed your ſon; has condeſcended to an odious intrigue with a ſlave of my father. Come, and bathe your hand in the blood of this wretch. I charge myſelf with executing juſtice on a ſiſter who diſhonours my name. He then preſented a letter to him. I recognized the writing. It was that of *Honoria*.

Ah! cried I, that you could not ſave the letter which *Honoria* ſent me. It muſt be that. I believe it; but hear me, ſaid he. *Urban* looked on the billet with aſtoniſhment. How! cried he, *Itanoko!* Is

he yet in this country! What shall I say to my son? No matter: you shall be revenged. I will myself drag him to justice. You may imagine, said my friend, how obscure this discourse must be to me. I am ignorant of all but your danger; which the horrible joy of *Theodore* too clearly pointed out. He embraced *Urban* with transport; and we have returned here without a moment's delay. *Urban* follows in a few hours. To increase the rage of *Theodore* the unfortunate female is fled. While he abandons himself to despair, and the vile overseer endures the first effects of his frenzy, I have flown to you: and, thank God! I have saved you.

"I see the danger. *Theodore* has maliciously interpreted some expressions in the letter of *Honoria* that result from the friendship with which she honours me. Unworthy as he is, must he, to destroy me, outrage the reputation of his sister? But why? What have I done to him? And the discourse of *Urban:* to what can that relate? Yet, it is of no moment: at present I feel only your generous protection. May God recompense you!"——"But see, that is your way. Adieu! Press forward. I return; and will mislead *Theodore* as to your route, should he attempt to pursue you."——"But have you no fears for yourself?"—"I have done my duty. Let him know it: this is the only lesson I can give him. Adieu! for the last time: already the day appears." He took my hand. I could

ſcarcely ſay adieu, ſo much did his goodneſs overwhelm me.

I proceeded: but I was abſorbed in reflections. The hatred of *Theodore*, however unjuſt, affected me leſs than that of *Urban*. This young man, ſaid I, is corrupted by diſſipation. I am a ſtranger to him; and perhaps I have, in ſome way, offended him; ſo little is neceſſary to inflame the paſſions of a man who is in the habit of yielding to them. But *Urban! Urban!* Ah God! cannot I be avenged of the monſter?

Still I preſſed forward. I had not yet left the deſert plain which I muſt traverſe to gain the inhabited cantons. The dawn enabled me ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh objects. Suddenly I heard ſome piercing cries, which proceeded from a part of the plain to the left of my road. I ſtood ſtill. I liſtened. The cries became more vehement; but I perceived no one. A ridge, which the ſand had formed at a little diſtance from me, hid that part of the plain. Humanity cloſed my eyes on the danger which I ran by turning aſide. I ſpring like an arrow towards the place. In a minute I am on the other ſide of the ridge. I ſee a man on horſeback cloſely preſſed by two negroes, who attack him with fury. I run to his aid. When I am about twenty feet from them, I ſee—Oh heavens! I ſee *Urban!* the deteſted *Urban*, ready to ſink beneath the fury of the negroes. What a moment for a man

avidious of vengeance! I ſtood ſtill. Let him periſh, ſaid I. A thirſt for my blood has brought him hither. But he is the father of *Ferdinand*. It ſtruck into my mind like lightning. I ruſh upon the negroes. They ſee me. Terror ſeizes them; and they inſtantly take to flight.

Take courage, ſaid I to *Urban*. I ſee the blood pouring from various parts of him. He fixed his eyes on me, and falls. I have but juſt time to receive him in my arms.

Alas! ſuch was my heart, at this ſight pity ſubdued every particle of my reſentment. He had received, among others, a deep wound on his ſide; but his fainting had ſtayed the blood. The equerry had put a ſmall flaſk of brandy in my pocket; I tore a handkerchief which I had, and wetting part of it with the brandy, placed it on his wound; the reſt of the liquor I poured into his mouth, and ſoon he opened his eyes.

When I imagined he was ſufficiently ſtrong to ſupport the effort, I ſaid to him: riſe, remount your horſe, I will conduct you. I felt that already I had done too much for prudence, but enough for my heart. I placed him on his horſe, took the bridle, and proceeded towards the plantation; we were about a league diſtant from it. During the whole way *Urban* did not ſpeak. Was this ſhame? Was it hatred? Was it repentance?

I could not tell. Some ſighs eſcaped him, but that was all.

When I perceived the plantation ſo near as to place me in immediate danger, I ſaid to him: I hope you have ſufficient ſtrength to reach the dwelling. You ſhall not ſee *Itanoko* there. He ſpares you that ſhame. Adieu! I turned round, and ran to regain my former route.

Heaven regarded this little effort of my virtue, and inſtantly marked it by a decided recompence. *Theodore* had diſcovered my departure; and, preſuming that I fled towards *Honoria*, had diſpatched five of his vile agents after me, who would infallibly have overtaken me, had I not turned aſide to the ſuccour of *Urban*. Miſſing me, they concluded I had taken another route, and turned back while I was yet aſſiſting *Urban:* ſo that, on my regaining my road, inſtead of their purſuing my track, I was treading that which they had juſt left.

In the wounds which *Urban* had juſt received, he met with part of that puniſhment which his bad faith and avarice ſo juſtly merited. In one of his voyages to the coaſt of Guinea, he had ſurpriſed two negroes ſleeping, and had made himſelf maſter of their perſons. On his return, he had ſold them to an inhabitant of St. Domingo. Diſcontented with their new maſter, and burning with revenge againſt *Urban*, they had deſerted and fled into the mountains of which

I have ſpoken. They ſometimes left their retreat to receive ſome poor proviſions which were ſecretly given them by negroes of neighbouring plantations. It was in one of theſe excurſions that theſe very negroes met with *Urban*. His ſight recalled the remembrance of his perfidy, rendered more odious by the hardſhips they endured. They ruſhed ſuddenly upon him, and without my unlooked for appearance, they had compleated their work of vengeance.

Naturally agile, and preſſed by the fear of being purſued, I hurried on, and arrived early at the city. My preſence, the condition in which I was, and the terror of my countenance, alarmed *Honoria*. Oh God! ſaid ſhe, what brings you here? Do you come to meet your ruin? I could no longer heſitate. Notwithſtanding the pain which my narrative muſt give her, I related, without reſerve, all that had paſſed. She heard me with aſtoniſhment, with dread, with pity. She could only ſay, My brother! Who! my brother! Silence followed, and ſhe ſeemed confounded by the ſentiments which crowded upon her. Then ſuddenly ſhe cried, *Itanoko*, by the friendſhip which you owe me, for ever conceal this fatal tale from *Ferdinand*. Do not expoſe me to the anguiſh of ſeeing a lover avenge himſelf and me on this brother. Conceal it too from my father. Alas: he has but a few days to live. He has opened his eyes on the diſorders of his ſon, which cut ſhort his remaining days. He dies with remorſe for the ſhare he has in them.

Tears came to her relief. Unhappy, indeed was the ſituation of this virtuous woman. Far diſtant from her lover; on the eve of loſing a tender father; of falling into the hands of a brother, whoſe frightful villainy was now fully unveiled to her! how could ſhe look on the future? To what could ſhe ſay it would lead?

And you, ſaid ſhe, what will become of you! where ſhall we now conceal you? Can I not, ſaid I remain here, protected by your preſence? No, unfortunate *Itanoko*. No: ſaid ſhe, you cannot. I ſhould probably have the grief of ſeeing you conducted to puniſhment, from which neither your own innocence, nor my credit, could poſſibly ſave you. What do you tell me! cried I. Alas! anſwered ſhe, I did not imagine I ſhould be yet compelled to reveal this fatal ſecret, but it can be no longer concealed. Liſten, and tremble.

You recollect the day in which *Ferdinand*, for your and my miſery, was compelled to leave us. You came to ſee me, after bidding adieu to him, and ſpoke of the viſit which *Urban* had made to the Spaniſh captain. That viſit did not alarm you. I judged very differently, and inſtantly perceived the deſigns of *Urban*. You will recollect alſo, that two days only intervened between this viſit and the morning in which *Dumenil* conducted you from *Urban*'s houſe. You know what has followed. Now hear that which has yet been hidden from you.

Scarcely had you left me, when I paid a visit to the Spanish consul, with whom we were intimate. I explained the reasons of my visit; and, according to what you had told me, described the vessel to him; so that he could not mistake it. He promised not only to inform himself if the Spanish captain had bought you from *Urban*, but also to exert his influence with the captain to induce him to desist from a measure which would so greatly afflict me. Contented with these assurances, I retired to wait for the result of his enquiry.

On the morning of the second day I received a letter from the consul: here it is, I will read it to you.

"Madam,

"You have perfectly penetrated into the intentions of M. *Urban*, in fact, he did sell the slave, in whose behalf you interest yourself, to *Alonzo Texeira*. The price, according to a verbal agreement between them, was to be four thousand francs. I explained myself to my countrymen; and, as soon as he was informed of your motives, he resolved to finish his bargain, and afterwards to leave you to dispose, at your pleasure, of this slave rendered precious by the price which was placed on him, and still more by the respect with which you honour him. But judge of the surprise and indignation of *Texeira*. He presented himself, last night, to M. *Urban*,

to pay the money and take away the ſlave. He received no other anſwer from M. *Urban*, but that he had found a better price; and that the agreement, not being in writing, paſſed for nothing in his eyes. *Texeira* withdrew, confounded to find himſelf the dupe of this man: but ſtill more hurt, I believe at loſing the occaſion of ſerving you. As to myſelf, madam, I am ſufficiently chagrined in ſeeing myſelf unable to oblige you, and in finding myſelf oppoſed in the ſentiments of devotion with which I am,

"Madam, your, &c.

"JAGO DE ZUNIGA."

You will conceive, ſaid *Honoria*, the vexation which this letter gave me: The thread of the intrigue had eſcaped me; where ſhould I again find it? My uneaſineſs was ſo much greater, as the anſwer of *Urban* to *Texeira* ſeemed to announce that a ſecond bargain was concluded. I conſulted my father: all his experience was inſufficient to furniſh me with any advice which I could reaſonably adopt.

I was yet in this incertitude, when, the next day about noon, being in my balcony, I perceived *Dumenil*. He had long been my father's friend: was a worthy man; and by his condition, poſſeſſed great commercial connections. I was inſtantly ſeized with a deſire of making my embarraſſment known to him. I beckoned him; he entered the

houſe ; I ran to meet him, and informed him of the whole affair. The moment I mentioned *Urban*, he haſtily demanded your name. *Itanoko*, ſaid I, " Be ſatisfied, then; he is at my houſe."—" At your houſe ! By what chance ?"—" I will tell you. A broker, one of my particular friends, fell ſick, and requeſted to ſee me. I attended him ; and he informed me, that a ſtranger, who had arrived at the port, a few days ſince, was bargaining with *Urban* for a ſlave called *Itanoko* ; that he was charged with the negociation, and had an order from the ſtranger to agree to any price which ſhould be demanded ; that he had ſeen *Urban*, and at once had offered him four thouſand francs, which he refuſed, becauſe he had already been offered that ſum ; and that, after ſome converſation, they finally agreed for five thouſand francs. My friend then ſhewed the agreement ſigned by *Urban*. To-morrow morning, continued he, the ſlave is to be delivered to me ; but, as I am indiſpoſed, I muſt beg you to take my place. Here are five draughts of an hundred piſtoles each, with which you will terminate the affair. You will alſo have the goodneſs to keep the ſlave with you till evening, and if poſſible avoid *Urban*'s knowing where you take him : for ſuch is the requeſt of his new maſter. I accepted the commiſſion, this morning executed it ; and have juſt left *Itanoko*, who has no ſuſpicion of what has paſſed, or what further awaits him."

You do not know this ſtranger then ? ſaid

I to *Dumenil*. No: anſwered he. Indeed he ſeems to have a wiſh to be concealed, and perhaps it might be indelicate to attempt to penetrate further into the matter. But whoever he is, the price which he has giv en for this ſlave ſhould announce him to be rich; and he can ſcarcely be expected to relinquiſh his purchaſe. How then, ſaid I, how ſhall I act? *Ferdinand* will be inconſolable; and the poor *Itanoko*—aſſuredly it will be his death. I then recounted to him, in few words, the manner in which you had been enſlaved, and the ſervice you had rendered *Urban*, in return for his perfidy.

I ſee but one way, ſaid he. I ſhould refrain from propoſing it, if I had leſs knowledge of your diſcretion; and the means are dangerous for *Itanoko*, if he does not conſent to conceal himſelf for ſome time. I will anſwer, ſaid I, that in the name of *Ferdinand* I can impoſe any conditions on him. Then, replied *Dumenil*, the only reſource is to declare that he has eſcaped and deſerted. You will perceive, that I cannot prevent my friend from making his depoſition before a judge; and hence the danger of *Itanoko*. We will wait the departure of this ſtranger, to inform my friend of the truth. When he knows the motive on which we have acted, I am perſuaded he will withdraw his complaint from the court of juſtice, as he will ſee that it is void.

Ah! you reſtore me to life, cried I.—

There is yet another difficulty, returned *Dumenil*. My reputation muſt be preſerved free from the ſhade of ſuſpicion. The money which I paid to *Urban* for *Itanoko*, was received from this ſtranger: we cannot, in honour—I underſtand you, ſaid my father, who was preſent at this converſation, I will bring you the five thouſand francs, and you will return it to your friend, who will reimburſe the ſtranger. After that, ſaid *Dumenil*, I think there can be no further objection. God will pardon a little treachery,* which has no deſign but to ſave an unfortunate being from chains; and to preſerve him for all the happineſs which friendſhip has in ſtore for him.

Dumenil quitted us to put this project in execution. You will now ſee in what ſituation things were, when we ſent you to the plantations; which we then concealed from you, leſt your indignation, on learning the conduct of *Urban*, ſhould produce ſuch violence as to betray you; and defeat the ſucceſs of all our wiſhes for your ſafety.

Urban deſigned to ſell you to the Spaniard, and had actually ſold you to the ſtranger, with the certainty of your not remaining at St. Domingo; that you might not have an opportunity to inform his ſon of the baſeneſs of this vile action; and he now firmly

* No! never can treachery be pardoned, under whatever circumſtances, or with whatever deſign, committed. T.

perſuaded himſelf that you were gone, never more to return to this coaſt. But an excuſe muſt be made to his ſon for your abſence; the depravity of his heart did not fail to furniſh him with it. *Dumenil*, anxious to ſhorten your exile, did not loſe ſight of his friend; and, about eight days after was informed that the ſtranger had ſuddenly departed, hurried away by ſome accident, which no one could explain. Informed of this, I engaged *Dumenil* to bring his friend to dine with my father. We diſcovered the artifice to him: he was good enough to admit of our motives as an excuſe for our conduct. After dinner they went to the judge to withdraw the information againſt you. He conſented; but ſaid, this ſtep will be of little uſe to the unfortunate ſlave; for, at the requeſt of M. *Urban*, I have condemned him for contumacy; as the time allowed for his return is expired. They were petrified with aſtoniſhment. Probably, ſaid the judge, M. *Urban* has afterwards bought this ſlave, and that he has alſo fled from him; for his information is poſterior to yours; or, which ſeems more likely, there may be two ſlaves of the ſame name. However, I have only diſcharged my duty. You know I am obliged to take the information of the perſon who calls himſelf the maſter of the ſlave.

Dumenil returned with an account of this new misfortune. My only reſource was to inform *Fedinand* of all that had happened. It was four months before I received his anſwer; and, you will imagine my diſtreſs du-

ring that period. Each minute I trembled, leſt I ſhould ſee you dragged to the death which my fatal friendſhip had prepared for you; for, notwithſtanding the kind of deſart in which you were confined, you might be diſcovered: then how ſhould we be able to prove that you had not deſerted from *Urban*? His acquittal for the five thouſand francs had been immediately ſent by *Dumenil* to his friend, and by him to the ſtranger; nor had they thought of withdrawing it, when he was reimburſed. Thus, there was no ſolid proof of your innocence, but the teſtimony of *Dumenil*, who was alone when he received you from the hands of *Urban*; but, by our laws, this teſtimony is inſufficient to acquit a ſlave ſo ſituated. The letters of *Ferdinand*, it is true, had unfolded *Urban*'s conduct; but his preſence alone could compel him to do you juſtice. He informed me that, by examining the dates, he perceived that *Urban* had written to him of your pretended flight, on the day in which he ſold you. Undoubtedly he gave *Ferdinand* this falſe intelligence, hoping he ſhould never ſee you again; and when he made the depoſition with the judge, reſpecting your pretended flight, we can ſcarcely ſuſpect him of the black deſign of deſtroying you.

Ferdinand conjures me, by all that is ſacred, ſtill to preſerve you. But what can be done, now that you are at the mercy of *Urban*? Will he not ſacrifice you rather than avow to his ſon, and to the courts of juſtice, the baſeneſs of his conduct. Alas! I—I

alone have placed you in his power. Inevitable seems your ruin: as inevitable is mine.

Ah: said I, these reproaches with which your virtue oppresses you, are honourable and flattering to me; yet do not regret the ill success of your precautions. Without those, I should have but a feeble idea of the extent of your goodness. But this is the moment for courage. A resolution must be taken, and it must be prompt. If *Urban* dies, will he have time to recal his imposture? If he lives, will he have the generosity to do it? In either case, the crisis is alarming. I see but one way to escape; to embark instantly for Europe, and join *Ferdinand*.

That may be practicable, said *Honoria*. Vessels sail daily. But pardon my feelings: the money that was restored to the stranger was my father's; and I think we should abuse his confidence, if we take any resolution without consulting him. Alas! replied I, how shall we discover this embarrassment, without displaying all the depravity of his son! I cannot consent to it.

We were both silent. I have yet the means, cried I, swiftly recollecting myself. I quit you but for a moment. I will return with money to reimburse your father. Without explanation, without a word, I left the house, and flew to father *Bruno*.

It was nearly six months since I had seen

him ; that is to say, since the departure of *Ferdinand.* During this interval I had written often to him. My letters, which spoke only of the goodness of *Honoria* and her father, persuaded him that I was far removed from all care, under their protection. The old man was delighted to see me ; but his joy was soon changed to sorrow, when I recounted to him what had lately happened to me, and all that I had learned from *Honoria.* Finally, I informed him of my design to join *Ferdinand* ; and, having spoken of the impossibility of doing that without repaying M. de C——, I requested him to give me the two thousand crowns which my dear *Ferdinand* had deposited in his hands, for any such extremity.

Bruno fell at my feet without sensation. Oh heavens ! Oh my friend ! Oh my father ! cried I, with wild distraction. I threw myself upon him. I embraced him ; wept over him ; raised him in my arms ; and placed him on his bed. He was long without uttering a word. He took my hand and bathed them with his tears, his eyes towards heaven. I stood amazed with conjecture.

" Oh God ! thou who knowest my heart, oh pardon me ! Ah, my dear *Itanoko*, fly me ; fly from a criminal man."—" Criminal !"—" Desperately criminal. My friend, I have betrayed the confidence of *Ferdinand.* ! your confidence ! I have violated the sanctity of a deposit. I have dis-

regarded that which even depravity reveres as facred. I had this money : I have it no longer."—" Well ! do I not know the uprightneſs of your mind? Whence ſpring theſe reproaches? This gold was *Ferdinand*'s ; it was mine : it was yours. You have made ſome happy uſe of it. Let us thank the mercy of God who has made you the inſtrument of his compaſſion! "

Alas! ſaid the poor old man, in this light did I view the action ; but falſely did I ſee it. The ſingle, the only virtue was faithfully to have preſerved the depoſit. However noble the application of it in other circumſtances, it was no leſs a crime, reſulting as it did from the violation of my faith. Can the beſt feelings of the mind be permitted to open the gates of injuſtice? I did not then feel the truth, but now it preſſes on me with unreſiſted violence.

And if you have erred, ſaid I, folding him in my arms, will not your unfeigned, your unconſtrained repentance, efface this momentary wandering? Ah ! anſwered he, every thing which could tempt the feelings of a human mind ſeemed to unite in leading me aſtray and drawing me into this ſnare. You know my ſedentary life. The duties of my calling, and ſtudy, form my whole employ. If I need relaxation from theſe ſtudies, I viſit the priſons ; liſten to the unfortunate ; conſole their minds ; and by this innocent pleaſure, ſoften the auſterity of my life. Some months ſince—(it was if I

remember right; a few days after the firſt letter which acquainted me with your peaceful retreat at the plantation of M. de C——) I ſay, it is ſome months ſince that I one day as uſual entered the priſon. I remarked a negro whom I had not ſeen there before. I accoſted him; and, being ſomewhat at a loſs to explain the motive which led me to ſpeak to him, I aſked him with an air of indifference the name of his maſter. I have no maſter, he anſwered with a haughty tone. I know of none, but friends and enemies. The reply excited my curioſity. Have you been long in St. Domingo? ſaid I.—"No."—"You ſpeak French fluently. Did you learn it in France?"——"No"—"What has brought you into priſon?"—"Injuſtice."

Aſtoniſhed with his laconic anſwers, and wiſhing to lead him to a further converſation, I ſaid to him, your replies are very abrupt! It is kindneſs alone which induces me to ſpeak to you: (he looked at me with a diſdainful ſmile) and you ought to be a little polite."——"That is what I am not willing to be."—"But why?—"Becauſe I do not wiſh to be barbarous."—"The conſequence is not juſt."—"Extremely juſt. There are none ſo polite as white people."

I knew not what to anſwer. At length, again I ſaid; what have you done to bring you to priſon?—"My duty."—"Then you muſt ſoon leave it."—"I know not."—"Have you not been told what will be your

fate?"—"Suppose so?"——"Then what is it?"——"Death."

He quitted me, and retired to the further part of the prison. Respect restrained me from intruding further upon him at that time: but his figure, a certain elevation in his manners, and the singular turn of his conversation, interested me strongly. Without losing sight of him, I mingled with the other negro prisoners. The affection with which they caressed me, the gratitude they expressed for the trifling services which I had rendered them, placed a scene before his eyes which he did not expect. It seemed at once to extinguish the effects of prejudice in him. I saw him make a movement as if to approach me; but, as I judged it the best means of increasing this desire of confidence, I passed and went out without seeming to notice him.

The keeper of the prison could give me no further information than that he had violently ill treated a young man of distinction: and that you know, said he, is a capital offence in a negro. The next day I went again to visit him. I had not deceived myself; he was the first to accost me. "If you are not offended, said he, I wish to converse with you."—"I am not easily offended with the unfortunate. I pity them."——"Yesterday, I took you for an European. To-day I consider you as a man: for they tell me you are good."—"It is my duty to render services to others; and now, that

you know me, say, what is your crime ? and what can I do for you ?"—" My crime ! I have not committed any. I accompanied a friend to this island. He is also a white man ; and, like you, he is good. I will not tell you the business which led us here. It is the secret of other men, and must remain sacred with me. My friend brought his daughter with him. She was oppressed with great sorrows ; but it will be of no avail to speak of them. While her father pursued the object of his voyage I sought to amuse her ; and, for that purpose, sometimes conducted her on shore : for we still made the ship our abode. I remarked that a young man regarded us with particular attention. I was no-way uneasy ; for I was ignorant of your manners ; and did not know that the attentions of a white man to a female were the symptoms of a crime. One day, we retired somewhat later than usual ; we were but a few paces from our canoe. This young man approached us ; and taking my companion under his arm, offered to lead her away. She shrieked. What have you to do with this woman, said I ? Insolent rascal ! cried the European youth ; dare to come near me and I will crush you to pieces. Without attending to him, I advanced to deliver my companion. He retreated a step and raised his cane to strike me. I had despised his injurious language, but I could not bear this menace ; and, with a blow laid him at my feet. I then proceeded with my companion towards our canoe. A number of people surrounded us ; some of

them seized upon this terrified woman ; others, overpowered me with their united strength ; and dragged me to this horrible dwelling in which you have found me. If what I have done is here called a crime, you must have received other notions from nature than we have. I defended the daughter of my friend ; I defended my title of man, which the threat of an equal dared to impeach : and my heart tells me that I have done right."——" Have you been faithful in your relation? Have you told me the truth?"——" I never speak falsely."—" But why has not your friend the European, interfered in your behalf?"——" He has departed as I am informed."—" Departed without succouring, without seeing you? This is not the conduct of an honest man. ——" Forbear to accuse him. If he has done thus, it was because he was compelled to do so. I rely on his virtues : not on appearances."

I could not but look on him with surprize and respect. Do you wonder to find common sense in a negro? said he. Perhaps so ; here you are surrounded with negroes, and no people know them less than you do. They tell me, notwithstanding, that you decide boldly on the character of negro nations. You must be infatuated ; whoever thought of judging of a man who is free, by a slave?

You see, my dear *Itanoko*, here was a noble display of innocence, frankness, and sim-

plicity. The number of my visits to this youth served to confirm my esteem for him. I saw his judge. He appeared to be informed of the truth. I plainly represented to him that this man had committed no crime; and that in condemning him he would condemn innocence. What would you have me do? said he. I am pressed by the law, all I can do is to delay the proceedings. Meanwhile, see his adversary. Let him desist from the prosecution, and I shall be eager to restore this unfortunate youth to his liberty. Who is the prosecutor? said I. A young man of vitiated manners, answered the judge; but of an esteemed family. It is *Theodore de C*——.

You will feel how the name afflicted me. My respect for *Honoria*, for her venerable father, increased my zeal to spare their family the shame of a crime with which *Theodore* would stain it. I visited him; saw him often; pressed him; but in vain. He was deaf to reason, humanity, religion.

These obstacles gave further energy to my resolution. I determined to inform *Honoria* and her father of the act of violence which *Theodore* had committed, at the hazard of all the uneasiness it might cause them; every consideration sinking, in my judgment, before the superior obligation of preventing a deed of injustice. I was about to execute this resolve when chance presented to me another mode which seemed to be infallible.

I went, one morning, to a notary of this city to receive a legacy which I was charged, by the will of a pious perſon, to diſtribute among the poor. A man entered; and propoſed, before me without ceremony, that the notary ſhould lend *Theodore* a hundred and fifty louis-d'ors; promiſing an intereſt which, to me, appeared enormous. The anſwer of the notary was ſhort and honeſt. I make no uſurious contracts, ſaid he. I have money, but it is the property of my clients, and I muſt not expoſe it to hazard; nor can I contribute to the exceſſes of a young man. The agent went out, offended; and, my buſineſs being finiſhed, I alſo retired. The unfortunate negro in priſon was ever before my eyes; and this ſtruck me as a happy opportunity to obtain his releaſe. *Theodore* cannot deny this favour to any one who will carry him the ſum, thought I; but how to procure it? I revolved the matter long in my mind. At laſt, I ſuddenly ſtarted as from a dream. Ah! how ſimple am I? Have I not the two thouſand crowns which *Ferdinand* left me? *Itanoko* is at preſent far from having any need of this ſum. I have yet left, the only remains of my fortune, government ſecurity for ten thouſand francs. My notary ſhall ſend this into France to be ſold; and I will replace the money which I ſhall take from the depoſit. I embraced the idea with joy. I ſaw only the good I was about to accompliſh. The breach of confidence I was committing never once entered my mind. Obſerve how fatally we

are deceived if we ſuffer the value of any object, however worthy, to allure us into the ſlighteſt iniquity in the means.

I returned to the notary; and, explaining my deſigns, I gave him an authority to ſell my ten thouſand francs; and executed a deed in his preſence, by which I ſecured to *Ferdinand* the repayment of his money if I ſhould die before I ſhould receive the produce of my ſale from France. Then, imagining myſelf free from all reproach, I flew to *Theodore*, with an hundred and fifty louis-d'ors.

You have need of money, ſaid I to him; and, if you will grant the pardon of a negro who has offended you, I will ſupply your neceſſity; without holding you indebted for the ſum. The pardon of a negro! cried *Theodore*, I will give you the pardon of a thouſand, to ſupply the preſent exigency.—Depraved youth! (ſaid I to myſelf; and ſcarcely could I refrain from ſpeaking it aloud) do you give for money, what you have refuſed to the moſt ſacred titles?

I took *Theodore* to the judge. He ſigned the negroe's diſcharge. I delivered the money, flew to the priſon, releaſed my negro, embraced him, and gave him ſome pecuniary aſſiſtance. He quitted me; and I have never ſeen him ſince.

How does error blind us! No remorſe, no alarms have ſucceeded this action, till

the moment that terror, roused by your danger, has torn the bandage from my eyes.

Ah my friend, said I, where is the man, the friend of human nature, who dares to condemn you? That man, answered he vehemently, who placed between us shall see the precipice to which my treachery has exposed you. Justly would he say to me: you have saved a man from death; he was innocent; be that granted. But, look on your friend; his dangers are not less; his innocence is equal. If he perish, will it satisfy you to say that you could not foresee it? The deposit appertained of right to him; and does not the bare name of deposit recall to your mind that it was a resource designed for his unforeseen necessities? Ah *Itanoko*, what could I answer to this! Nothing solid, I will own; said I, but who except myself has a right to complain of your conduct? and I, my dear father, I am proud of the use which you have made of this money. I employed much of the night in labouring to calm his mind; vainly: a pure mind knows not how to pardon itself the lightest faults.

He would have given me the remainder of the deposit. No, I said, my resolution is taken. Give this money to *Honoria* for her father; and when you receive the produce of your sale, complete the entire sum which he has advanced for me. The peril of my situation, the gentleness of *Honoria*, might tempt her to abuse the confidence of

her father: I will not expoſe her to the conteſt. Adieu! I muſt be left maſter of my fate. Yet I do not renounce the happineſs of ſeeing you again. I am young; and have ſtrength. The Spaniards, your neighbours, preſent me an aſylum where the injuſtice of *Urban* will not reach me: I will not conceal my retreat from you. You ſhall inform me of the return of *Ferdinand;* and all theſe ſtorms ſhall be calmed.

The dawn approached; farewell, ſaid I to *Bruno*. Farewell! I ſhall ever love you. He wept over me. He preſſed on me a ſmall purſe, the reſult of his ſavings. An obſtinate refuſal now might have ſpoken reſentment; and I trembled leſt he ſhould ſuppoſe me capable of it. I made another effort. Again farewell! ſaid I. Tell my friends that the poor *Itanoko*, at this inſtant, feels only the unhappineſs of being driven from them. I ruſhed to the door without his anſwer; and ran till I had left the city half a league behind me.

A ſmall wood was near my road. I retired into it to take breath. I ſat down on the earth. I forgot my journey, and yielded to the commotion of my thoughts.

What a fate is mine! ſaid I. Others endure adverſity from the malice of men. It ſeems that even virtue is leagued with vice to deſtroy me. Without the virtues of *Dumont*, ſhould I have been led to confide in *Urban?* What was it but the generoſity

of *Urban*'s ſon, which made me ſpare the life of this bitter enemy? Was it not the tender pity of *Honoria* and her father which expoſed me to the villainy of *Theodore?* And did not their abhorrence of *Urban*'s baſeneſs to me, realiſe all the dangers which could ariſe from his falſe accuſation of me? In fine, when there remained but one reſource to diſengage me from the labyrinth in which I was encloſed, muſt humanity, muſt chriſtian charity deprive me of that, by abuſing their charms to ſeduce the moſt honeſt of men from his duty? Where then ſhall I fly to ſave myſelf from the machinations of the wicked, and the dangerous protection of the virtuous?

But let me own the truth, ſaid I, inſtantly recollecting myſelf. Unhappineſs muſt be the reſult, even to the virtuous, when they ſuffer the ſmalleſt taint of diſſimulation to ſtain their actions; and hitherto, not one of my European friends have been altogether pure in this reſpect. Hence, they deceived themſelves. Hence, they ruined me. *Dumont* concealed from me the miſerable condition of my countrymen amongſt white people. *Ferdinand*, the infamous deſigns of his father. *Honoria*, her projects founded on treachery. *Bruno*, the error into which his compaſſion had led him. In every inſtance, the conſequence has pointed out the defect of their policy. Thus it muſt be through life: we ſhall ſtrike on rocks when truth is no longer our guide.

My mind cleaved, with firmer reliance, to her virtuous principles. I reconsidered my design of going among the Spaniards. I depended much on my talents, which, during my retreat, I had ardently cultivated. But if I should have miscalculated their value, labour did not terrify me. Much as I would have preferred the pleasure of joining *Ferdinand* (a pleasure which I viewed with the sweetest sensations, even while *Honoria* unfolded all my danger to me,) yet I dared not, for that purpose, take any thing from the sum which remained with *Bruno*, and which was already insufficient to repay M. *de C*——, I rose, therefore, from my meditations, strengthened in my resolution; which seemed to me the only one that could preserve the purity of my heart, and the esteem of my own mind. My soul was filled with delight. I threw myself on my knees. Oh God! cried I, when the wicked would destroy me, when the good cannot aid me, thou dost not abandon me! Under the heavens of Africa, or in these isles, which thy hand has planted on the ocean, I am equally near the eye of thy power. Still let thy goodness attend me—thy goodness which delights to guide the unfortunate?

I arose. I left the wood; and proceeded with tranquility. I was well enough acquainted with the island, not to be embarrassed as to my road; and I resolved to traverse the chain of mountains at a place which I had discovered to be the narrowest, and which lay about a league to the left of M. *de C*—'s

plantation. I examined *Bruno*'s purſe. It contained five louis-d'ors and ſome ſilver : a ſum which would be perfectly ſufficient for my firſt occaſions.

I travelled with vigour the whole day, without making any ſtay, except to buy ſome light proviſions to ſupport me during my journey. The ſun was ſetting when I plunged into a foreſt which extended itſelf towards the ſummit of the mountains. I now wanted repoſe : and I had need of light to avoid the precipices which I muſt encounter in this almoſt inacceſſible place. Yet the dread of wild beaſts would not ſuffer me to lie down, and I croſſed the foreſt. The bareneſs and ſteepneſs of the rocks, with which I now found myſelf ſurrounded, promiſed me ſafety. Diſengaged from the obſcurity that reigned under the tall ſpreading trees of the foreſt, I had ſufficient light to enable me to climb a rock which roſe many feet above that part of the mountain which ſerved as its baſe. This rock ſeemed to be formed for the ſecurity of ſome unhappy being in my ſituation. It was inacceſſible on all ſides, except on that by which I had mounted it (and there only by a narrow paſſage, which I eaſily cloſed after me by looſe pieces of the rock ;) while the greater part of it commanded, in proud ſtate, the profound abyſs below.

Thus removed from ſurpriſe, defying, in my aſylum, the ferocious animals of the foreſt, and men, more to be feared than thoſe,

I sat down and calmly enjoyed part of my nourishment. The moon soon rose to chase away the partial darkness which succeeded the burning heat of the day. I cast my looks around, and beheld with voluptuous majesty, the august spectacle before me. All slept, except nature. I fancied I hung over the universe; and seemed to be connected with human nature only by remembrance. Under my feet, the agitation of the forest formed a succession of crouded and dark waves. Distant objects, diminished by intervening space, fled before my sight, and lost themselves in the fugitive horizon. Near me, accumulated mountains appeared to interrupt, with their bleached heads, the peaceful and light clouds; and the ocean, upon his deceitful surface, multiplied the lights of the eternal vault.

How little is man, opposed to the wonders of nature! What, said I, now employs the haughty sovereigns, the fierce conquerors of the earth? Stretched upon purple, they weigh their power upon the balance of pride. Ah, the mole also believes, in his corner, that he agitates the globe! Approach, man, to try your power with the hand which composed this scene! Approach, Europeans; you, whose riches are the mute witnesses of your crimes, and of negroes tears. Scatter upon the face of this vast bason all the gold of the world; the crowns of monarchs; the diamonds of their courts; the vases of their palaces; the purple of their slaves: will it add a single spark to its splendor, its magnificence?

Sleep insensibly overtook me; and, though the rock was my pillow, never had my senses been plunged in a more profound repose. Even flattering dreams did not dare to solicit them. This interval of rest left not a trace in my imagination. The heat of the sunbeams drew me from this calm. The scene had changed. I left the universe in silence; terror reigning under the formidable shade of the mountains. I found it enriched with the pearls of the morning, animated, melodious, burning. The monotonous murmer of fountains was lost in the chorus of day; but I beheld their silver streams hurrying to brave the tempest of the ocean. I forgot myself in the bosom of nature. The distant cries of some cultivators called me back to the unhappy condition of humanity.

I left my retreat, and long sought for a path which might guide me in my embarrassing journey. At length I thought I perceived some traces on the sand, and I followed them. The fatigues which I endured for four or five hours were inexpressible: sometimes crawling over rugged places, with lacerated hands and knees; sometimes suspended over the brink of precipices by shrubs, whose frail roots threatened to deceive my hopes; often placing my timid feet on rocks which, yielding to my weight, rushed, while I had scarcely quitted them, with terrible noise into the dreadful abyss. In short, disputing my ground rather than travelling, I reached the summit of the moun-

tains, and hoped that I had nothing to do but deſcend into the country inhabited by the Spaniards. I was worn out; and, availing myſelf of ſome trees, I ſat down beneath their ſhade. It might be mid-day. I ſpread my trifling proviſions on the moſs before me; but the heat of the day, and my exertions had created ſuch a burning thirſt, that I could ſwallow no part of it. I looked around, but ſaw no water. I liſtened and thought I heard ſome flow at a diſtance. I roſe and approached the place. I diſcovered a fountain. I extinguiſhed my thirſt, and having filled a little flaſk (which had ſome wine in it when I left the city) I ſlowly returned to enjoy my ſimple repaſt.

I had arrived within an hundred paces, when I perceived a man who ſeemed to contemplate with ſurpriſe this ſpecies of collation, in an inhoſpitable and almoſt uninhabited place. Fear was the firſt feeling of my mind. I am followed, I am diſcovered, ſaid I. But ſoon my native courage flew to my aid: Is any ſingle man, ſaid I, formed to alarm me—and without weapons! A movement which he made, diſcovered to me that he was a negro. Encouraged by this ſight, I advance. I diſtinguiſh his features. I know him. Spring into his arms. My trembling knees fail me. I fall, and drag him after me. All was ſwift as imagination. What ſee I, cried he, *Itanoko!* It is you, my dear *Itanoko*. "Oh, my dear *Otourou!*" It was him.

Twenty times we embrace. Examine each other as to the reality. We are convinced that it is no dream. Embrace again; and thus fly the firſt happy inſtants of our meeting.

Oh my God, I thank thee! ſaid I, with all the enthuſiaſm of gratitude. To be at the extremity of the world, unfortunate, perſecuted, fugitive: to be ſuddenly in the arms of a friend—a friend whom wide ſeas, in thought, ſeparated from me, was a benefaction I could ſcarce ſupport.

My *Otourou*, cried I, in one word deſtroy an inquietude which agitates me. Am I indebted to your chains for this bleſſing? No, my friend, interrupted he, I am free. Friendſhip alone has brought me hither. Thank God! continued I. But ſpeak to me of my father, of *Amelia*, of *Dumont!* Diſguiſe nothing from me. You ſhall know all, ſaid he, and would to God I could talk to you only of happineſs. I have ſeen the moment—but it is fled as a ſhadow!

"Know theſe fatal coaſts have ſeen your friend accompanied by *Amelia*, by *Dumont*. We all fought you, I alone have found you, when I loſt them."—"Oh heavens! *Dumont! Amelia!*"—"Before I teach you more, ſatisfy my juſt impatience: think that, by traverſing ſeas to ſeek you, I have acquired ſome pre-eminence. Why did you leave Africa! Why your flight? Oh unfortunate *Itanoko*, happineſs awaited you!"—

" However cruel, my dear *Otourou*, the incertitude in which you leave me, I obey you. Liſten, and judge me !"

Then we ſat down together; and I, commencing my recital from the inſtant in which I became the priſoner of *Damel*, continued it to the hour in which my friend was thus reſtored to me. He liſtened in ſilence: and anſwered, at times, by his tears; at others, by the fury which kindled in his eyes. In fine, ſaid I, you ſee that I have been unfortunate. I am ſtill ſo. But my heart is pure. It is without remorſe: and God has, this day, given me an earneſt that he will recompenſe me for all.

But my friend, ſaid I——You ſhall know all, interrupted *Otourou*. Follow me, I will ſhew you my retreat.

I thought no longer of continuing my route. I concluded that this adventure would lead to a new order of things. We roſe and *Otourou* led the way.

In a quarter of an hour, we arrived at a grotto formed by nature. See here, ſaid *Otourou*, my humble aſylum. The evening approaching, the air became cold on this high part of the mountain. *Otourou* collected ſome branches, dried by time, and kindled a fire. The ſmoke, without incommoding us, eſcaped through a reft of the rock. We collected the little proviſions we had, and we refreſhed ourſelves with a re-

paſt which we would not have changed to have ſed with kings.

You have ſuffered much, ſaid *Otourou;* but your ſufferings are not ended. Yet arm yourſelf with courage: at leaſt, *Otourou* is with you; and from hence, it ſhall be the taſk of friendſhip to lighten your burthen.

You recall the day in which victory crowned us. Ah, fatal was the hour in which I ceaſed to combat by your ſide. In the horrible purſuit of our enemies, I followed you during ſome time. Your father preſſed on, with the ſame ardour. Some warriors among the enemy rallied, and inſtantly ſurrounded him. Our friends, moſt of them wearied with carnage, and the remainder diſperſed after the fugitives, did not perceive your father's danger. I alone ſaw it. I turned aſide from you. I flew to his aid. He was on the point of periſhing. His adverſaries, panic ſtruck with my fury, all fled; except a few who fell beneath my arms.

At this inſtant *Dumont* joined us; and adviſed your father to ſound a retreat. He continued to aid your father with his counſels. We encamped on an advantageous ground. *Dumont* placed guards; traced entrenchments where he thought they were required; though he ſcarcely ſuppoſed that the enemy would return back to the combat, he acted as if that had been certain.

Your father dispatched a courier to *Siratik*; and alike just and generous, he wrote that he owed all to the genius, the courage of *Dumont*. The chiefs of the army were then assembled, and they resolved to wait in this place the orders of the sovereign. Mean while, the principal officers were invited to celebrate the triumph. It was near five in the evening when the festival commenced; yet you did not appear. Your father, *Dumont*, myself, and your companions, had already enquired for you. No one knew your fate. However, as each minute different parties rejoined the army, we still flattered ourselves to see you return. Night closed upon us. Your father, *Dumont* and I, could no longer subdue our alarms. Yet we sought to weaken them by vain suppositions. We could not impose on ourselves; our apprehensions increased each instant. In this manner the time passed away. At day-break, I flew to every quarter, I returned to your father and *Dumont*. My countenance told my tale. My son is dead, cried your father. I cannot think that, said I. The enemy fled before him when I quitted him.

We had not rendered our last duties to the slain. They were examined with care; you were not found among them; and we became more tranquil respecting your life. Feeble consolation—seeing this circumstance no longer left any doubt that you were taken prisoner: and that, hence, we must renounce the dear hope of ever seeing you more. I do not speak of our sorrow: you will con-

ceive it. The whole army, who loved your father, partook of it; and never, perhaps, was the day ſucceeding a victory marked by ſo mournful and dark a ſilence.

Had they not poſitively prevented me, I had ſelected ſome few friends, and reſcued you, or fallen in the attempt. But your father, as diſintereſted a patriot as a tender parent, declared that, in a cauſe which concerned himſelf alone, he would not ſuffer the blood of the meaneſt citizen to be ſpilt.

We ſhortly received orders from *Siratik* to diſmiſs the army. He was now fully informed of the pacific diſpoſition of *Damel*, and this good prince was in haſte to reſtore the happineſs of peace to his people. What a moment, oh my friend, in which we reached our home! *Amelia* underſtood our ſtory before we told it. *Dumont* affected, in vain, a reſignation which his moiſtened eye denied. He exhorted his daughter to cheriſh a hope which he had not himſelf. And I—I my dear *Itanoko!*—Recal to your mind our friendſhip—Need I paint the condition in which I was?

How could you quit him? ſaid *Amelia* to me, with an accent of grief and reproach. I took your father's hand, and drew him near her. He lives, ſaid I. Behold my excuſe!

In the mean time, our duty called us to the court. What a contraſt! The ravings

of public joy ſtruck on our ears; our own ſorrows, on our hearts. The prince was informed of the loſs we had ſuſtained. He ſpoke of it to your father and *Dumont* with feeling, and after rendering them the thanks due to their courage, he aſſured them he would employ every means which could be deviſed to procure your liberty.

The policy of *Damel* ran to meet our wiſhes. Feeling that we ſhould execute an exemplary vengeance for this unjuſt war, he was willing to ſacrifice the rights he had acquired over you to procure a laſting peace. He ſent ambaſſadors to negociate the affair. They arrived. Almoſt delirious was our joy. *Siratik* agreed to the propoſition. He commiſſioned your father and *Dumont* to finiſh the treaty. *Amelia* and I followed the happy commiſſioners.

We arrived at the court of *Damel*. He, undoubtedly wiſhing to gain better terms, by heightening our impatience, had made it a condition that no one ſhould have any communication with you till all ſhould be compleated. In deſpight of this prohibition, one day, I endeavoured to penetrate the place in which they had ſecured you. *Damel* was informed of it, and threatened to break off all conference, if any other attempt, to that end, ſhould be made. Reluctantly I conſented. Fatal conſent!

At length all difficulties were removed; and *Damel* had fixed the following day for

the ceremony of swearing to the observance of the treaty, and to restore my *Itanoko* to us. Already did we see you; announce your happiness to you: already did paternal tenderness, love, friendship, fold you in their arms!

The ceremony was to be performed with splendour. We had risen early, to prepare for the exulting moment. An officer of *Damel*'s court presented himself, and earnestly prayed your father and *Dumont* instantly to attend the sovereign. You see me in despair, said *Damel*, as they entered. Our prisoner has, this night, escaped us. I have not suspected you. Your conduct deserved that confidence: and I see, by your looks, that I have not misunderstood you. But what has become of him? All, whom I have sent to seek him, have returned without success; and I now can only imagine, that he has taken refuge in some of the European vessels. Ah, if it is true, cried *Dumont* with transport, delay not to visit the vessels. You alone know the horrid danger of his situation. I have foreseen it, replied *Damel*. I have given my orders to the captains, and expect their attendance.

A short time after, they appeared. *Damel* signified his commands. They swore to conform to them; and officers were instantly named to execute them.

We waited the issue. *Amelia*'s forebo-

ding heart abandoned itself to dispair. Your father, sacrificing his emotions to prudence, scrutinized the conduct of *Damel*: almost suspecting perfidy. *But Dumont*—had I known *Dumont*, I should have sworn he was the author of your flight. His agitation was not that which he discovered when you had fallen into the hands of your enemies. It was blind fury! It was madness!

The canoes appointed to make the search, the troops that were to escort them, were assembling. News came that a French vessel had set her sails, and was in motion. Oh! cried *Dumont:* the inhuman——Oh wretches! Yes! yes! they are capable of it!

He flew to the port. I followed. Already the vessel cut the waves. *Dumont* threw himself into a canoe; intreated, conjured the rowers to join him. Moved by his manner, they were in motion to depart. What would you alone? said I. Perish! cried he. Reason had no command over him. I sprang into the canoe, and the negroes laid their strength to the oars.

Speedily ten canoes followed us. For some time, the swiftness of the canoes gave us hope. The wind increased; at the close of the day, the distance of the vessel mocked our pursuit; and I saw that night would transport her beyond the possibility of our reach.

The eyes of *Dumont* ceaſed to follow her courſe. He ſat down at the botom of the canoe, and hid his face in his hands. "Oh my God! my God! ſave him from deſpair!" His voice was ſcarce heard. His hands dropped. I trembled for his life. I turned their oars inſtantly toward the land.

We removed *Dumont* to his apartment. His unfortunate child, even your father, forgot you: the wretched ſtate of *Dumont* ſwallowed up all other reflections. *Damel* exerted himſelf to conſole us. The wound was too deep thus to be healed.

In ſome days, the recollection of *Dumont* returned. His words, his exclamations, were without meaning to us. Alas! they were too ſoon explained! To himſelf it was reſerved, to unfold to us all the extent of your wretchedneſs!

Your father fell beneath the ſtroke. He could have ſupported your abſence, your death. He could not ſurvive the thoughts of your chains.

In the mean time, your fatal flight ſuſpended the concluſion of the treaty. The people, dreading the conſequences of the unjuſt war into which their ſovereign had drawn them, aſſembled tumultuouſly around the palace; and this ſedition threatened the life of *Damel*. Let me ſaid your father, deſcend into the tomb without

reproach. His eager virtue recalled his waſting ſtrength. He beſought *Dumont* to follow him to the palace. The people opened a paſſage to us. We entered. Prince, ſaid your father to *Damel*, you have preſerved your faith, It is not juſt that either you or your people ſhould be the victim of my misfortune. My ſon was to have been given as the price of peace. That cannot be. But——He waved his hand, as if to requeſt a moment's patience. Our breath was almoſt huſhed. He proceeded. I know my ſovereign: I will ſilence the cry for blood; and he will thank me to have reſtored happineſs to both people.

Damel embraced him with tranſport. Peace was ſworn to in the preſence of the people. The people anſwered with acclamations.

Wide is the influence of virtue. *Damel* would not be outdone in generoſity. Why not fly to gain *Itanoko?* ſaid he. My treaſures are open to your uſe. *Dumont:* be this your work. Born in Europe, their manners are familiar to you. Go, and regain the liberty of *Itanoko*. Ah! cried *Dumont*, heaven inſpires you! Behold, my friend, continued he, turning to your father: your ſon returns to you. I was the cauſe of his loſs. I will lead him back. Ah! may I hope it will efface my crime?

Your father embraced him. Think not, ſaid he, with a faint voice, that I accuſe

you. Do not imagine that I hate your nation: much less, that I cease to love you. My son shall soon have no father. Let me, while I am dying, bequeath your friendship to him. I know him. He will bless the inheritance. And if you think that you owe me, owe my fellow citizens, some gratitude, love the unfortunate *Itanoko* as my son, as a negro, and you shall have paid your debt to his country and to his father. I swear it, cried *Dumont*. Your father heard no more. His soul was fled.——My friend! *Itanoko!*

My grief was too violent then to be expressed by tears; nor can words now give an idea of its excess.

At length I found utterance. "Ah, fatal impatience! I alone am criminal! I have caused the misfortunes of my friends: I brought my father to his grave!"

I knew my recital, said *Otourou*, would call for your courage, and I relied on it. How shameful! answered I. Am I a christian; and have not the energies of your mind. You boast of my strength, said *Otourou*. Know your own. It is still necessary. Listen.

We returned with the ashes of your father, and deposited them in the bosom of his country. *Siratik* ratified the peace of *Dumont*, and his dying friend. He shed

tears over our misfortunes, and contributed to haſten our departure for Europe.

When every thing was ready, I ſaid to *Dumont:* My friends are my only family. Let me go with you. Let me be, after you, the firſt to embrace the unfortunate *Itanoko*. What attentions do not your age require! and who than I has a better right to adminiſter them. You ſeek a ſon: you ſhall find him; but till then, let me be in his place. Does not your heart ſay any thing for poor *Otourou?* Ah! you meet my wiſhes, replied he. I dared not propoſe to you to abandon your country. But, as you do not fear to attach yourſelf to the fate of an unfortunate being, come: your reſolution is a new benefaction to me. Poor as I am, my friendſhip ſhall be the ſole reward of your affection. I have nothing more to offer. What need I more, ſaid I, preſſing his hand to my boſom.

We took our leave of *Siratik*. *Dumont* engaged to inform him of the ſucceſs of his voyage; and promiſed to return himſelf to Africa, if fortune ſhould ſecond our wiſhes. In a ſhort time we arrived at the court of *Damel*, where we were to embark for Europe. The young prince was faithful to his promiſe. He gave to *Dumont* gold, more than ſufficient for all the purpoſes of our enterpriſe. Since the time of your flight, we had learned that the French veſſel, in which we ſuppoſed you to be, had ſailed for St. Domingo, and that the captain's name

was *Urban*. *Dumont* would gladly have proceeded immediately to that place; but all the traders of the American isles were departed, and there was no vessel in the port but an English East-Indiaman, which was driven on the coast of Africa by stress of weather. The captain generously offered us a passage to Europe, and we were happy to embrace the offer.

The vessel sailed; and we lost sight, perhaps for ever, of the country which, my *Itanoko*, served as our cradle. I turned my back on it without regret. I was in search of you. It is erroneous to talk of secret ties binding us to our native soil. Filial piety, paternal love, friendship; such are the bands which unite us to our country. In these wild mountains, I find the charms which the place of my birth no longer boasts.

I will not weary you with a recital of a tedious voyage. We were mournful enough. *Amelia*, her mother, *Dumont*, and I, passed our time in talking of you; and sometimes hope stepped in to solace us. We arrived in the channel, and within eight hours anchored on the English coast. We lost no time, but in procuring European money for the riches *Dumont* brought from Africa; which the English captain managed for us. We took our leave of him, to sail for Calais (a city in France) full of gratitude for his kindness.

This man had not the engaging affablility of *Dumont*, but he had all his virtues. The contraſt between the Engliſh and French was indeed what moſt engaged my attention during my ſhort ſtay in Europe. One has the appearance of habitual ſorrow; the other is all gaiety. The latter ſeems to ſtudy how to oblige you; the former is inceſſantly obliging you, without ſeeming to think of it. I perceived that an Engliſhman's friendſhip increaſes with time, while the Frenchman ſeems to forget you as he knows you better. The conduct of the Engliſh appears more conſonant to reaſon; for, if the friendſhip of the French continued increaſing with the ſame intemperance with which it commences, it would ſoon proceed to a perfect delirium. The Engliſhman is frugal of his heart, ſo that you find reſources in it to anſwer all your need; that of the Frenchman is drained at firſt view, and he has nothing to offer you when occaſions calls for his ſervices.

Dumont's firſt deſign was to go to Nantz, his native place. The moment he arrived in England, he had written to enquire for his brother. He was informed that his brother had left that city more than twenty years ſince; nor was it known what was become of him. *Dumont* now, therefore, reſolved to take the route of Bourdeaux, from whence he hoped more ſpeedily to procure a paſſage for St. Domingo. We paſſed through a great part of France. You will ſuppoſe with what aſtoniſhment I beheld a

multitude of majeſtic cities. We ſaw Paris. It is a kingdom, and not a city.

At length we reached Bourdeaux. This city alone might be the glory of an empire; there we found united the pride of commerce, the ſplendour of riches, and the luxury of the arts. The inhabitants may be there reckoned by the number of palaces; and the people know neither the miſery of idleneſs, nor the preſſure of indigence.

There I ſaw ſome negroes, for the firſt time ſince our departure from Africa. I accoſted them. You are ſlaves, then? ſaid I to them, in our language. No: anſwered they; we have been in that condition, but are no longer ſo.——"Your maſters are humane; they have freed you."—"No: when we place our feet on French ground, we are free. It is the will of the laws."—"Oh! I underſtand. The country in which you carried chains, belongs to another ſovereign.—"Not at all: it is the ſame king who reigns here."—"Two different laws in two different places of the ſame ſtate! (11) The contradiction is ſtrange.

Dumont bought a veſſel, of which he himſelf took the command: his mind being too much bent on his object to wait the interêſts or pleaſure of a trader. It is incredible how ſoon every thing was ready for our voyage; but it was not the firſt time I had

occaſion to obſerve that, in Europe, they perform miracles with gold.

In the midſt of *Dumont*'s care at Bourdeaux, he had not forgot a ſacred duty; his wife and daughter received baptiſm; and he himſelf ſanctified, in the boſom of the church, the ties which love had formed in Africa. But will you imagine the prejudice of theſe white people? Some friends, that we had made during our ſtay at Bourdeaux, and who were invited to the ceremony, would have gladly perſuaded *Dumont* that he diſhonoured himſelf, by taking a negro for his ſpouſe. His anſwer was ſimple, and I loved him ſtill more for it. The negroes, ſaid he, have not been aſhamed to ſave my life: why ſhould I bluſh to ally myſelf to them? They laughed at him; and I refuſed to become a chriſtian. I aſked *Dumont* if theſe people were chriſtians. He anſwered in the affirmative. I would not preſs any further queſtions, leſt he ſhould think I doubted his veracity; but I ran to find the prieſt. What think you of *Dumont?* ſaid I. Did he do well in marrying the negro? He ſmiled. "Why do you aſk me?"—"I want ſimply to know if he did his duty."—"Undoubtedly."—"Then your religion makes no diſtinction between black and white people?"—"None: no ſuch diſtinction can exiſt in the eye of God."—"Why then is it ſaid, that *Dumont* has diſhonoured himſelf?"—"The morality of the world is not that of *Jeſus Chriſt*. Let the world condemn *Dumont*. It is not

the world who shall judge him. Europeans, negroes, are all equal before the throne of mercy; and he who shall prove himself the firmest in the discharge of his duties, shall alone be truly great in the eyes of the Supreme Being."—"Well, said I, quitting him, the christians reason ill; but their religion speaks well, and it shall one day be mine.

Our voyage to St. Domingo was favourable. In six weeks we anchored in the port. *Dumont* designed to sail, the moment you should be on board, for Africa, to discharge his promise to the two sovereigns; and then, if we should all be unanimous in the wish of passing the remainder of our days there, he resolved for ever to renounce European grandeur, for the simplicity of African happiness. Vain projects! While imagination was striding towards the accomplishment of our wishes, we were but hastening to plunge into the precipice.

Dumont would not treat directly with *Urban*. In visiting him, he might have encountered you. Your joy would have betrayed the secret; and your tyrant might have encumbered the negociation with endless difficulties. *Dumont* well knew the character of these people. He therefore committed the business to a broker. Can you conceive our anxiety! To have you under our eyes; almost to touch you; and, for your own sake, neither to dare speak to nor see you! It was a bitter torment. Mean

while, the health of *Amelia* became weakened. She imagined that it would be of ſervice to her to walk on the ſhore. The deſire of meeting you, or perhaps only of ſeeing you at a diſtance, I am perſuaded, was the true cauſe of her wiſh to leave the ſhip. Her father with great difficulty, conſented to it; but was perſuaded by my earneſt entreaty: for I could not bear to ſee the unhappy condition of *Amelia*.

In our firſt walk, I obſerved that a young European ſeemed to look on us with particular attention; and every day we encountered him. I ought to have informed *Dumont* of this circumſtance. Verſed in European manners, he had foreſeen its tendency; but I thought nothing of the matter.

One night *Dumont* received, by a canoe ſent expreſs, a note from his broker, which informed that the bargain was finiſhed. Ah! *Honoria*, cried I, interupting *Otourou*, what have you done! Your recital, replied *Otourou*, has unveiled the myſtery which I could not then conceive: but liſten, and call forth your ſtrength. We approach a day which deſolates my mind ſtill more than that in which you fled from Africa. It was uſhered in by the moſt brilliant Aurora, as if to embelliſh the hour which was to ſnatch you, not from chains impoſed by the eſtabliſhed cuſtoms of war, but from the fetters of a cowardly barbarous aſſaſſin. Ah, why did not the torrent of delight,

which rushed upon us, for ever overwhelm every sort of sensation!

You know the fatal intelligence which awaited us, on our going to receive you at the hands of the broker. The shades of death encompassed *Amelia*—but I see you tremble: shall I conclude?——It must be —*Dumont* went to the judge to solicit your pardon. *Amelia* recovered her senses. I availed myself of this moment. Her mother had been detained on board by sickness. I felt how much her unfortunate daughter needed her consoling presence. We departed for the ship. Night had come. Already were we on the shore. We were attacked by the young man of whom I have spoken. I struck him to the earth. His creatures surrounded us—— They tore *Amelia* from me—an unworthy prison —

"Hold, *Otourou*! Vengeance! vengeance! Ah, it was *Amelia!* She had perceived me: She could not conceal her love. Ah, my *Amelia!* were you so near and did I not plunge my hand into the blood of my wretched rival!"

Otourou interrupted me. Whence have you known this? said he. Too horribly have I known it, answered I; and *Theodore* was the base villain. The traitor had concealed her in the plantation to which *Honoria* sent me. If she has survived her despair, still may we deliver her: let us fly!

The plantation is ſcarcely divided from the border of theſe mountains. Ah! ſaid *Otourou*, it is the ſame; but alas! ſhe is no longer there.

Oh! cried I, how my head wanders! I remember—The equerry told me. Ah, my God! I am more loſt than ever."—"Courage, my friend! It is but three nights ſince her flight. We ſhall be happy in ſeeking her together."—"You are ſuſtained by patience; you are not oppreſſed by the torments of love."—True: and I have the perſeverance of friendſhip, *Itanoko*."

At theſe words? the tears ruſhed from my eyes. I threw myſelf into the arms of *Otourou*. "Oh, ſupport me! ſupport me! I die!" *Otourou* ſaw my tears with delight. He endeavoured to give them ſtill greater ſcope, by the tendereſt diſcourſe. He ſaw they would ſave my burſting heart; and, to withdraw my attention from the cruel future, he inſenſibly reſumed his recital.

I was certainly ungrateful, ſaid he, in leaving the city without ſeeing *Bruno*; but friendſhip called me away. I flew at firſt to the broker. He was ignorant of every thing, excepting that *Dumont* had failed on the day in which we were to have received you. With that I was already acquainted. I did not ſtay to inform him of *Amelia*'s misfortune, but abruptly left him.

I own to you that, notwithſtanding I had loſt you, perhaps for ever; notwithſtanding the wretched ſituation of *Amelia*; notwithſtanding the terrors of a long impriſonment, and the deſtitute condition in which I was plunged, *Dumont* alone occupied all my thoughts. If he had not been my friend, my protector, my father, with what black ideas had not his conduct filled my ſoul! What could induce him to leave a place in which his daughter was likely to be the defenceleſs victim of a villain? In which he knew that *Otourou* was in irons? Could he be ignorant of it? that was not probable; becauſe I had written to him the account of our misfortune on the very night on which I was caſt into priſon. My heart bled while I thought of this inconceivable conduct. Yet is God my witneſs that no hard thoughts of *Dumont* were mingled in the hurrying ſentiments of my mind. I aſcribed all to ſome new misfortune. But what could this misfortune be? I had no clue to the labyrinth, and I tormented myſelf in vain.

Having entirely loſt all traces of *Dumont*, I thought only of finding his daughter, of reſcuing her. A little money, *Bruno*'s laſt benefaction to me, has, with extreme temperance, ſuſtained me to this hour through my enquiries. There is no plantation, no place, however hidden, in this iſland, which have not witneſſed my labours. Four months were gone, and I was on the point of renouncing all my hopes, when they ſuddenly ſprang up a-new from an unexpected accident.

It was five in the evening. I ſtood leaning againſt the gate of a houſe, and ſorrowfully reviewing the paſt, anxiouſly looking forward to the future. A tall negro accoſted me. Comrade, ſaid he, have you nothing to do ?—" Why ?"—Becauſe I would beg a favour of you."—" If I can ſerve you, be ceremony apart: ſpeak."—" You ſee this letter; it muſt be ſafely delivered according to the direction.—They might detain me for an anſwer; and in two hours I will meet you here again."—" Give it me. I will go."—" I thank you; for you cannot imagine the ſatisfaction you give me. Here is a piaſtre for your trouble ?"—" For my trouble ! I never ſell my labour. I give it."—" But"—" But does the deſire which leads me to oblige you, coſt me any thing ? Keep your money."

I quitted him, and carried the letter. It was addreſſed to a woman. I knocked at the door of a tolerably handſome houſe. A man opened it. I preſented my letter. Madam is above, ſaid he. You muſt go up to her. He touched a bell, and I found an old European woman on the ſtair-caſe. She ſaid in a ſhrill tone, What is your buſineſs? I gave her the letter. She looked at it, and deſired me to wait for an anſwer. She entered a room ; and either without miſtruſt, or by neglect, left the door open. I heard her ſpeak to a perſon whom I could not ſee. She read the letter to her. He is a warm lover, ſaid ſhe afterwards ; and will you always be inflexible ? Ah ! replied a voice, let him re-

ſtore me to my father, and I will forgive him all! Oh God, it is *Amelia!* ſaid I. Some words which ſhe added, convinced me it was *Amelia.* I reined in all the faculties of my ſoul; but never did combat coſt me ſo much. A word might have deſtroyed every hope. I paſſed more than an hour in this ſituation; and yet had ſtrength to receive the anſwer from the hands of the old woman, without betraying my emotions (14). I went out. The houſe became too precious to me not to be graven in my memory.

I gave way to my joy, at diſcovering the habitation of *Amelia*; but it was almoſt turned to anguiſh, when I conſidered the weakneſs of my reſources. What could I do? How relieve her? Could I alone undertake the taſk? And to whom apply for aid? Without friends, without money, where ſhould I conduct her? Where conceal her? Ah! cried I, is a knowledge of her priſon only given me to render her loſs more dreadful? Yet, with this knowledge, will I ſooner die on the threſhold of her houſe, than abandon *Amelia!*

Neither day nor night did I quit the ſight of the door. I was myſelf ignorant of what this could produce. I hoped I hardly knew what—that ſhe might perceive me; that I might ſee her; that ſhe might have means of which I was not informed; and which ſhe might dare to uſe, encouraged by my preſence.

So paſſed the hours; ſo were they marked by my fluctuating thoughts, till *Amelia* was conducted to the diſtant plantation where you were yourſelf, my friend. I ſaw her depart. It was night; yet did I recogniſe her. I followed the carriages, ſpight of the ſpeed with which they travelled (15), and arrived nearly at the ſame time with them at the plantation.

It was eaſy for me to conceal myſelf during the day in the neighbourhood. I felt that by this journey the dangers of *Amelia* were increaſed; yet the circumſtance animated my hopes. The mountains offered an aſylum for her. The ſituation favoured me. Could I once inform her where I was, I ſhould have no fear. She might find a favourable occaſion: the firſt ſignal would find me ready.

How ſtrangely were circumſtances playing with us! In the ſame place were aſſembled, without their having the leaſt ſuſpicion of it, three perſons who, on the whole earth, had the greateſt intereſt in meeting with each other! Ah! what had I not dared, had I known you were near me!

During the night all ſeemed quiet in the houſe. With my utmoſt diligence, I could not diſcover the apartment in which *Amelia* was placed. On the following night, I perceived, though extremely late, a light in one of the chambers. I ſet danger at defiance, without firſt weighing the neceſſity of it; for

I saw that I must place some confidence in chance, if I would serve *Amelia*. I approached close to the house, without noise. The window was on the first floor. By efforts, more happy than wise, I at length supported my feet on the stone work which served to divide the stories of the building; and I stood with my face close to the window. I saw *Amelia* sitting, supporting her head with her hand. She seemed abandoned to despair. A young man standing before her; I knew him to be the person who was the cause of all this wretchedness. He seemed to be leaving the chamber. To-morrow, said he, opening the door, remember it is my last word: to-morrow——I will die, tyrant, answered *Amelia*.

I heard the door shut. Scarcely was he out of the chamber when she rose; ran to the door; and fastened it by bolts which were within. I no longer hesitated; but at the hazard of alarming her, I said in the negro language, do you no longer remember *Otourou?* She started with terror and surprize. Do you dread your friends? continued I. Fear nothing! It is I! She tremblingly approached the window; opened it softly; saw me, and knew me. It is you! said she—but where am I? Is it not a dream? I have thought—but—

Oh God! said I, support a feeble oppressed woman! emboldened by success, I sprang into the chamber. I took her into my arms. It is I! It is *Otourou!* Lose

not this precious moment! Fly with me! Ah Heaven, said she, what happiness! Yes, it is certainly *Otourou!* But fly—To what purpose? To-morrow would drag me back to this dungeon, and you to certain death. —"Fear not."——"Ah, he has here too many vile agents of his will! In two days the villain departs for the city. On the evening of that day, return: I shall be ready. We shall be less observed; he will not be here to direct the pursuit."——"But in the mean time"——"Do not fear me: the coward dreads my courage. I know how to make him tremble. But be gone. Should you be perceived——Yet stay—Ah, will you still hazard yourself for me? Will you promise me?——"I swear it. I will ever have my eyes on you. The approaching night, and the night after that, I will be here. But, adieu. Extinguish your light. I may be seen." God bless you, my deliverer! said she. I descended with more difficulty than I had found in gaining the window; but with equal fortune.

Amelia was not mistaken; her unworthy oppressor departed, at the break of the day she had supposed. I saw him go into his carriage; and I was certain that *Amelia* was not with him. *Amelia* then is still in the house, and I shall rescue her, said I, with the greatest joy and confidence. I looked for the evening with impatience; it was that which she had appointed for my returning to her, yet fatigue bore me down; during five days, I had not taken any re-

poſe. My mind had not, for a long while, experienced ſuch tranquility as I now felt. I retired into the foreſt; and, there, abandoned myſelf to all the delights of ſleep.

When I awakened, the evening was approaching. I roſe with haſte, and ran to regain my poſt of obſervation. Every thing appeared quiet around the houſe. Night came. The clock ſtruck ten. The lights of the different chambers were ſucceſſively extinguiſhed, excepting that of *Amelia*. The windows of her apartment were open. In a few minutes a perſon (whoſe figure I could not clearly diſtinguiſh, but whom I imagined to be *Amelia*) approached the window and let down a ladder of ropes; which appeared to be faſtened by one end to the inner part of the room.

No longer doubting that *Amelia* had prepared this for her deſcent I advanced cloſe to the houſe, and examined the ladder: It appeared to be firm. Profound ſilence covered the whole houſe; and I was perſuaded that no one ſuſpected our deſigns.

I now perceived the ladder move, and diſpoſed myſelf to receive *Amelia* in my arms. I ſaw, deſcending with caution, not *Amelia*: not a woman!—almoſt did my preſence of mind forſake me. Yet I glided along the wall; and, at the diſtance of a few paces, laid myſelf flat upon the earth: it appeared the only chance I had to eſcape

unobſerved. This perſon having gained the ground, left the ladder ſuſpended as it was and came towards me. It was a man. I thought myſelf dead. He paſſed ſo cloſe as almoſt to tread on me, and ſoon was out of my ſight.

I ſaw that I was not yet diſcovered, but I was left in a wilderneſs of reflections. What can this mean? thought I. Has ſhe placed her confidence in any other? Has ſhe ſent this perſon to ſee if I am expecting her? I will wait; he may return perhaps.

What imprudence, continued I to myſelf, after a ſhort but horrid interval. What an important inſtant do we loſe!

There was ſtill light in the chamber. My uncertainty, the real peril of my ſituation, the ſhade of night even, which renders the ſofteſt ſound, the lighteſt object, alarming—but he muſt have paſſed ſuch hours as theſe, who can imagine what I endured.

The clock ſtruck twelve; one; two; all remained as before. I could contain my impatience no longer. I will leave this incertitude though it be to periſh! ſaid I.

I ſeized the ladder. I mounted to the window: I ſaw no one. I liſtened: I heard no one. The light placed under the chimney, was almoſt extinguiſhed. After

a moments hesitation, I resolved. I sprang into the room.

To every person but myself, the very appearance of the chambers would have announced the flight of *Amelia*. The bolts of the door were fastened within. The bed had the appearance of some one having passed part of the night in it, and having arisen from it. Some articles of a woman's dress, which were thrown negligently on the furniture, remained. In short, to overcome all doubt, a billet lay open, upon a table, in which were these words.

"*Amelia* escapes your vile purposes! Heaven will avenge an unhappy father! Will avenge the unfortunate *Amelia!*"

My mind almost yielded to the persuasion that all was a dream which had passed since the moment of my imprisonment. Who could look around this chamber, and not swear that *Amelia* had fled by the aid of the ladder? I was certain of the contrary. I had seen the ladder placed. One person alone had descended by it; that was not *Amelia*. Yet *Amelia* was gone. But how? But where? Knowing me so near, too! Hazarding my life for her! Could she leave me to be the sacrifice of my fidelity!

A noise which I thought I heard in the house, roused me. The billet was in my hand. Thinking only of flight, I put it,

without design, in my pocket. I ran down the ladder; and fled to the forest.

I now perceived that I had brought away *Amelia*'s note; and wished I had left it for the eye of her unworthy tyrant, Yet, it is no matter, said I. Her flight will sufficiently mortify him.

I knew not what to do; and I passed the day without reason furnishing me either with consolation, or any means to relieve me from my embarrassment. In the evening, I involuntarily returned towards the house; although I knew that my zeal was useless. To my astonishment, the ladder remained in its former situation. My imagination ran through the scene of the preceding evening. In certain moments, I firmly believed that *Amelia* was still in her apartment. I was so perfectly lost that a carriage had already entered the court-yard without my hearing the sound of its approach. It was after midnight; but I could perceive it was the European youth. The whole house was raised; and surrounded as I was by his retinue, I feared to leave the spot till they should be dispersed.

In a short time, I heard the sound of instruments breaking open the door of *Amelia*'s apartment. It was time for me to fly; but still some of the family were employed so near me, as to render it more prudent to remain quiet. I heard the young man cry

out, She is gone! She is gone! Ah, my Lord, replied a voice, ſhe muſt have eſcaped within theſe two hours; for I myſelf ſerved her with ſupper this very night. Say you ſo, thought I to myſelf. Perdition! cried the young man. It muſt be that inſolent negro; but the wretch ſhall die!

At preſent, my dear *Itanoko*, I ſee that you were the perſon of whom he ſpoke; but I then thought the threat regarded me, and that certainly they had perceived me. I curſed my raſhneſs; a ſingle moment ſtood betwixt me and ruin. I forgot the negroes, who were employed in the court beſide me; and fled with the ſwiftneſs of a ſtag.

I looked not behind till I had gained this place; in which we now are; and where I thought myſelf ſecure, at leaſt for the preſent.

My dear *Otourou*, ſaid I, we ſhall find her. She cannot be far diſtant from us. She knows you are in this iſland. She thinks her father ſtill here. Her heart will not permit her to quit it without ſeeing you both. We will return to *Honoria*. We will tell her all. Her knowledge, her influence, will recover *Amelia*. She owes aſſiſtance to the unhappy *Amelia*; but, independent of the injuries of her brother, ſhe will be impatient to relieve her.

I swear to follow, said *Otourou*, whereever your wishes shall lead you. But do you forget what awaits you at the city? Your presence, replied I, have dissipated all my fears; I do not well know the laws of these white people; but, if I mistake not the conversation of *Honoria* on the subject, two witnesses are sufficient to confound the imposition of *Urban*. We had only *Dumenil*; but your presence completes my defence. Your evidence added to that of the broker, cannot fail to convince my judges that *Dumont* bought me of *Urban*. Well! cried *Otourou*, we will away; and, let the vile *Theodore* tremble: one day, perhaps, shall offer him to my vengeance.

Who that saw me quit the city would have imagined I was on the eve of so much happiness. The recital of *Otourou* had, indeed wrung my heart: but what were my sensations at the close of it! Some degree of uncertainty in the place of endless doubts; and a prospect, if not the presence of happiness.

My passion for *Amelia* was not extinguished; but it had been somewhat lost among an infinity of vexations. The misfortunes of *Amelia* and——I dare not conceal it——the violence of jealousy, had awakened my love to its greatest vigour; and, though I was ignorant of the place of her immediate retreat, wide seas no longer divided us; she inhabited the same country with me; and probably a short time would restore her to my bosom. *Otourou* was by my side; and *Du-*

ment, undoubtedly, whatever led him away, would not be ſlow to return.

Whence has it happened——of the number of virtuous beings with whom I have been connected, we have always ſeen the negroes performing more than was expected from them, and Europeans continually leſs than they ſeemed to promiſe? What cauſes this difference? May it not be——that, with equal integrity of deſign, civilized man follows natural inclination leſs than the ſavage? The latter continues firm and attached to his firſt propenſities, which are always thoſe of virtue; while the former is inceſſantly turned aſide by that crowd of puerile modes, of fictitious duties, which encounter him at every ſtep. Even, thus embarraſſed, he has to combat with paſſions and vices prodigiouſly more active and multiplied in the midſt of civilized nations, than amongſt men that have ſcarce any wants, ſcarce any objects of ambition. Thus it happens that a man in cultivated ſociety loves virtue, and would fain purſue it with undeviating courſe, yet wanders into error and vice. What ſhall we conclude? Shall we renounce virtue as impracticable? no: but, let him renounce the multitude of prejudices, the children of falſe education, which almoſt ſubdue his energy and extinguiſh his natural virtues. Europeans! are theſe prejudices ſo dear to you? Preſerve them in your circles; reſpect them in your repaſts; bow to them at public diverſions; but, when the queſtion is to execute juſtice or to commit wrong, drive them

from you without a blush. Do what is right. Behold the first business of man!

As soon as it was sufficiently light, we quitted our grotto; descended the mountains; and took the way to the city. I was almost sure of finding *Amelia* there; and love gave swiftness to my feet. My first design was directly to proceed to *Honoria*; but *Otourou* insisted on the prudence of first visiting *Bruno*; as his house would be a more sacred asylum; and, as his experienced counsels would be most likely to aid us.

How does the presence of a friend spread charms on every thing around! Separated from all whom I loved, seeing in the world nothing but a desart in which I strayed, weeping over the past trembling for the future, such was my condition before I met with *Otourou*. Now I felt nothing but hope, which the effusions of friendship increased in every moment.

The astonishment contended with the delight of *Bruno* on seeing me. Ah! said he, Heaven has inspired your return. In my rapture I had come to seek you myself had I not thought it safer to wait intelligence from you. Two days have wrought such a change —They have filled me with benefactions, said I, presenting *Otourou* to him. The worthy old man, who had not yet taken his eye from me, now looked on my friend; recollected him; and blushed. My dear *Itanoko*, said he, you are not generous, but I have

merited this confuſion. Yes, this is the man through whom I have experienced pleaſure bordering on extacy, and anguiſh approaching death. My father! What do you ſay! returned I. Are you grieved to have produced the greateſt happineſs of my life? When you know his name——He is the friend of my heart—He is—*Otourou.*

"*Otourou!*"——"Yes: and ſee the tears of gratitude in the eyes of your children. Repulſe, if you can, their arms which are raiſed to their deliverer! and now reproach yourſelf for an action which nature, friendſhip, humanity applauds at your feet!

But which equity ſtill condemns: ſaid the old man. But why do I deprive you of ſuch moments with my remorſe? Hear my joyful news!

Yet, firſt, he threw himſelf into our arms. We no longer reſtrained our mutual joy. Oh inexpreſſible delights of the ſoul! Had Heaven permitted each man to taſte ye, but once, in his life, ſelfiſhneſs had never appeared on the earth!

When we were ſomewhat tranquillized, *Bruno* made us ſit on each ſide of him. *Urban* has terminated his unhappy life, ſaid he; and *Ferdinand—Ferdinand* is returned. Ah God! cried I, and have I not embraced him? I flew toward the door. Stay: cried *Bruno*. The duties of filial piety, at preſent, occupy him. Yeſterday, he departed for the plan-

tation of M. *de C*—— to perform the laſt duties to his father's remains; but, undoubtedly, he will ſoon return to this city. And I ſhall ſee *Ferdinand* again! cried I: Ah what tranſport! And mine is the happineſs, ſaid *Bruno*, of announcing the tidings.

My friend, ſaid *Otourou* to me, the firſt moments of your proſperity are due to *Ferdinand*. To find you reſtored to him may ſoften the anguiſh of a father's loſs. Why ſhould we not go to join him? This duty appears to be indiſpenſible. It was my firſt thought, anſwered I; but the unworthy *Theodore* will be there; and ſhall I not outrage *Ferdinand*'s preſence by the effects of my fury?

In a word or two I unfolded to *Bruno* all the horrors of which *Otourou* had informed me. My children, ſaid the old man, it is in vain that the wicked, under the protection of power and fortune, brave human juſtice. They cannot eſcape the arm of God. *Theodore* is a proof of it. *Theodore* is no more. *Otourou* and I looked at each other with aſtoniſhment. This leſſon, continued *Bruno*, is not for you, my children: but it is terrible to depraved minds. Yet, liſten.

You had not left me more than an hour, *Itanoko*, when I heard a knock at my gate. I opened it. *Ferdinand* ſtood before me. His affairs had been finiſhed ſooner than was expected. Love, friendſhip, duty, haſten-

ed him back to this place. The elements forwarded his desires. A voyage of thirty days conducted him here. He was already anchored on the very last night which you passed with me. He flew instantly to his father's. He was informed of the loss he had just sustained; he mingled his tears with those of his mother; and, finally came to shed them in my bosom.

Urban had died soon after his arrival at the plantation; a messenger had been dispatched with the sorrowful tidings to his spouse and the arrival of *Ferdinand* followed almost immediately.

He was in haste to speak of you, *Itanoko*. I informed him of all that had befallen you; of the kindness of *Honoria;* of the persecutions which you had experienced; your rare instance of generosity to his dying father. In fine, of my own want of faith, which had compelled you to seek security among the Spaniards.

You will feel the effect of my recital on his affectionate heart. We first considered how we were to recover you. I sent to *Dumenil* for the negro whom you have seen there, and who enjoys my entire confidence. He came; and, although uncertain of the exact route you would take, he resolved to seek for you. You could not be more than three hours before him. He must have missed your route; for, mounted on one of

Ferdinand's beſt horſes, he muſt otherwiſe ſoon have overtaken you.

Ferdinand quitted me to viſit *Honoria.*—In about half an hour, I received a meſſage, from the two lovers, requeſting my immediate preſence. The meſſage ſomewhat alarmed me; and I ran to join them. I found *Honoria* divided between joy and anguiſh. This hour, ſaid ſhe, brings back my *Ferdinand;* yet muſt this ſacred hour be violated with my ſorrows. Death will not long delay to deprive me of my father; and he has already hurried away my brother in the midſt of his crimes. He is no more my dear *Bruno.* Alas! this unhappy brother is no more. I cannot aſſume courage to communicate the mournful intelligence to my father. I reckon on your friendſhip to perform this duty for me. Your wiſdom, my friend, will give to your conſolations a value which mine would want, would my own griefs permit me to offer conſolations.

I am very willing, ſaid I, to charge myſelf with this office, however painful. But I muſt give you the circumſtances of this ſad event, ſaid *Honoria. Ferdinand* has juſt told me that *Itanoko*—whoſe abſence ſince his laſt words to me has given me great inquietude—that *Itanoko* has lately ſeen you—Undoubtedly, he related to you the motives, which conducted *Urban* to the plantation; and the dreadful ſituation in which he left him. My brother, who expected *Ur-*

ban, saw him approaching, and ran to meet him. He was going to embrace him, but saw him pale, bloody, scarce able to support himself. Terrified, he called for assistance; they took *Urban* in their arms; carried him to a chamber, and placed him on a bed. In a few minutes he expired.

My unfortunate, but too culpable, brother, enraged to see his designs overturned by this unforeseen death, called upon him; embraced him; and almost abandoned himself to despair on his body. Fatal anxiety!

At this instant some of his attendants, whom he had sent to pursue *Itanoko*, entered the room. They informed him of their ill success. His fury was now wrought up to madness. One of his domestics would have led him from the scene. *Theodore*, forgetting every thing but his ungovernable rage, seized a pistol which was in *Urban*'s girdle; and was in the act of presenting it at the domestic——Even slaves will at times dare much for life——The slave rushed upon *Theodore*. They struggle. They fall together. The pistol is discharged: and *Theodore* dies.

How awful, said I, interrupting *Bruno*, is this catastrophe! *Theodore* has injured me much, yet must I pity him. Behold, said *Otourou*, the unerring hand of justice. This unfeeling villain fell beneath the weapon of his accomplice: fell by the hand

which was uſed to adminiſter to his vile pleaſures!

I have lately ſeen, ſaid *Bruno*, another peculiar example. An old man rich, but juſt, was peaceably paſſing away the remains of a well ſpent life. He was ſeized with ſickneſs, and ſeemed at the point of death. A depraved nephew, who had often avowedly anticipated the felicity which an immenſe inheritance promiſed him, now thought it neceſſary, however, to preſerve appearances with his uncle; and not to quit him till he ſhould have breathed his laſt. He kept cloſe to his bed-ſide, impatiently watching for that moment. I went to adminiſter my laſt conſolations to the good man.—While I was imploring the Supreme Being to ſpare ſo valuable a life; while his friends, his attendants, fervently joined in the prayer; while the ſick man caſt his eyes with reſignation toward heaven; the diſſipated, depraved youth, ſolicited death to haſten his approach. The ſignal is given: but for whom? Great God! Death extends his faulchion, and the young man cloſes his eyes for ever.

We had not recovered from the ſhock of theſe recitals, when the door opened, and a ſtranger entered without ceremony. Pardon me, ſir, ſaid he to *Bruno*, but I muſt execute my duty. Without waiting his anſwer, he ſaid, addreſſing himſelf to *Otourou* and I, which of you is *Itanoko?* My name is *Itanoko*, replied I. Have you not

a comrade with you? ſaid he. It is I; replied *Otourou*. Then we are right, ſaid the ſtranger. Twenty armed men inſtantly appeared in the chamber, ſurrounded us, ſeized us, and loaded us with irons.

The trembling *Bruno* cried, with a broken voice: how, gentlemen—here—in my aſylum! What have they done?—I am ſorry, ſir, anſwered the ſtranger who firſt entered, that this ſhould happen in your houſe; but I execute my orders. You may read them. *Bruno* caſt his eye on them. They are leading us away. He throws himſelf into my arms. He cannot utter a word. Why do you alarm yourſelf? ſaid I. Be compoſed. Behold your aſſurance! (placing his hand upon my heart): this never has done any thing, never ſhall do any thing, which merits chains.

We were led out. We had to ſupport the gaping attention of the multitude; and if the cup of ſhame had been prepared for the innocent, they had compelled us to ſwallow large draughts of it.

The people are almoſt every where the ſame. When the unfortunate are preſented to them, enveloped with the appearance of a crime, they are already condemned at the tribunal of opinion. The more nations are depraved, the greater will be the ſtrength of this prejudice; for as the manners of men become more corrupted, the leſs reliance have they on the virtues of other men.

But barbarous, odious as is this cuſtom, it is not worthy the attention of philoſophy. It announces that the diſtinctions of juſtice and injuſtice are not entirely effaced. Better is it that the people ſhould overwhelm with diſdain an innocent man, charged with guilt, than that they ſhould behold him with indifference; for then all would be loſt: in that indifference the enlightened obſerver would perceive the principles of a people, entirely corrupted. If the manners of a nation are pure, they pity the unfortunate: if they are degenerate, they load them with outrage; if they are altogether debaſed, they look on them with indifference.

We arrived at our priſon. They ſeparated us. The doors opened with a horrid noiſe. The ſun diſappeared from our eyes. We were plunged into the bowels of the earth. Men abandon us there; but God and innocence ſtill remained with us.

My thoughts were turned to *Otourou*. "Alas! what evils has not my fatal friendſhip heaped upon his head! and what has he to expect in future? My own ſituation declares it to be terrible. Ah, my ſuffering friend!"

I could have waited, without impatience, without murmuring, without fear, the reſult of this aſtoniſhing treatment, had it regarded myſelf alone; but to know what the friend of my infancy endured; endured, through his fatal attachment to me, without being

able to console him, was a torment which nearly deprived me of reason—and of what avail was reason? It offered me nothing to soften the recollection.

But from whence could this stroke come? My bitter enemies had ceased to live. If I looked around me, I saw none but friends. Never, from the first moment of my afflictions, did fortune seem to smile so perfectly on me. Perfidious! was it in caressing that she meant to crush me? and what have I done? Alas! cried I with grief, detested walls, that detain virtue captive within your frightful obscurity, far from the light of truth. Alas! who is he who needs not fear your odious presence, however innocent he may be, seeing you surround the unfortunate *Itanoko!*

How do the opinions of men depend on time and place? what little puerility governs their distinctions! In Europe, the fierce, the audacious Europe, the dependants of a court are the objects of public veneration; and I, allied to a throne, do not experience from these Europeans the attention which they pay to the least of their countrymen (16). Will they find their excuse in our simplicity? If I have well read their history, what were formerly these haughty Gauls, Britons, Germans? Less than we? for they were also unskilled in the arts and sciences, and at the same time, were more cruel. Their successors disdain us—us who would blush to resemble their ancestors!

Hitherto, I had not examined the tomb into which I had defcended alive. I now ventured to meet its horrors with my eyes. Enormous pillars fuftained the dark and filent vaults. There, the antique ftone, formed by the hand of man, had again defcended into the bofom of the earth to be for ever the infenfible witnefs of the defpair of guilt, and of the fighs of innocence. Enormous rings faftened to the walls, fuftained heavy chains, whofe faft folds waited till new victims fhould be facrificed to them. Some fteps, worn by time, proceeded in a winding courfe to gain an iron gate, which hid its head in the elevation of the arch. A melancholy lamp, fufpended from the centre, caft its dying flame, that no part of this difmal fcene fhould be hid from the wretched inhabitant.

There, with no companion but my fetters, I fhed, far from humanity, tears that in truth were bitter, but not embittered by remorfe.

I know not how long I remained in this abode. I could only count the hours by the vifits of my jailors, who at long intervals, caft me fome bread, and placed a little water near me. I fcarcely felt their brutality. I faw the infenfibility of thefe mercenary beings, degraded by the bafenefs of their office; but I pitied them, and lamented their condition more than my own.

Infenfibly my mind became perfectly calm. *Amelia, Otourou, Ferdinand, Bruno,*

Honoria, offered themſelves in their turn to my thoughts, and ſtrengthened and conſoled my mind. Virtue can, in the extremeſt adverſity, give us pleaſure by the remembrance of our friends. We may not ſee them ; may not hear them ; we may be ſeparated from them for a time ; perhaps for ever : but we feel ourſelves worthy of them ; and we brave the injuſtice of mankind.

After ſome weeks, if miſery did not induce an error into my calculations, my jailors came to take me from my dungeon. Little acquainted with the practices of European laws, I had nothing to inform me of my fate. Whither do they lead me ? Said I. To death perhaps. Then behold me ready.

The idea of approaching death entirely occupied my mind. I perceived nothing which paſſed around me. I knew neither the diſtance nor the places through which I was led. My thoughts were interrupted only at times, by a numerous guard which preſſed upon me.

At length, I lifted up my eyes, and ſaw myſelf in a place in which a judge, with a ſingle ſecretary, ſeemed to expect me. My jailors withdrew. The judge demanded if I was a Chriſtian. Yes : I anſwered.—— " Then raiſe your hand, and promiſe to God to ſpeak the truth."—— " I never ſpeak otherwiſe ; but, as you wiſh it, I will make the promiſe."—" Was M. *Urban* ever

known to you?"—"Yes."—"How, and at what time?"

I recounted on him the hiſtory of his taking me from my native land. The ſecretary wrote both the interrogations and the anſwers.

The judge continued to queſtion me: "Tell me—you have preſerved a violent reſentment againſt him?"—"It would be difficult to forget his injurious treatment of me."—"Write, that he has preſerved a violent reſentment againſt M. *Urban*."—"I have not ſaid ſo. You made me take an oath to ſpeak the truth; I did not require your oath that you would reſpect it, although juſtice ſeemed to exact that." That judge without noticing my objection, ſaid to the ſecretary: preſerve the anſwer, as it was written by you; it came from the firſt emotions of nature; and, conſequently, it is the voice of truth. Then addreſſing himſelf to me.—"Did you not depart, on ſuch a day, at ſuch an hour, from the plantation of M. *de C*——?"——"Yes."—"Whom did you meet on your road?"—"The only perſon whom I knew, was *Urban*.

"Do you know that?"—Said he, preſenting a cutlaſs to me. I examined it. "Yes:" I anſwered, "it is mine. I had not before recollected that I had loſt it."—"Write that he acknowledges the cutlaſs to be his. And why is it ſtained with

blood?"—"I cannot positively speak of the cause; but, to the best of my recollection, I must have left it on the spot where *Urban* was assassinated."

"M. *Urban* was assassinated then? How do you know that?"—"I was present."—"Write. And by whom was he assassinated?"—"By two negroes."—"Do you know them?"—"No."—"Observe how he would impose upon us. Within three leagues of the place there are no negroes but those of M. *de C*——'s plantation. If M. *Urban* was assassinated by negroes, it could only be by these, regard being had to the time and place. And an abode of six months in that plantation must have made them all known to him."—"I do know them all. But the assassination was not committed by any of them. I have spoken the truth."

"Who," resumed the judge, "is he who is called *Otourou?*" "He is one of my friends."—"Were you alone when you met M. *Urban?*"—"Yes."—"*Otourou*, then, was not with you?"—"No."—"Observe how he prevaricates. *Otourou* by his own avowal even, had passed many nights wandering about the habitation. Conducted to that place, he had pointed out the spot where he usually hid himself; particularly the night of the assassination he had passed almost entirely there."—"The circumstance is strange, but the truth is, that he was not with me."—"Once more, was he not with you?"—"No, I tell you."

"Know you that?" faid the judge, prefenting fome cotton rags to me covered with blood: "Yes:" anfwered I.—"What is it?"—"The remains of an handkerchief, which I tore to bind up the wounds of M. *Urban;* and which, I imagine, I left on the place.—Did this handkerchief belong to you?"—"Yes."—"See again, how he would impofe upon us. The bandage, found on M. *Urban*'s wounds, is not of the fame ftuff with this, but part of a linen, neckcloth, which appears to have been the property of M. *Urban.* Befides, the handkerchief, which we have fhewn to him, and which he claims to be his, is not his property; for the mark on it is different from that on his own linen."—"In fact, I now recollect my miftake! and I fhould not have made it, had I been previoufly informed of the fubject of this converfation."—"I believe it: Well?"—"I really did tear this handkerchief for *Urban*'s wound; but, afterwards, recollecting that the cotton would envenom the wound, I removed it; and hence it was that you found it ftained with blood. I then untied the neckcloth which *Urban* wore. It was, indeed, made of linen; and that was the reafon which made me prefer it to mine. I cut it into bandages with the cutlafs which you have fhewn me. My attention altogether occupied, I have unqueftionably left both my handkerchief and the cutlafs on the fpot. This anfwer I fhould have made at firft had you queftioned me with more connection; excufe my frankneſs."

" But what do you say to the mark on the handkerchief ?"—" It is true that it is not mine."—" Was *Otourou* with you ?"—" It is the third time that I answer you, No."—" Whose mark is this on the handkerchief? You have said it is yours, yet it is not yours."—" But may I also demand why you, whom I do not know, press me with such questions ? Hitherto politeness has induced me to answer you ; but it also appears to me that discretion should place some bounds to your curiosity."—" The condition in which you are, this place, my appearance alone, ought to have informed you that I am your judge."—" Why did you not tell me so, sooner ? I should have thanked you for your cares ; for having committed no crime, I have no need of a judge."—" I pardon your ignorance. I have not said that you are criminal ; but be persuaded to answer me without prevarication. If you are accused of a crime, your silence cannot save you ; on the contrary, it would pass for a confession."—But, whether I am silent or speak, it should appear to me that I cannot confess what I have not done."—" Of what moment is your confession, if proofs speak against you ?"—" What occasion then was there for the oath which you desired me to take ?"—" The law exacts it."—" The law is erroneous, or you interpret it ill. If she requires this oath, it must be undoubtedly to the end that the language of truth may place the accused in security from the force of proofs which chance may have combined together. If the law wishes, on the contrary, that the force of circumstantial

proofs ſhall be preferred to the language of the accuſed, the oath becomes uſeleſs; ſince it is no longer a ſafeguard for innocence. In every caſe this oath becomes a crime, either in the judge or in the accuſed. You yourſelf, as a judge, by requiring it make a tacit avowal that you believe yourſelf bound by it. See the contradiction of the law. If after his oath the accuſed impoſes upon you, and you abſolve him, he is culpable of a new crime. If he ſpeaks the truth and you yield to appearances which condemn him, it is you whom the oath renders criminal: for you have heard the truth and have diſdained it." —"The law does not admit of theſe ſubtle diſtinctions."—"So much the worſe. I pity both the guilty and the innocent."

"Are you willing to anſwer?"—"Yes: for you have received my oath, and I will fulfil it in its full extent."—"Whoſe mark, then, is this which is on the handkerchief?" —"I will tell you becauſe it is the truth—It is the mark of *Otourou?*"—"Write. It appears that, hitherto, he has not told us a word of truth. And, inaſmuch, as the handkerchief ſtained with blood was found on the ſpot where M. *Urban* had been aſſaſſinated, and, as, at firſt he ſaid that it belonged to him, although in truth it belonged to *Otourou*, it is evidently clear that this *Otourou* was with him, though that is formally denied by him." —"The conſequence ſeems juſt; I cannot deny it. Appearance is undoubtedly on the ſide of your reaſoning; and that which I am now going to tell you, which is however the

truth, will certainly pafs with you for a romance. This handkerchief makes a part of the drefs of our country. It is worn as a girdle round the loins. The rank of my father obliged *Otourou* and I to have them of a ſtuff finer than others. Friends from our infancy, every thing which belonged to one ſerved the other. Separated from him in a battle, it happened that we each loſt this accoutrement, and each found that of the other. This very article, then of which we ſpeak, had belonged to my friend; and thence it was precious to me. When I came into theſe climates I had no occaſion for it in the uſual way, and I made an handkerchief of it which I commonly wore on my neck. I have others alſo of the ſame piece; but upon this alone will be found the mark of *Otourou*. Nothing leſs than humanity could induce me to ſacrifice it. I own, even then, the ſacrifice pained me. Yet I could not refrain from it; and now you know the whole!"

The reſult of this examination, ſaid the judge, is that M. *Urban* has been aſſaſſinated by two negroes, who according to the declaration of the priſoner do not belong to the only plantation which is in that neighbourhood; that he has preſerved a violent reſentment againſt M. *Urban:* that he ſaw the deceaſed on the ſpot where he was aſſaſſinated; that he has acknowledged the bloody cutlaſs, found in the ſame place, to be his; that the handkerchief bearing the mark of *Otourou* ſufficiently proves, notwithſtanding the explication which he has given to the

circumstance, that it belonged to that negro; that they were together, and that we must conclude from this concurrent testimony that it was the prisoner and his comrade *Otourou* who have murdered M. *Urban*, according to the accusation.

Oh! cried I, what horror! I murdered him! I! who——My knees ceased to support me. I fell without sense.

They brought me speedy assistance, and I opened my eyes to the light. I was placed on a chair. My jailors surrounded and supported me. A surgeon made me smell at some salts, and he wished me to swallow a liquid which he held in a cup.

Away! Leave me! said I. Vengeance or death! One, I will have! I thought I perceived some marks of compassion in the countenance of the spectators, excepting the judge, who had not changed his place, and who preserved his countenance unmoved.

After some pause, he demanded of the surgeon if I could speak. A moment's patience, answered he. The judge waited with composure. The surgeon again pressed me to take the liquor, which he presented. He had still hold of my arm, and observed the beating of my pulse.

In such moments, the ideas of a man vary at each second. Give me the draught, said I—I feel that I need courage.——Yet no—

it will be believed that I owe my reſolution to this liquor alone. It ſhall not be ſaid that a negro had occaſion for foreign aids to ſupport his firmneſs. I put the cup from me. The ſurgeon made a ſign to the judge, and retired. The latter ſent away my jailors: then ſpoke to me thus:

You ſee of what you are ſuſpected: was it you who murdered *Urban?* You may, without fear, anſwered I fiercely, inſult a man who is in fetters. Anſwer my queſtion: ſaid the judge. Did you murder *Urban?*

I know not what was the emotion from which they proceeded, but tears ran down my cheeks. Alas! I cried, I had his life in my hands, and I did not deſtroy it. Believe the truth: it was not I who ſlew him. Oh, my God! my God! at preſent thou doeſt judge him. Thou ſeeſt the unceaſing miſeries which he has cauſed me.—Ah grant him thy mercy!—though men ſhould refuſe me juſtice!

An involuntary emotion betrayed the judge. I ſaw his eyes cloſe, and I believed it was with grief. Ah! ſaid I, dragging myſelf to his feet, I ſhould bluſh to embrace the knees of an unfeeling man; but you are not that man: I ſee it. Condemn me if your law compels you to do ſo: but tell me —do tell me, that you do not believe *Ianoko* culpable. I do not know you, but you are a man; and I have need of your eſteem.

His tenderneſs had paſſed away as a haſty ſhower; and again his muſcles became inflexible. He repulſed me gently with his hand. Ah! I cried: I have been raiſed in the boſom of nature; you cannot deceive me: you ſuffer more than I.

He ſaid coldly to me; "are you ready to ſign?"—"What?"—"this examination."—"I know not what may follow, but I conſent. I have ſpoken the truth." My jailors entered. You know my orders, ſaid he to them: conduct him away.

I went along with them, without knowing whither they led me; but, ſuch is the privilege of innocence, my heart was now without inquietude. I was indifferent as to the iſſue. When we had proceeded through various apartments, we arrived at a place in which they took off my irons. I ſaw this without ſurpriſe or pleaſure. It ſeemed that all my feelings were reſerved for a ſcene to which I was haſtening.

Extremely weakened, they carried me, rather than that I walked, towards the door of an apartment. I entered: what did I ſee! Never can I think of it without tears! I beheld *Ferdinand! Honoria! Bruno!*—We all ſtood as if enchained by various paſſions. Where am I? cried I: where am I?—Ah, I have not ſeen all! *Otourou* alſo! I ſhrieked. I threw my arms round his neck. I ſobbed on his boſom. Pardon me, ſaid I to my friends: but it is for me that

he has suffered. My first caresses are indeed due to him.

Our friends surrounded us. I felt them—"Oh forbear!—I cannot—cease, cease—my head—my heart fails me—alas!"—

I sunk on the floor. I recovered but to rave. "Where is *Urban?* Let him come. I wish to see him. Alas! I have done nothing to you, *Urban.* These are your children: they love me: why do you hate me?"—

They give me air.—"Ah! I recollect: but where—I—what then has happened? Where am I?"—"In the arms of *Ferdinand.* Do you not know me then?"—"It is my *Ferdinand.* I saved your life, but you were worthy of it: I saved your father's life, your father! your father! whom I have murdered!"

Ah for pity cease to wound us, cried *Honoria.*——"But, *Ferdinand*, did you say that I murdered him?"—Recall your senses, said *Honoria:* these are your friends—You see them. Do you not know them?—Let me conjure you be careful of yourself—if not for your friends, yet for *Amelia.*

"*Amelia!* ah, may she be happy!"——"She cannot be so without you."—Ah, my son! my dear son! said *Bruno*, folding me in his arms: will you do nothing for us?

Oh, my friends! I cried: is it true that this is no dream? I thought myself yet in the frightful dungeon, in hideous darkness. Alas, every day I saw you there—approach me all—all—all. Let me embrace you.—Let me assure myself—are you there, *Otourou?* You pardon me our friendship, do you not? Ah! cried *Otourou*, shall I pardon you that which is the happiness, the charm of my life?

Such was the delirium into which this unexpected scene had hurried me. It was dissipated but slowly. The caresses, the tender cares, the tears of my friends did but serve to feed it. Ah! annihilation of reason! Delightful and cruel condition! At once the spring of piercing delights and of agonizing pains!

Let our situation be imagined. An innocent man, in the depth of misery, surrounded by friends, who had each of them blindly laboured to widen, to sink deeper the gulph into which he was plunged; who had all beheld the injustice which dragged him to the precipice, and had no arm to snatch him from the brink. My sight was a wounding reproach to them: yet had they strength of mind to support it. What say I? It was become more precious to them—their only comfort.

Ferdinand—and who would not have a heart like that of *Ferdinand*—*Ferdinand* was the cause of our present wretchedness.

His father had been assassinated. His filial affection was eager to discover the perpetrators of this deed. The little knowledge he had, as to this fact, he had learned from *Honoria* and *Bruno*, who gave it him as they received it from me. He ran, then, to give information to justice of the murder of his father, committed by two unknown negroes. The ministers of justice proceeded to the place where *Urban's* corpse lay; and the domestics, of the plantation and those of *Theodore* were interrogated. All, attracted by curiosity or their duty, had been witnesses of *Urban*'s last moments; and all agreed in deposing that he had, in dying, pronounced only two words. Fatal words! which resentment and gratitude had unquestionably caused, and which death did not permit him to explain.

He had been placed on a bed. He was nearly without sense. The eager cares of *Theodore*, his reiterated questions, recalled him for an instant to himself. He opened his mouth. All were hushed to hear him. With a faint, broken voice, he uttered these words: Two negroes—*Itanoko*—He would have continued. His head sunk; his eyes became fixed; he expired.

Such was the unvaried purport of all the depositions. One of the domestics alone added that, during the night, while he was occupied in tending the horses with which *Theodore* had just arrived, he had perceived a negro whom he did not know, and who

appeared to run towards that place where the aſſaſſination had been committed.

This negro was *Otourou*. The equerry acknowledged that he had been the author of my flight; and, that, judging by the time of my departure and that in which *Urban* had arrived, it was improbable that I ſhould not have encountered him.

A diligent ſearch was then made in the plain which *Urban* muſt have croſſed in his way to the plantation. At length the ſpot of the murder was diſcovered, and the cutlaſs and torn handkerchief were found ſtained with blood. The overſeer ſwore that he had ſeen the former in my poſſeſſion; and a negro woman depoſed that ſhe had waſhed the handkerchief frequently for me. The evidence was ſufficient to convince the adminiſtrators of juſtice that I had committed the murder. They immediately iſſued a warrant to apprehend me and my accomplice. But this accomplice was not known. *Otourou*'s avowal at the houſe of *Bruno* that he was my comrade was quite enough for the officers, and they thought themſelves authoriſed to involve him in my misfortune.

The anguiſh, the terror, of *Ferdinand* when he was informed of theſe circumſtances may eaſily be imagined. He would have given a world to have ſuſpended the proceedings (for not one moment did he doubt my innocence) but it was too late; and while I, with *Bruno*, was congratula-

ting my heart on his return, this unfortunate friend ſtood with his eyes fixed on the ſcaffold on which he ſaw inevitable death preparing for me.

Thanks to my worthy friends to have judged me by their own hearts alone! Yet was every appearance againſt me; an incredible chain of events; an impenetrable concurrence of circumſtances! I had no defence but an irreproachable life, and an immoveable love of truth. Advocates which a prejudiced world laugh at, and which the law little conſults. My friends believed their teſtimony; my friends had the courage to repel falſehood clothed in the robe of truth. Valuable example! Be it never forgotten! Already, perhaps, has as much innocence fallen a victim to deceitful circumſtances as has been ſacrificed to the errors of legiſlation.

Ah! let the good be aſſured that virtue is no chimera; that there is an eternal truth which connects ſome hearts together, by an inviſible chain, and communicates an intellectual language which expreſſes to them alone the ſecrets of each other's conſcience.

The hour compelled my friends to retire: yet not till their generoſity, their goodneſs, had reſtored confidence to my mind. Reaſon had reſumed her dominion, and I was found capable of ſuſtaining the detail which I have juſt related.

Still, however, my condemnation ſeemed inevitable. Two negroes had aſſaſſinated *Urban*; but they were unknown, and what ſhould lead to the diſcovery of them? In the rapidity with which the fatal circumſtances had paſſed, ſcarcely did I obſerve the features of theſe negroes; and ſhould they be preſented to my view, it was not probable I ſhould know them.

Otourou and I were now alone in the priſon. He had appeared to yield, leſs than any other, to the tender ſentiments with which we were agitated. I knew his character and I was little ſurpriſed; but another idea alarmed me. I feared he would conſider the tenderneſs with which my friends had ſpoken to him as the effect only of their regard for me; and that he would feel all the dreadful ſeverity of his condition to which he was expoſed by his friendſhip for me. But I deceived myſelf. He was incapable of this reflection. The truth is, the ſullen harſhneſs of his conduct ſprang from the prejudices of his education, which his mind, elevated as it was, had not yet ſubdued.

See then, ſaid he, as ſoon as we were left alone, to what we are reduced? Neither innocence nor friendſhip can reſcue us. Ought we to endure the ſhame which is preparing for us? We are the moſt unfortunate among men: ſhall we not be the moſt deſpicable too by receiving from the hands of the executioner that death which

we can yet adminiſter to ourſelves with our unpolluted arms. Our glory is yet entire: let us not now ſtain it by ſhewing ourſelves without courage. Let us die and diſappoint the injuſtice and cruelty of European men. Let them learn, once at leaſt, what the negro can do, whom they oppreſs. Let our bloody carcaſes announce our diſdain of them: ah, let us have ſome vengeance!

Little did I expect this diſcourſe. It ruſhed like a tempeſt on my ſoul. Scarcely could all my powers reſiſt the temptation. Honour was moſt precious to me; opprobrium, moſt terrifying. The fire of my diſpoſition was roufed. The voice, the exhortations of friendſhip, almoſt irreſiſtible.

Otourou waited for my anſwer. While contending ſentiments are in fierce conflict in the mind, which of them can break into expreſſion?

Long was the ſilence. At length, virtue gained the aſcendency. The death you propoſe, ſaid I, would ſave us from the ſcaffold; but can we juſtify it? In dying by our own hands, or by thoſe of the executioner, the diſhonour is equal if we leave behind a polluted reputation. Of what import, ſaid he, is the opinion of men after our death? Shall we be zealous to live with honour in the remembrance of men, who have not the virtue to diſdain injuſtice, nor the wiſdom to frame laws which falſehood

cannot surprise? It is chance alone which plants glory on the tomb of man: chance alone saves him from the condemnation of other men.

But, said I, it is necessary that I preserve my own esteem; that I die pure.——"And who more so than we?"—"Were our lives a series of virtuous efforts a voluntary death would efface them all; and we should die involved in the greatest of crimes."——"What say you? crimes!"——"Yes: we should be guilty of injustice to the Supreme Author of our being. We are entrusted only with the use, and not with the property, of life. We cannot have it in our power to dispose of that which we had it no way in our power to acquire. We should be guilty of injustice to men. We owe to them our succours during the storms of life.—They are entitled to our counsels, our examples, our affection. To deprive them of these, by our voluntary death, is to deceive society; and to fly from the discharge of a debt which we contracted in the cradle, and have increased in every instant of our life. See what you propose to me! To be criminal toward God, toward men, toward ourselves! What, then, would become of that purity with which you ought to appear in the presence of the eternal Being?"——"What need was there, then, to engrave on my mind the ideas of honour and disgrace, since I must disdain the former, and submit to the latter? Why have I received vigour and fortitude, since in the instant in

which I moſt need them I am forbid to employ them ?"—" The only honour is to obey the dictates of virtue: all beſide, the only diſgrace. Vigour and fortitude were given to you, to ſubdue, or to ſupport misfortune; not to fly from it. But, tell me, how would you regard the man who, to relieve another from a preſſing evil, would rather ſlay than conſole him ?"——" As an abominable aſſaſſin."——" You ſit in judgment on yourſelf."——" What then is my conſolation ?"—" Have you forgot your innocence ?"—" Still opprobrium !"——" It belongs only to the ſlave of his paſſions. The man who reſignedly mounts the ſcaffold, with innocence and conſtancy, is among the firſt of men."

I had frequent occaſion to recur to theſe arguments to perſuade *Otourou*; and, perhaps, I might not have ſucceeded had I not been earneſtly ſeconded by the zeal and abilities of *Bruno*.

Meanwhile the faint hope, which had been entertained by our friends, decreaſed as time advanced. I perceived it viſibly in the countenance of *Ferdinand*, who every day became more dejected, notwithſtanding the efforts which he made to conceal his trouble from us. My ſoul, on the contrary, gathered new ſtrength from day to day, and I began to contemplate death without emotion. Religion, philoſophy, innocence, the little happineſs I had ever experienced on the earth, removed all the bitterneſs of the ap-

proaching moment. Yet, ſadly did the condition of *Ferdinand* afflict me; one day, that *Honoria* was abſent, that *Otourou* had quitted us for repoſe, and that *Bruno* had not yet appeared, I took his hand between mine, and preſſing it tenderly, Ah, ſaid I, how unhappy am I to ſee you thus! Alas, I ſhall cauſe your death. But why do you endeavour to conceal your ſorrows from me? They are frightful, ſaid he, you conceive not all the extent of them. You forget that *Urban* was my father (17). What fatality has ordained that my race ſhould be ſo deſtructive to you! My father loaded you with evils, and when his unjuſt hatred was ſuddenly extinguiſhed in the feelings of gratitude, he dies, and his ſon ſteps in his place to conduct you to the ſcaffold. Ceaſe, ſaid I, to outrage your virtue. You have done only what it was your duty to do. My misfortune was not your crime. Pity me; but do not accuſe yourſelf.

The reſpect that is due to the memory of a father, ſaid *Ferdinand*, becomes my excuſe; and I know you too well to doubt your receiving it; yet, could I even ſave you, never ſhould I forget the miſeries which I have already cauſed you. What then, ſhall I now do? When hope has fled, and when your death——Ah, *Itanoko*—your death becomes unavoidable? What ſhall I do when, through me, ſhall be ſhed the blood of the innocent? Your judge, informed by me, laments your fate; but in vain. I thought that by deſiſting from my proſecutions you would be free.

It is of no avail, said the judge to me, the vindictive public must be avenged. The law must have its course.

He rose, and retired to the further part of the room, and I was about to follow him: but I had no new consolation to offer him, and I sat down without a word.

There is yet one way, said he, returning to me, but I know you, and I have not courage to name it.——"What is it?"—"There are but two men who guard you, I may with gold"—"I understand you; but let us not entertain the idea. Whatever may be the consequence to me, it is my duty to save you from a weakness. Oh, my friend, remember the seducer is guilty of the crime committed by the seduced. And what would you thus preserve for me? A life stained with reproach! Is not an innocent death preferable? Virtue and friendship are my sole happiness. By living, I must forfeit one, and become unworthy of the other. Some few days longer life does not deserve the sacrifice."

A considerable time had now elapsed since the day on which *Otourou* and I were apprehended. Out of respect to *Ferdinand*, the judges had hitherto delayed to pass sentence; but they were compelled to place bounds to their complaisance; and our friends could no longer reasonably flatter themselves that it would be extended any further.

The fatal day was at length named, and we were soon to hear the sentence of death pronounced. *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* had the sad office to inform us of it. *Bruno*, during four days past, had not appeared. His absence astonished us all. Whither is he gone? said I, to *Ferdinand*. *Ferdinand* could not tell me. The cause of this strange conduct was hid in impenetrable darkness. To abandon us in this last moment! To expose *Otourou* to his attachment to a voluntary death, which still combated his better reason? It did not accord with the compassion, it did not accord with the religion of our venerable old father.

What a day was that which preceded the morning appointed for our execution! My soul was tormented with the most harrassing incertitude which increased with each sound that announced the flight of another hour. I shall cease to exist, said I. What then? Is this so great an evil? What have I seen upon the earth? Injustice, avarice, discord, oppression, and revenge! Millions of men associated together by consent, divided by interest; ever encountering, yet flying each other without ceasing! Misfortune oppressing the greatest virtue; and slavery the lot of almost all! Such is the world! Deserves it to be regretted by reason?

But whither do I go? continued I. Profound obscurity! Impenetrable abyss! To-morrow, wilt thou devour me!—Ah, rather to-morrow, my soul, with a rapid flight,

ſwifter than an eagle's wing, ſhall mount to the abode of peace and felicity! Let me not now renounce the diſtinction I have been taught between good and evil. Since the tender years when *Dumont* led me by the hand, have I not felt its ſacred truth, and has it not elevated my mind, when all beſide conſpired to depreſs me? No: I cannot doubt; I go to find my God! I go to ſee him ſitting on the throne of eternity!

In theſe moments I ſcarcely felt myſelf connected with the earth. The gentleſt paſſions came to tell me that I ſtill exiſted; and the ſighs of *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* drew me from my deep meditation.

Oh my friends, cried I, you afflict yourſelves! A little ſooner or a little later, muſt we not, ſometime, have ſeparated? Alas, it coſts me as much as you! I have loved you very tenderly. *Honoria*, *Ferdinand*, many negroes live ſubjected to your laws. While they ſerve you, ſometimes think of the unfortunate *Itanoko*. Your virtues and my remembrance ſhall ſoften their hardſhips. What have I received from nature which they do not poſſeſs? Ah! eſteem my unhappy countrymen as your children! It is an heritage which I bequeath them; and it ſhall be more precious to them than a world: for it ſhall protect them from injuſtice. May all Europeans, for the happineſs of Africa, one day reſemble you.

And you, model of friendſhip, my dear

Otourou, forgive me your death: if I had poſſeſſed the treaſures of the univerſe, you ſhould have partaken of them. I have had nothing but misfortunes to divide with you. The portion is dear to me! cried he: throwing himſelf into my arms.

Honoria and *Ferdinand* could not anſwer. Their oppreſſed hearts furniſhed them only with tears. What a ſituation! What a moment!

But *Bruno*, ſaid *Otourou*, *Bruno:* he does not come near us! My unfortunate friend, more firm than I, had ſupported the awful ſentence of our death, with much more reſolution. Yet was his ſacrifice greater than mine. He was even then in the enjoyment of one of the ſweeteſt inſtants that can arrive in the life of man. Left in his cradle, without a parent near him, death was now announced to him while he was yet in the arms, yet liſtening to the voice, of a long loſt father. And all knew this except I. Delicate ſenſibility had hid it from me, it was not added to ſharpen the bitterneſs with which I reproached myſelf for his misfortunes, and which I imputed only to myſelf. Alas, I might have died without knowing all the ſtrength of which friendſhip is capable!

I took the hand of *Ferdinand*. Yet one requeſt more, ſaid I: but promiſe me to grant it. Ah command! ſaid he, and do not requeſt! Every word you ſpeak is ſa-

cred to me. You know, said I, what *Dumont* has done for me; and gratitude will soon be no longer in my power. I hope he lives yet: exert your friendship to find him: His old age will have need of consolation: I can give him none:—Ah, find him—find his suffering daughter—tell them—ah God, my tears!—they are the last which love shall cost me.——*Honoria*, receive them to your friendship: to you I present them—the dying *Itanoko* presents them. Alas! but for your—brother—pardon me—I wander: my afflictions render me unjust and cruel. I have pierced your heart, but I did not wish it.

I swear, cried *Ferdinand*—No, it shall be my care, said *Honoria:* he shall be my father: she shall be my sister.—I am satisfied, I cried: I die contented.

The day wasted apace, and *Bruno* did not appear; I burned to see him, and the impatience of *Otourou* yet exceeded mine.—From the time that we were suffered to remain together, in the same apartments of the prison, the old negro, whom I had seen at *Dumenil*'s house, (the ancient companion and friend of *Bruno*), had seldom been absent from us. *Bruno*, I have said, regarded him as a brother; and it was he whom he had sent to bring me back on the arrival of *Ferdinand*. *Bruno* had presented this old negro to both *Otourou* and I on his return from his unsuccessful search; and now he was present with us, and this good man

seemed to feel all our sorrows. The absence of *Bruno* confounded him still more than it did us; and I besought him to go to his house, and see if he could gain any tidings concerning him.

The old negro soon returned, but with no intelligence of *Bruno*; he had not appeared, and every one in his house was vainly conjecturing what was become of him.

We must die then without seeing him, said I with grief. *Ferdinand*, carry him my last adieu. It had been more soothing to me to have embraced him; but this sacrifice, too, must be made.

Night arrived, and the jailors entered to inform our friends that it was time to withdraw. I called together all my powers for this last farewell. I did not doubt, indeed, but they would come to see us in the morning; and wished to spare them the anguish of a formal separation. I took the hands of *Honoria* and *Ferdinand*, and pressed them to my heart. The silence of grief reigned over us; I withdrew a moment to recollect myself.

Otourou tendered his arms to them, and they embraced him with compassion, yet with more admiration. Ah! thought I, this dreadful silence cannot be endured!— My friend, I cried, casting myself at their feet, to-morrow the idea of death may not

leave me master of myself. My mind is yet collected—let me not lose the last, the dearest of your benefactions. I am at your knees; you are the parents which your religion—my religion—has given me. I am your friend—your son—give me your benedictions—

I could not conclude. My heart dissolved into tears. Alas, cried they, dear and unfortunate *Itanoko!* Our benedictions shall ever accompany you. I am content, said I. Shall I again embrace you?—Thus then: the last time—My soul will not endure more—Adieu—Adieu for ever!

I made a sign to the jailors. They separated us. I turned my head. They left the prison.

The moment which succeeded froze my faculties. I thought my blood would have ceased to warm my heart. An universal trembling followed; I felt all but the shock of death.

The good old negro had obtained permission to pass the night with us. When the jailors came to fasten the door of our apartment, I said to them: you have seen that I bade a last farewell to my friends. Their love will lead them back to morrow: do not suffer them to approach us. You will spare them a mournful spectacle; and you will give tranquility to our last moments. They promised to comply with my request.

Otourou retired with the old negro into the neighbouring chamber ; and, as I heard them converſe in a low voice, I would not interrupt them, but threw myſelf on the earth and remained ſome hours proſtrate before the God of mercy. He compaſſionated my weakneſs. His goodneſs penetrated into my heart. He dried up all my tears. I aroſe confiding in his mercy, in his juſtice.

Toward midnight, I felt myſelf ſtrongly ſolicited by ſleep. I ſoftly approached the door of the chamber. It was open. *Otourou* was on his bed, and ſeemed earneſtly engaged in liſtening to the old man who, on his knees, before him, ſeemed eagerly to addreſs him. I withdrew and threw myſelf into a chair to take ſome repoſe.

My eyes cloſed for ſome minutes, but it was rather a ſpecies of weakneſs than of ſleep —The bell ſounded one : I ſhuddered. Eloquent and terrible hour ! ſaid I. Funeral forerunner of our departure !

I again eſſayed to repoſe, when I thought I heard ſome noiſe. In the ſtillneſs of night the ſlighteſt ſound is ſwiftly ſeized by attentive grief. I liſtened, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed the diſtant grating of bolts. One unfortunate being more ! ſaid I. The noiſe haſtily approached. It came to our door. Ignorant of the hour that was to be our laſt, I thought they came to lead us to execution. —" Now my ſoul !--Come then :--I am ready !"

I ſtepped into the chamber to inform *Otourou*. He had heard the noiſe, and had riſen to join me. Our door opens--A woman enters--ſhrieks——.

It is *Honoria*. Live!——Live! my friends! Come, ſaid *Ferdinand;* come, and ſee your deliverer! He ſeizes my arm; hurries me along; runs; I raiſe my eyes: it is *Bruno*.

Age enfeebled his ſteps. They had advanced and gained the room before him. *Otourou* and I fell at his feet. Oh my father! my father! cried each of us. He has rendered life to us all! ſaid our friends. My children, ſaid he to us, it is too much--moderate your tranſports. He bent over us. He tendered his hands. Oh my children! oh my friends! ſaid he, join with me to praiſe our God. He raiſed his trembling arms to Heaven——

"Protector of the unfortunate! Sovereign Being! Thou ſeeſt thy work! they live: let them increaſe in virtue, and I am recompenſed!"

Scarcely had he finiſhed, when *Otourou* aroſe and ſprang from us in an inſtant. He returned. It was the good old negro whom he led by the hand. Behold! ſaid *Bruno*, embracing him.—Behold the price of all your kindneſs to me! I reſtore——

Itanoko, cried *Otourou*, I had the happineſs of partaking your ſufferings with you; partake of my joy! Embrace the father of your friend!

"Your father! And have you hid him from me?"——"Oh my friend! Did you not ſuffer enough?"—"But how?"——

You ſhall know all, ſaid the father of *Otourou;* but our preſent moments are due to *Bruno*. We will not take any thing from gratitude.

We ſurrounded the worthy old *Bruno*. We carried him as in triumph, to our apartment. We placed him in a chair. We arranged ourſelves around him. Our jailors affected, aſtoniſhed, could not quit us. They could not leave the moving ſcene. Fierceneſs had fled from their countenance; and admiration had taken its place. What a ſpectacle! Come blind pride! and compare your pleaſures with thoſe of *Bruno!*

My friends, ſaid he, I underſtand you. You burn to know—but permit me a moment—Let my heart revel in this inebriating delight! He looked ſome moments on the intereſting groupe. His lips trembled, his boſom heaved—The tears which furrowed his cheeks, the fire of his eyes, the involuntary emotion of his limbs, all painted his enthuſiaſm—all atteſted the felicity of a beneficent man; in fine, he looked up

with an eye of gratitude toward heaven. And now we prepared.

Formerly, faid he, lefs infirm, I from time to time viſited the mountains (18) which ſeparate us from the Spaniſh inhabitants of this iſland, to ſoften the miſeries of the unfortunate negroes, whom the inconſtancy or rather the cruelty of their maſters have forced to fly to that ſhelter. They all knew me; I carried them ſome little ſuccours, and that which was of more value to them the word of a compaſſionate God. My preſence uſed to produce joy amongſt them; and they would aſſemble around me; and I was wont to return content with having been able to ſolace them with at leaſt one day of happineſs.

During the two laſt years, ſickneſs and old age have ſuſpended theſe viſits, which were a great delight to me; and I had ſcarce a hope any more to ſee my poor negroes. It is five days ſince, that quitting you at night contemplating your innocence and ſufferings, I returned home lamenting the ſtroke under which you fell; and ſupplicating Heaven not to reject the cries of the oppreſſed. My mountain negroes preſented themſelves to my thoughts; and a ſuſpicion ſtruck into my mind which it was not poſſible for me to ſtifle, and which I received with all the certitude of conviction. I inſtantly aroſe, and proſtrated myſelf; and day ſurpriſed me in that ſituation. It required little to make me ready; and, with-

out communicating my intention to any one, I began my rout. You will ſuppoſe I did not proceed very quickly, and I could not travel my fifteen leagues in leſs than two days. I had no difficulty in finding my poor friendleſs negroes, for I knew their uſual retreats.

What my father, cried I, expoſe yourſelf alone, at your age! My friend, ſaid he, there is no age which has not its vigour, when the will is roufed. But attend——

I arrived at the mountains, and met ſome of my negroes. They recollected, and embraced me. Ah, my father, my good father! Is it you! ſaid they. We thought you dead. I was much fatigued. The mountain is rugged, and they took me in their arms, and carried me into a grotto, which ſerved them as an aſylum during the night. As it was cold, they kindled a fire, and I eat with them ſome wild roots, which they preſented to me.

The report of my arrival was ſoon ſpread, and I ſaw them ſucceſſively arrive till the number was about fifty, who laviſhed their grateful careſſes on me. When I imagined I had no more to expect, I demanded if they thought that all their companions were preſent. One of them caſting his eye around, ſaid, yes: we are all here, I can aſſure thee, there are no more within five or ſix leagues. Then I fell on my knees; they followed my example, and we joined in

prayer. Having beſought God with a loud voice to bleſs them, to conſole, and not to abandon them, and all of them having added in concert that they pardoned the white people, I diſtributed the little ſuccours which I brought them.

I afterwards ſat myſelf down, and they placed themſelves in a ſemi-circle before me: and now I gave them a ſhort exhortation adapted to their capacity and condition. This done, I ſpoke to them of the city, and led them inſenſibly to hear your hiſtory. They liſtened to me with that attention, that compaſſion, which the unfortunate man gives to other unfortunate men. During my recital, I anxiouſly obſerved their various looks. Two of them appeared to be particularly moved; but they were ſilent. Several of the others ſaid, How! are they innocent, and muſt they die? Yes, alas! ſaid I—nothing can ſave them but the confeſſion of the two negroes, who were, in truth guilty of the death of M. *Urban*.

One of thoſe whoſe agitations I had noticed, ſaid to me, good father, will you begin this ſtory again? I ſhould be very glad to hear it once more. I complied with this deſire, and my ſuſpicions being now fixed on theſe two, I gave a minute detail of the place, the time, and the circumſtances of aſſaſſination, ſo that they could not miſtake them. When I had finiſhed, I dwelt with earneſtneſs on the chaſtiſements which God had in reſerve for the perpetrators of this

deed, not only to punish them for the crime, but also to avenge the blood of the innocent. I had no fear of overcharging the picture, and perhaps my feelings made me eloquent. When I had given a little time to the operation of remorse, and I perceived I had struck them with terror, I passed suddenly to the recompenses which are attached to a voluntary confession. I painted to them, with tears in my eyes, the awful, dreadful Judge of nature disarmed by unfeigned repentance, and blotting the crime from existence. Ah, my friends! cried I, see the palm which one generous effort will obtain! Behold the peace and the honour of the guilty restored! And what price is too great to purchase peace of mind? But even this, my friends, does not bound the recompences of a munificent God. An eternity of happiness shall repay a momentary sacrifice!

Suddenly, he who had requested me to repeat the detail sprang from the ground and cried——Behold the hand which struck *Urban!*

I cried out aloud with extacy; I arose, and threw myself on his neck. Ah, happy, happy mortal! happy in exercising the greatest of virtues! The other negro advanced; and the whole assembly embraced them, congratulated their resolution, and thanked them as if each of them had been the friend of my *Itanoko*, of my *Otourou*.

We had not forborn, faid one of the two negroes, to have made the avowal fooner, had we known the danger to which innocence was expofed, by our deed. We inflicted vengeance: we were no aſſaſſins. We attacked *Urban* with arms in his hand. He took the advantage of our ſleep, tore us from our country, and plunged us into ſlavery. Death awaits us. Well: we will indure it. Your God ſhall not deceive us. He exiſts ſince there are ſuch men, as you, on the earth!

Ah, my friend, conceive you all the rapture which I felt in this moment! I had ſaved your judges from a frightful deed of injuſtice; I had ſaved you from death; and I had led two ſouls to honour and virtue.

When the day appeared, the negroes preſſed me to depart, and fly to the ſalvation of innocence; and the two unfortunate men were ready to accompany me. My children, ſaid I, it belongs not to me to be your accuſer. I have pointed out your duty. You ſhall have courage to perform it. Advance before me, and yourſelves acquaint the judges with the whole fact. We will do all that replied they; but we will attend you. You are feeble and have need of aſſiſtance. It is the only good we can do to you. We now departed, and all the other negroes followed us as far as the fear of danger would permit. At length we muſt ſeparate; and they turned back heaping benedictions on me.

I cannot paint to you their laſt farewell to their comrades. It was the voice of nature diſdaining a crime, and triumphing in an effort of virtue! It was the national ſpirit that repulſed the members who diſgraced them, and which careſſed the heroes who conſtituted their glory!

The two negroes and I continued our route. Pardon, my friends my worn out ſtrength. It took me two days to perform my journey back. Alas the impatience of my heart made me ſuffer more than fatigue.

We arrived. They quitted me to attend the judge. On the way, I had not heard a ſingle ſigh from them, but they converſed calmly, and ſometimes cheerfully with me. Their countenance was ſerene, their heart without a murmur. I beheld in them the ſatisfaction of returning innocence and the triumph of virtue.

I paſſed ſome time at home to take a little repoſe and nouriſhment; then ran to the judge. They were yet in his anti-chamber. When they ſaw me, they ſaid—All is done, my good father. My tears flowed in ſpight of me, and I embraced them with affection, with veneration.

May heaven recompenſe you, my children, ſaid I; and I left them to enter the cloſet of the judge. You have prevailed, ſaid he; your friends are ſaved. I pre-

ſume that you wiſh to ſee them. Here is my order. It will open the priſon to you, at any hour of the night; but, charitable old man, how have you accompliſhed this?

I could not but ſatisfy him; and I recounted to him all that you have heard.

This miracle was worthy of you, ſaid he, reſpectfully taking my hand. But that which will ſurprize you moſt is, that the manes of *Urban* will go unrevenged.

How! ſaid I. The truth replied he, depoſed by theſe two negroes, is ſufficient to ſave the accuſed: but it cannot be admitted to condemn themſelves; and there are no proofs againſt them. *Itanoko*'s evidence cannot be received, even if he ſhould recollect them, having been himſelf tried for the crime. There is then only their own confeſſion; and this confeſſion is deſtroyed by an axiom of the law, which ſays: *Nemo perire volet.* From the ſtrange circumſtances of this wonderful event, it happens that, even in their own confeſſion, they find the recompenſe of an effort, juſt indeed—but painful to nature.

I quitted him and flew to *Ferdinand.* I found him with *Honoria*, both loſt in mute anguiſh. I could only cry out, that you were ſaved; and without my giving any explanation, without their aſking it, we ran here; and I have the ſweet delight of beholding your felicity in the very place

where your ſufferings have ſo often wounded my heart.

It will be eaſier to imagine, than deſcribe, the ſentiments by which we were all agitated. *Bruno*, could not moderate our tranſports. *Otourou*, his father, *Ferdinand*, *Honoria*, and I ſucceſſively embraced him. We all ſpoke to him together : we gave him no time to anſwer any of us.

He would have gladly returned our careſſes, partaken in our tranſports, but his heart could no longer withſtand the preſſure of ſo many delights.

Our friends gladly would have had us, inſtantly, quit our mournful abode, whoſe bare aſpect recalled to them all that we had endured. But ſome formalities of the law muſt detain us yet four and twenty hours longer in the priſon. We all needed reſt ; it was even neceſſary, to preſerve our health.

Our friends, therefore, retired. How different this ſeparation from that of the preceding evening !

The moment they were gone, *Otourou* folded me in his arms. Ah ! I ſhall ſee your happineſs completed, he cried. *Dumont* and *Amelia* will be reſtored to us, and I in the boſom of my dear father, inſeparably near you, witneſs of the virtues of theſe amiable friends, I ſhall have nothing more to deſire on the earth.

Oh my friend! I anſwered, if this moment had regarded myſelf alone, believe me I could have regarded it with ſome indifference; but to ſee you eſcape from a danger into which my friendſhip dragged you, to ſee you in the arms of your father, this is a felicity which cannot be ſupported with moderation. May your happy preſage be realized! May the perſons, ſo dear to us, be united to us two for ever!

But, continued I, let us talk of your father. What fortunate chance——I will not ſpeak at preſent, interrupted *Otourou*, of the principal accidents of his life; they are connected with thoſe of *Bruno*, and *Bruno* has promiſed a recital of them. Suffice it now to tell you, that having, at the age of five and twenty, been made a priſoner to the King of Galam, he ſaw himſelf ſeparated, and that for ever, from my mother. He was fortunate enough to eſcape; but, at a diſtance from his country, having no knowledge of that in which he then was, he loſt himſelf. A long time he wandered, ignorant of his courſe, and arrived, without any idea of where he now was, on the borders of the Red ſea. Some Arabs ſurpriſed him in his ſleep, ſeized him, conducted him to Conſtantinople, and ſold him to the grand viſier.

It was there, continued *Otourou*, that he was firſt known to *Bruno*, and they have never been ſeparated ſince. You have been a witneſs of his attentive friendſhip from the time that we were brought into this diſmal

place. This was but at firſt the effect of his humanity. God has recompenſed him, by adding to it a more tender ſentiment. It is about five days ſince that he only was with me in my chamber, and I was ignorant of what prevented you from joining us. In one of theſe effuſions, ſo frequent with the unfortunate, I named my mother, whom I had never ſeen. The name ſtruck on his ear. Twenty times he made me repeat all I knew of the matter: then, yielding to the voice of nature, corroborated by circumſtances which could not be miſtaken, he caught me in his arms, and called me his ſon. Surpriſed, tranſported, already I ran to call you. My heart arreſted me in my courſe: ah! ſaid it —reſpect his feelings! this laſt ſtroke would be death to him! I then concealed it from you; and it is the only ſecret I have ever kept from my *Itanoko*.

Otourou continued: I leave you to judge of my father's extacy, his torments: what he enjoyed, and what he ſuffered!

And now *Otourou* and I ſeparated, each of us to deliver ourſelves to repoſe. I endeavoured, but in vain, to ſleep. My bed refreſhed me; but I could not cloſe my eyes. Like ſeas which are agitated by ſtorms, and whoſe waves yet bear the marks of the tempeſt long after a calm has ſpread through the ſurrounding air, my heart, in which ſo many ſenſations had been fiercely contending, was ſtill impreſſed with the footſteps of their devaſtation.

Otourou ſlept profoundly. I baniſhed tranquillity by running rapidly through the paſt. He enjoyed it by yielding only to the gentle ſenſations of the preſent. Happily too for him, he had eſcaped love: that terrible paſſion, which renders miſery more poignant, and happineſs ſometimes inſupportable! If *Otourou* had known how to pardon an injury, chearful in the depth of misfortune as in the lap of joy, he had never experienced the torments of the heart: a thirſt for vengeance was his only torture. Notwithſtanding the happy events which now crowded upon him.—I knew *Otourou*—If *Theodore* had lived he would not have ſlept. *Theodore* was no more: he taſted all the delights of peace.

At noon, our friends came to call us. They had procured for us a more comfortable apartment, into which they conducted us. What a happy ſituation! We were as brethren whom ſtorms had ſhip-wrecked and diſperſed, and who have ſuddenly met after having deſpaired to ſee each other again. With our friends, was the good *Dumenil*, who would not be denied the pleaſure of accompanying them, and of beholding the moſt delightful ſcene that a delicate mind can enjoy. But what was my ſurpriſe to find the magiſtrate there who had interrogated me? I had only ſeen the judge: I now recogniſed the man.

We placed ourſelves at table. Ah, how delicious the repaſt! Alas, long had our

food been inundated with our tears ! The pureſt joy, the moſt glowing friendſhip, made an ample reparation for all !

Our minds were relaxed, and a little event came, fortunately enough, to give us a moment's amuſement.

The ſecond ſervice had juſt been brought in, when a ſervant informed the judge that a gentleman wiſhed to ſpeak with him. The magiſtrate would have ſtepped out for this purpoſe. No, ſaid *Honoria*, you ſhall not take that trouble : let the gentleman enter —and ſhe deſired the ſervant to introduce him. We ſaw a young man elegantly dreſſed, who ſaluted the company with an air at once diſdainful and polite. He then accoſted the magiſtrate, who conducted him to the window to hear his buſineſs. We had replaced ourſelves at the table from which we had riſen to return his ſalutation, *Ferdinand* whiſpered to me, you have never ſeen one of thoſe people whom, in France, they call *Petit-Maitres* ; this is one. He is from the country which is, by preſcription, the model of faſhion. I looked at him, and could not but ſmile. Never did I ſee attention ſo artfully divided. He gave an ear to the magiſtrate ; a half ſhut eye to the reſt of the company ; one hand to the adjuſting of his dreſs, and the other to the arrangement of his watch trinkets. His body did not ceaſe a moment from action : he changed the poſition of his feet at every in-

ſtant, to diſplay in ſucceſſion, the elegant ſhape of his ſhoe, the brilliancy of his buckels, and the charming turn of his leg. His buſineſs finiſhed, he approached the table, talking of indifferent things to the magiſtrate. Faith ſir, ſaid he in a half whiſper, there is no company which the preſence of a lady will not render agreeable; but, gallantry apart, it is a company ſomewhat mixed. You are, ſaid the magiſtrate, ſurpriſed to find me here—is it not ſo?—"Not preciſely—but"—"But there are certain people, ſir, to whom I ſhould ſay—theſe are unfortunate men, and they would underſtand me. To you I will ſay, that the negro there (and he pointed to me) is the ſon of a great lord of his country, and the nephew of his ſovereign. Come: join them, you will find them good company."——"Oh, I have not doubted that a minute. High birth is ſeen with a glance. The happieſt air—Sir (to me) I ſalute you. You will look at Paris without doubt. I ſhall ſet myſelf down for the honour of preſenting you at court. But, how unfortunate I am! I have quite deranged the company! No ceremony—I fly!" He made an attentive bow to *Honoria*, gave a gracious ſmile to me, a ſort of inflection of the body to the others, and diſappeared in an inſtant. The judge took his ſeat, and we all laughed at the folly of this young man.

After dinner the magiſtrate quitted us with an aſſurance that we ſhould be free the

next day. Ah! faid I to my friends, in the midſt of you I did not think of liberty. I thought only of my bliſs. Taſte it, faid *Bruno* to me, but as a wiſe man who relies not on its ſolidity. It flies almoſt in the moment that you have ſeized it. No one has experienced this more than I.

X

NOTES

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

(1) ALL the ſovereigns of Africa are thus diſtinguiſhed by various names; which, according to the different languages of the nations that they govern, are equivalent to the title of king. Such are *Siratik*, *Damél*, *Brack*, *Congo*, &c. Vide voyages to the Gold Coaſt, to the Slave Coaſt, &c. collected by the Abbé *Prévôt*.

(2) M. *de Buffon* ſays, the vulture is a bird which, endued with a ſtrength equal to his grandeur, is yet of a cowardly character. The firſt of birds of prey, after the eagle, he has no part of the eagle's courage: he never attacks a living animal, but preys on carcaſes alone.

(3) The *Fetiche* is an inferior divinity of the inhabitants of the coaſt of Guinea. Each kingdom, each province, each city, each negro, in fact, has his *Fetiche*. The object which firſt ſtrikes the attention of a negro, becomes the emblem of this

ſtrange divinity. A tree, a mountain, a pebble, a ſtone, a tooth or bone of an animal, a piece of iron, a branch of a thorn, and objects yet more inconſiderable are ſuddenly honoured with religious worſhip, and are placed with reſpect either in their houſes, or on altars erected in the open air. It is not certain whether the negroes invoke this deity as a protecting genius, or a malignant being.—To ſwallow ſome ſmall part of their *Fetiche* is the moſt awful of their oaths: a negro never violates it.

(4) This practice of ſtealing negroes, ſuperlatively infamous as it is, is however much uſed by the dealers in the ſlave trade. The temptation, to theſe ſort of people is great. To them, it is pleaſant to ſell, for a conſiderable ſum of money, that which has coſt them nothing.

Father *Labat* informs us, that three queſtions on this ſubject, were propoſed to the Sorbonne. It will be difficult, at preſent, to read theſe queſtions without ſmiling. We ſhould ſcarcely preſume they could be the objects of a doubt. But read them:

1ſt. May the merchants, who purchaſe ſlaves in Africa, or the clerks who reſide at their factories, purchaſe negroes that are ſtolen? (why not have added: may they ſteal them themſelves?)

2d. May the coloniſts of the American iſles buy indifferently all the negroes who are offered to ſale, without enquiring whether they are ſtolen, or otherwiſe?

3d. What reparation ſhall one or the other of theſe be compelled to make, who ſhall have knowingly bought negroes who were ſtolen?

We need not be doctors of the Sorbonne to reſolve theſe difficulties. We, at once, ſee what the anſwer muſt be. But we alſo ſee that the coloniſts take good care not to ſubmit to the deciſion: for avarice and theology uſe not the ſame logic. Theſe coloniſts ſay, that the doctors of the Sorbonne have neither plantations in the iſles, nor any intereſt in the trade; and that, had they been in either ſituation, they would have decided otherwiſe. This victorious reply has, as will be ſuppoſed, ſubdued every thing. They have continued to ſteal men without remorſe.

And this practice ſhould ſeem to be innocent; for thoſe who are engaged in it would moſt aſſuredly hang the thief that ſhould ſteal a toy, and alſo the perſon who ſhould be the receiver of it.

But with them, a watch, a ring, a ſnuff box, are a very different ſort of a thing from the liberty of a man.

(5) This deſcription, horrid as it may appear, is yet conſiderably ſoftened. In fact, the negroes are chained two together on board of the ſhips with heavy fetters of iron, from which they are never relieved during the whole voyage. They are compelled to deſcend into the hold, not by any ſtair-

caſe or even a ladder, it is only by the help of a beam in which, notches are cut, at certain diſtances, to ſuſtain the feet. The unfortunate negro who is not ſufficiently nimble to run ſwiftly down this terrifying ladder, is puſhed headlong without compaſſion by the inſolent ſailor. The conſequence is a fall of twenty feet; and a univerſal laugh is all that is excited in the crew by the ſufferings of the unfortunate negro, who, ſtunned by his fall, waits to receive from nature the conſolations which his brutal aſſaſſins rarely think of giving him.

The negroes, in general, arrive at the iſlands emaciated by hunger and thirſt; their limbs benumbed by the weight of their fetters; and often eaten up by the ſcurvy: add to theſe evils, the anguiſh which they endure in being torn from their country, (the cruelleſt of all evils for a negro) and the excruciating, though abſurd opinion which they entertain, that they are tranſported from their homes to be eaten by other human beings, and ſome idea will be formed of the torment which wounds theſe unhappy creatures during a long voyage. They arrive at the port: what do they find? Extreme labour! tortures! and men, proud of their intelligence, and who call themſelves humane?

(6) The Engliſh parliament has been lately occupied in determining the number of negroes that each veſſel ſhould carry in proportion to its ſize and

burthen. Man is as inconceivable in the operation of his compaſſion, as in that of his cruelty. This meaſure has very little excited the attention of Europe; yet are all eyes eagerly fixed on the proſecution of Mr. Haſtings. But what is the import of the two queſtions? If Mr. Haſtings is innocent, he is an oppreſſed man; if he is guilty, there are comparatively ſome few people injured; and, in this proſecution, both ſides have wealth and eloquence to ſupport them, and friends to conſole them: while the cauſe of the negroes concerns thouſands of men who ſuffer at preſent, who have ſuffered for ſome ages paſt, and who may yet ſuffer during many more ages. Nor are there any crimes of theirs to be diſcuſſed. Their innocence and their misfortune march conſpicuouſly together. But what avails their innocence or misfortune? They have no celebrated orators to plead for them; they have no riches to caſt a luſtre around them; they have no powerful friends who give them their public tears!

(7) *Lewis* XIII. would not conſent that the firſt coloniſts ſhould have any ſlaves. His repugnance was founded on that principle, as ancient as honourable for the nation, that countries, ſubjected to the dominion of France, ſhould render free all thoſe who came to inhabit them. It was repreſented to him that ſlavery was the only means of drawing the inhabitants of Africa from idolatry, of in-

ſpiring them with the worſhip of the true God, and of preſerving them in Chriſtianity to their death. *Lewis the Juſt* yielded to this reaſoning.

May it not even be ſaid, at preſent, that the coloniſts boaſt that the act of enſlaving the negroes is a virtue? A letter written to the king, by the inhabitants of the French American iſles, to requeſt to be admitted to a repreſentation in the eſtates-general, uſes (in the recapitulation of the ſervices they have done their country, and which they imagine intitles them to the favour) this expreſſion——*We have been to Africa to bring an entire people hither.*

(8) There are, doubtleſs, ſome of the coloniſts who treat their negroes with humanity; and among the firſt of theſe is the Marquis *de Bichi*. He is the proprietor of fifteen hundred negroes, and treats them with ſuch gentleneſs, that it is very rarely that any of them are found among the deſerters who are taken from time to time. But there is one thing which ſeems almoſt incredible: it is that the natives of France, who are led to the American iſles either by their duty, their intereſt, or their pleaſures, exceed even the coloniſts in their barbarity to the unfortunate negroes. A young man, of a good family, went to St. Domingo. He was no adventurer; he was rich; well educated; and powerfully recommended. His manners were marked by true politeneſs, and ſeemed to expreſs a ſenſible

and feeling mind. Could any one imagine what was his frequent amuſement in his own houſe?—Sitting in a chair, with a whip in his hand, he would endeavour to ſtrike with dexterity a hat placed at a certain diſtance. Economic man! He would not permit his aukwardneſs to rob his ferocity of a ſingle blow that he had deſtined for his poor negroes.

I have known people, otherwiſe amiable, who looked on theſe cruelties as merely a matter of courſe. They have ſaid to me, we muſt treat them with ſeverity.——But why?——Becauſe they are negroes. Their reaſon never could proceed a ſtep further.

(9) One of my friends had been two days at Cape Francois, and already had the ſufferings of the negroes ſtrongly affected him. One morning, he heard a noiſe in the ſtreet, and ran to the window. What did he behold? A young, beautiful, elegant European woman, with rage in her eyes, and a large ſtick on fire in her hand, purſuing a female negro. The unfortunate creature was naked to her waiſt. The lady overtook her; threw her down; loaded her with outrages; ſtruck her; and tore her breaſt in ſeveral places with the infernal fire-brand. The ſcene laſted long; for depraved women are more indefatigable than men in acts of wickedneſs. The unhappy negroeſs betrayed not an emotion of anger; ſhe opened not her mouth; her counte-

nance alone expreſſed her grief. And what was her offence? She had forgotten to ſerve the favourite cat with its breakfaſt.

(10) Theſe habitations, ſays the Abbé *Prévôt*, reſemble the dens of the wild beaſts: their beds are made of hurdles, and ſeem calculated rather to wound and bruiſe the body than to procure repoſe; and their whole utenſils conſiſt of ſome calibaſhes, and ſome ſmall diſhes made of wood or of clay.—The labour of the negro, continues the Abbé, is almoſt inceſſant; his ſleep extremely little; he receives no ſalary; and is puniſhed for the ſlighteſt fault, with twenty ſevere ſtrokes of the whip. It is to this fatal condition that the coloniſts have reduced men who do not want capacity, and who cannot be ignorant how neceſſary they are to thoſe who treat them ſo cruelly. Vide, *Etablissement des Francois dans l' Isle St. Domingue.*

Neceſſary! Ah barbarous coloniſts! It is to theſe men that you owe thoſe tons of gold which you idolize ſo much! Ungrateful men! Negroes gain you incomes of many thouſands a year, and you treat them like dogs. A horſe, trained for the courſe, gains you a hundred louis d'ors; the animal is careſſed, crowned with laurels, and led in triumph; and, while you ſcarcely allow a negro, whoſe ſtrength and life are waſted in amaſſing treaſures for you, a little rancid fiſh for his nouriſhment, the horſe, who procures you the money that he

ſhall loſe you to-morrow, is rewarded for the fatigues of a few minutes by biſcuits ſteeped in the wines of Champagne!

In England, humanity is extended to the animals which are deſtined to the ſlaughter houſe.—Famiſhed dogs are not permitted to anticipate their tortures. Yet, the negroes of the Engliſh colonies are ſtill more unfortunate than thoſe of the French. But theſe negroes poſſeſs the ſame virtues. During the laſt American war, a negro, belonging to Colonel *L*———, followed his maſter in painful march; ſeeing the colonel almoſt overcome with fatigue, he ſaid, *Master, you ſuffer great deal, but you fight for liberty: me ſuffer too with patience, if me have liberty to defend!* The colonel gave him this precious gift on the ſpot; and he has not ſince had a more zealous defender, a more diſintereſted friend, or a more faithful ſervant.

There is no example of a negro having returned ingratitude for the gift of liberty. They are not, however, ignorant that you only reſtore that of which you had no right to deprive them. Who can ſee, without ſhedding tears, the honeſt James the negro whoſe anecdote is every where known) approach the beneficent Quaker who had juſt enfranchiſed him, and hear him ſay: "Give me thy hand, generous man, that I may place it on my heart, that this may be the firſt act of that liberty which you reſtore to me!"

Oh Engliſhmen! Oh philoſophic people! Make an effort which is worthy of you; preſerve the ancient right which you have acquired to give the example of great virtues. Ah! what is this effort? —To remember that negroes are men.

(11) *Otourou* was right. The contradiction is ſtrange. You conduct a negro into Europe: he is a ſlave when he quits the American iſles; he is free when he arrives in France. You lead him back to America: he becomes a ſlave again.—What charming ſporting with the liberty of men! But acknowledge that, by this, you proclaim the little right you have over the perſons of theſe unfortunate people. If your title, to hold them in ſlavery be juſt—they muſt remain your ſlaves every where: if it be falſe, they ought not to be ſuch in any place.

(This note refers to page 169.)

From whence ariſes this prejudice? How! ſhall all the nations of the world be admitted to the honour of allying themſelves with the proud Europeans, excepting negroes alone! Have not the families of the Hidalgos, in new Spain, reckoned with pride *Montezuma* and *Atahiba* among their anceſtors? Shall we find in the Molucca or in the Philippine iſlands a ſingle houſe, the deſcendant of Europeans, whoſe blood is not mixed with the Malayans, and inhabitants of Java? Have not the Engliſh, French, Dutch and Portugueſe, given Indian Brames to their children for forefathers?

Is then Africa alone to be subject to your disdain? Ah! how has she deserved it? You will tell me, the negroes are slaves. Who has made them slaves?

It is true, that the power of reducing certain men to slavery has, by an error of the civil law, been reckoned among the rights of nations. But who are the men whom it deems thus liable to slavery? Captives taken in war—An invention worthy of the ferocious Assyrians or the selfish Spartans—an invention adopted by the Romans, that nation of tyrants who wished to see themselves the only freemen on the globe. Under the Emperor *Claudian*, that is to say, at a time when Romans were depraved enough to glory in their baseness of mind, a decree of the senate gave permission to freemen to sell their liberty. *Charlemagne* imposed servitude on entire nations. The fedal system has, during two centuries, loaded the fertile countries of Gaul with injuries: a slavery that was the sorrowful vestige of its savage conquerors. But all these sorts of slavery have disappeared. Reason has insensibly destroyed them; and, detestable as they were, they acted under the sanction of supposed rights and received prejudices.

The right which you claim of making negro slaves, is without the support of title, without the melioration of excuse. You sail to Africa; you are sure of finding weakness there; for, every where

man is weak; you dazzle the inhabitants with your gold; you allure them with your merchandiſe.—The ſight awakens their paſſions. The father ſhuts his heart to every tender ſentiment: he is animated by ſordid intereſt alone: he delivers his child to you. The ſovereign receives from you the aliment of his pride and avarice; and, to you, abandons his ſubjects. With you the wife finds a recompenſe for her infidelity; and ſhe ſacrifices her huſband to you. Theſe form a ſmall part of this execrable ſeduction! You avail yourſelves of ſimplicity, ſleep, drunkenneſs, good faith, candour, ignorance: of all the virtues and all the weakneſs of theſe people, to procure ſlaves who coſt you nothing. If it were poſſible to unveil all the crimes committed by Africans and Europeans before an unfortunate negro places his foot on the veſſel which ſhall tranſport him to America, there is not a face that would not be diſtorted with horror!

Now look on the rights which have placed this unhappy negro in your power—ſeduction and robbery! Does diſhonour then ſuddenly attach on this negro, born free? On all his poſterity? And does an alliance with him, therefore, become infamous? Say, what has been his crime?

(14) Father *le Pers* and Father *Labat* repreſent the negroes as more ſtupid than even malicious.—They are deceived. Has this error ariſen from a want of obſervation; or rather, from the complexi-

on of their character? Father *Charlevoix* has only copied the former, and his teſtimony adds not to the weight of either of them.

The negroes are far from being ſtupid; they are equally far from being vicious. They have received from Nature a diſcretion proof againſt every thing. Slavery, which corrupts all, has converted this virtue into a profound diſſimulation. Their own ſecret, that of their friends, that of the maſter whom they love, ſleeps for ever in their heart; tortures, even death cannot tear it from them. This diſpoſition includes two qualities, which cannot be denied them, becauſe, they are inſeparable: greatneſs of ſoul, which elevates them above the influence of torments; and fidelity, which fortifies them againſt ſeduction. They feign ſurpriſe, ignorance, aſtoniſhment, with an art that the moſt piercing eye cannot penetrate. Their laughter, their geſture, their voice, their eyes, all is in uniſon with their mouth, to deceive the ſagacity which would draw from them the ſecret they would conceal. Hence, he who judges by appearances imagines he is authoriſed to tax them with duplicity. But it is not by the example of perſons ſo circumſtanced that we are to decide on the character of a nation. We muſt diſtinguiſh between conſtitutional vices, and the vices of ſituation. *Cain* ſlew his brother: jealouſy and cruelty were the vices of *Cain*. God queſtioned *Cain*, and he became a ſlave; becauſe, he trembled under a power which he could not eſ-

cape. *Cain* lyed to God: this was the vice of ſituation.

Every ſpecies of ſlavery deſtroys integrity. The ſenate of Rome laviſhed incenſe on Caligula. Do you expect to ſee negroes, a hundred times more unfortunate than the ſenate of Rome, have a hundred times more virtue? Where fear reigns confidence periſhes. Remove fear, and confidence will ſpring up again: till then, be not in haſte to pronounce. Let us wait till the negroes, reſtored to themſelves, ſhall have deceived us, before we tax their character with diſſimulation. And a long time will be neceſſary ere we make the deciſion; for it is long before the traces of ſlavery diſappear.

It is an age and a half ſince the negroes have lived among us; and we do not yet know them.—Man in fetters, is no longer man.

But the negroes have been viewed in their homes, it will be ſaid to me. In the cauſe of humanity, I ſhall ſcarce permit the Portugueſe to be judges, whoſe obſervations, yet ſtained with blood, were made only to flatter the murderers of theſe people. Nor ſhall I refer to intereſted traders, whoſe mercantile ſpeculations are founded on the diſdain which they conceive for the victims of avarice. Let ſuch men as *Buffon* go and obſerve the negroes in their native land, I ſhall believe their report. It requires philoſophers to ſit in judgment on unfortunate and unknown nations: till then, while I ſhall

behold great virtues, even in the midſt of chains, I ſhall feel that I ought to believe that theſe people, bleſſed with liberty, would have yet more virtues.

(15) Although the diſtance was fifteen leagues, why ſhould not *Otourou* have thus performed it? Would not the freeman, inſpired by friendſhip, be capable of efforts which are forced from ſlaves? When a coloniſt travels on horſeback, negroes follow him on foot. One carries his paraſol, another his ſword, another his fuſee. Does the fortunate European chooſe to gallop? the wretched negroes muſt keep pace with him. Has he twenty leagues to travel? the negroes muſt travel twenty leagues with him on foot. It is true, that he will bait a little in the midſt of the day. The reader will have the ſimplicity to believe, that this is with a view to give reſt and food to his negroes. Not at all: he does not think of them. Whom then is it to accommodate?—his horſe.

And how do theſe negroes travel? with naked feet. Yes, with naked feet, for that is the mark of ſlavery. It is true that their heads, ears, necks and bodies, are ornamented with gold, ſilver, and pearls; becauſe that gratifies pride; but their legs and feet are bare, for that yet more gratifies pride.

See a rich coloniſt betake himſelf to maſs, on a Sunday, in his carriage. Ten negroes are mounted

behind. Madam, his ſpouſe, goes alſo in a magnificent chariot. Who, do you think, are placed behind to ornament it? Negroes. Not at all: ten tall negro women, with their caps flying open, their legs bare, and their———I cannot deſcribe them.

(16) Would it be imagined? a contractor of the hoſpital at Port-au-Prince (the moſt inhuman, as well as one of the richeſt of the inhabitants) has, among his ſlaves, the ſon of a king of a country on the coaſt of Angola.——And you monarchs of Europe! have you not returned, an hundred fold to this wretch, the blows which he has given to the ſon of a king——the ſon of a man!

(17) I know not how the children of certain people can uſe, without horror, the fortune which is left them.

Enter into the houſe of one of theſe dealers in ſlaves, before his departure for Africa. You find his room filled with trunks. Open them: what do they contain? knives, ſnuff-boxes, of the value of twelve-pence each, glaſs beads, and other trifles.—The unfeeling trader takes in his hand one of his vile jewels; ſhews it you coldly; and ſays without bluſhing, for this I ſhall have a negro. This negro will ſell for fifteen hundred or two thouſand francs. Thus his riches accumulate! He dies: his ſon becomes his heir. How is it, that his hands are not withered in touching the firſt crown of this fatal and bloody inheritance!

(18) There is a mountain in the iſland of Jamaica which is called the black mountain, and which has received its name from the number of negroes who retire thither. Theſe negroes have become ſo numerous as to render themſelves formidable. The coloniſts dare not attack them; and, at preſent, they form a ſmall independent republic.—Every year, deputies come, in the name of this little commonwealth, to pay their reſpects to the Engliſh governor. Theſe ambaſſadors are treated with attention; and ſuffered to return without moleſtation. What cauſe has deprived the Engliſh inhabitants of ſo many uſeful hands? Oppreſſion! And the example becomes inſtructive. There is a line of Voltaire which ought to be engraven in letters of gold, on the front of every palace in the American iſles.* Read it:

L'injuſtice à la fin produit l'independance.

ALZIRE.

* And why not the palaces of Europe? T.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.